McCLURE'S

Edited by Herbert Kaufman

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Has the Direct Primary Made Good?

25¢

Painted by
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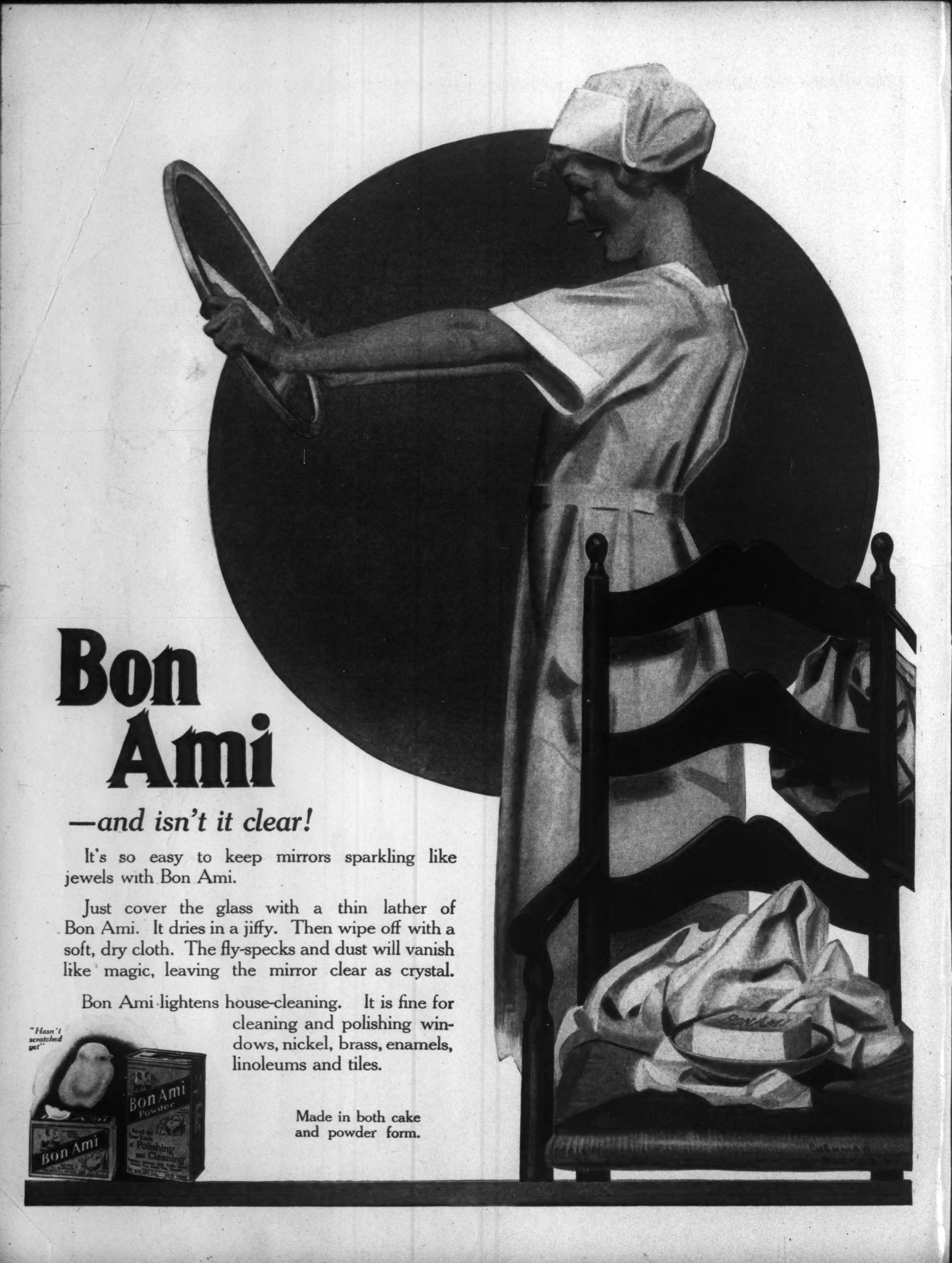
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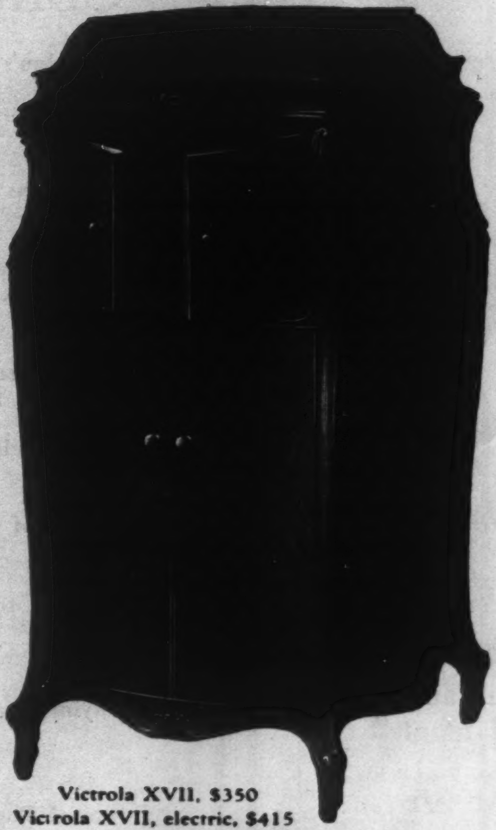

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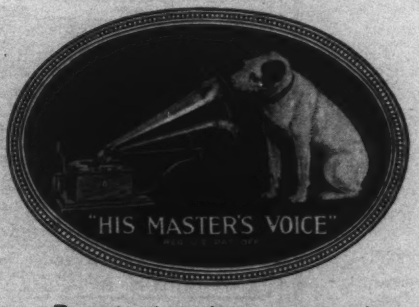

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Volume 52
Number 7

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This subtle and basic principle of success requires no will power, no exercise, no strength, no energy, no study, no writing, no dieting, no concentration and no conscious deep breathing. There is nothing to practice, nothing to study, and nothing to sell.

Why deny yourself the pleasures of prosperity?

This subtle and basic principle of success does not require that you practice economy or keep records, or memorize or read, or learn to do anything, or force yourself into any action or invest in any stocks, bonds, books, or merchandise.

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This Subtle Principle must not be confused with memory systems, "will power" systems, Christian Science, psychology, magnetism, thrift or economy, nor should it be confused with health systems, auto-suggestion, concentration, "personality," self-confidence or opportunity, nor should this Subtle Principle be confused with initiative, mental endurance, luck, chance; self-analysis or self-control. Neither should this principle be confused with imagination, enthusiasm, persuasion, force or persistence, nor with the art or science of talking or salesmanship, hypnotism, or advertising.

Get out of your miseries through this subtle principle of success

No one has yet succeeded in gaining success without it.
No one has ever succeeded in failing with it.
It is absolutely the master key to success, prosperity and supremacy.

Realize a new joy in living through this subtle principle of success

When I was eighteen years of age, it looked to me as though I had absolutely no chance to succeed. Fifteen months altogether in common public school was the extent of my education. I had no money. When my father died, he left me twenty dollars and fifty cents, and I was earning hardly enough to keep myself alive. I had no friends for I was negative and of no advantage to any one. I had no plan of life to help me solve any problem. In fact, I did not know enough to know that life is and was a real problem, even though I had an "acute problem of life" on my hands. I was blue and despondent and thoughts of eternal misery arose in my mind constantly. I was a living and walking worry machine.

Get the new and higher joys of success through this subtle principle of success

I was tired, nervous, restless. I could not sleep. I could not digest without distress. I had no power of application. Nothing appealed to me. Nothing appeared worth doing from the fear that I could not do anything because of my poor equipment of mind and body. I felt that I was shut out of the world of success and I lived in a world of failure.

Attain genuine supremacy through this subtle principle of success

I was such a pauper in spirit that I blindly depended on drugs and doctors for my health as my father before me. I was a "floater" and depended on luck for success if I were to have any. I consciously or unconsciously believed that if I ever were to have health and success, the result would have to come through some element of ease or assistance or through some mysterious or magical source. The result of this attitude on my part was greater weakness, sickness, failure and misery as is always the case under similar condition.

Gradually my condition became worse. I reached a degree of misery that seemed intolerable. I reached a crisis in my realization of my failure and adverse condition.

Why let others get rich while you remain poor?

Out of this misery and failure and pauperism of spirit—out of this distress—arose within me a desperate reaction—"a final effort to live"—and through this reaction, arose within me, the discovery of the laws and principles of life, evolution, personality, mind, health, success and supremacy. Also out of this misery arose within me the discovery of the inevitable laws and principles of failure and sickness and inferiority.

A subtle principle of success

When I discovered that I had unconsciously been employing the principles of failure and sickness, I immediately began to use the principles of success and supremacy. My life underwent an almost immediate change. I overcame illness through health, weakness through power, inferior evolution by superior evolution, failure by success, and converted pauperism into supremacy.

Get out of poverty through this subtle principle of success

I discovered a principle which I observed that all successful personalities employ, either consciously or unconsciously. I also discovered a principle of evolution and believed that if I used it, that my conditions would change, for I had but one disease—failure, and therefore there was but one cure—success, and I began to use this principle and out of its use arose my ambition, my powers, my education, my health, my success and my supremacy, etc., etc.

You also may use this principle of success deliberately, purposefully, consciously and profitably.

Why deny self the joys of supremacy?

Just as there is a principle of darkness, there is also a principle of failure, ill-health, weakness and negativeness. If you use the principle of failure consciously or unconsciously, you are sure always to be a failure. Why seek success and supremacy through blindly seeking to find your path through the maze of difficulties? Why not open your "mental eyes" through the use of this subtle success principle, and thus deliberately and purposefully and consciously and successfully advance in the direction of supremacy and away from failure and adversity?

Why stay poor while others are getting rich?

I discovered this subtle principle—this key to success—through misery and necessity. You need never be miserable to have the benefit of this subtle principle. You may use this success principle just as successful individuals of all time, of all countries, of all races, and of all religions have used it either consciously or unconsciously, and as I am using it consciously and purposefully. It requires no education, no preparation, no preliminary knowledge. Any one can use it. Any one can harness, employ and capitalize it, and thus put it to work for success and supremacy. Regardless of what kind of success you desire, this subtle principle is the key that opens the avenue to what you want.

Succeed like others through this subtle principle of success

It was used by

Moses,
Caesar,
Napoleon,
Theodore Roosevelt,
Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy,
John D. Rockefeller,
Herbert Spencer,
Emerson,
Darwin,
J. P. Morgan,
Harriman,
Woodrow Wilson,
Charles Schwab,
Lloyd-George,
Clemenceau,
Charles E. Hughes,
Abraham Lincoln,
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Marshall Field,
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Shakespeare,
Mozart,
Richard Wagner,
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Mendelssohn,
Beethoven,
Verdi,
Copernicus,
Confucius,
Mohammed,
Cicero,
Demosthenes,
Aristotle,
Plutarch,
Christopher Columbus,
Vanderbilt,
Marcus Aurelius,
Pericles,
Lycurgus,
Benjamin Franklin,

and thousands and thousands of others—the names of successful men and women of all times and of all countries and of all religions, and of all colors, make a record of the action of this Subtle Principle of success. None of these individuals could have succeeded without it—no one can succeed without it—no one can fail with it.

Get the new and higher realization of life through this subtle principle of success

Every one realizes that human beings owe a duty to each other. Only the very lowest type of human being is selfish to the degree of wishing to profit without helping some one else. This world does not contain very great numbers of the lowest and most selfish type of human beings. Almost every one, in discovering something of value, also wants his fellow man to profit through his discovery. This is precisely my attitude. I feel that I should be neglecting my most important duty towards my fellow human beings, if I did not make every effort—every decent and honest effort—to induce every one to also benefit to a maximum extent through the automatic use of this subtle principle.

Get away from failure

I fully realize that it is human nature to have less confidence in this principle because I am putting it in the hands of thousands of individuals for a few pennies, but I cannot help the negative impression I thus possibly create. I must fulfill my duty just the same.

I do not urge any one to procure it because I offer it for a few pennies, but because the results are great—very great.

Become prosperous through this subtle principle of success

This subtle principle is so absolutely powerful and overmastering in its influence for good, profit, prosperity and success, that it would be a sin if I kept it to myself and used it only for my personal benefit.

If this subtle principle of success does not make you rich and successful, it will cost you absolutely nothing —I guarantee it

So sure am I of the truth of my statements—so absolutely positive am I of the correctness of my assumption and so absolutely certain am I that this principle, in your hands, will work wonders for you that I am willing to place this principle in your hands for twenty-four hours at my risk and expense. You will recognize the value of this principle within twenty-four hours—in fact, almost immediately as you become conscious of it, you will realize its practicability, its potency, its reality and its power and usability for your personal profit, pleasure, advancement, prosperity and success.

Gain every supremacy through this subtle principle of success

Thousands of individuals claim that the information disclosing and elucidating the secret principle of success is worth a thousand dollars of any one's money. Some have written that they would not take a million dollars for it.

You will wonder that I do not charge a thousand dollars for this information—for disclosing this principle, after you get it into your possession and realize its tremendous power and influence.

Sent to any one—to you

I have derived such tremendous results—amazing results from its power, that I want every man, woman and matured child to have this key to success, prosperity and wealth. This is why I am willing to send it to any one—to any address on approval without a single penny in advance.

Become wealthy through this subtle principle of success

You would never forgive me, and I could never forgive myself, nor could the creative forces of the Universe forgive us, if I failed to bring you to the point of using this subtle principle of success. *You would never forgive me* if I failed to do for you that which you would do for me, if our positions were reversed.

Become rich through this subtle principle of success

From every part of the country comes appreciation of my extraordinary discovery—THE SUBTLE PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS.

"I cannot say too much for your discovery. It is certainly doing wonders for me, even at the advanced age of eighty."

"I thank you for the blessings you have brought to my life through the 'Subtle Principle of Success.'"

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"Your elucidation of the 'Subtle Principle of Success' is wonderful. Even today it is worth a hundred dollars to me."

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"I regard your 'Subtle Principle of Success' as worth a thousand dollars of any person's money, regardless of how poor the individual may be."

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"I am from Missouri. Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' is the goods."

"I always believed that successful men used a principle which gave them success. I never knew what it was nor how to use it until you explained it to me. It would be just as impossible for me to fail with this principle as it has been impossible for me to succeed without it."

"I thank you for the wonderful results I am gaining through the 'Subtle Principle of Success.' I would not take any amount of money for what this principle has done for me already. You are honestly entitled to millions."

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"Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' has in twenty-four hours given me wonderful results. I am ready to back any statement made in favor of your 'Subtle Principle of Success.' It opens up a new universal opportunity."

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It is understood that I am to be under no other obligation, neither now nor later.

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(Write plainly)
Address..................................State..............
City..

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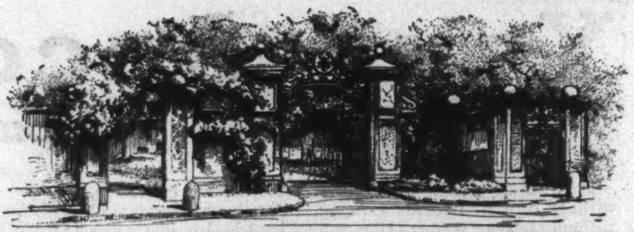

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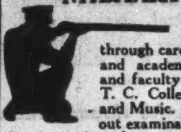

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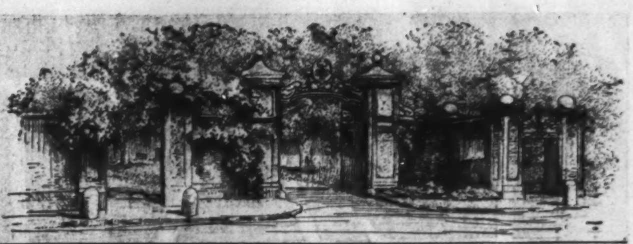

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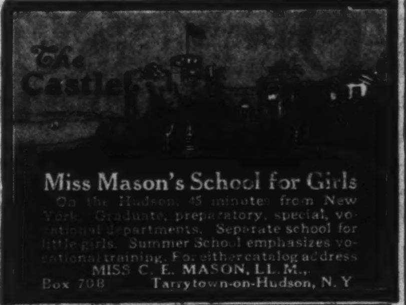

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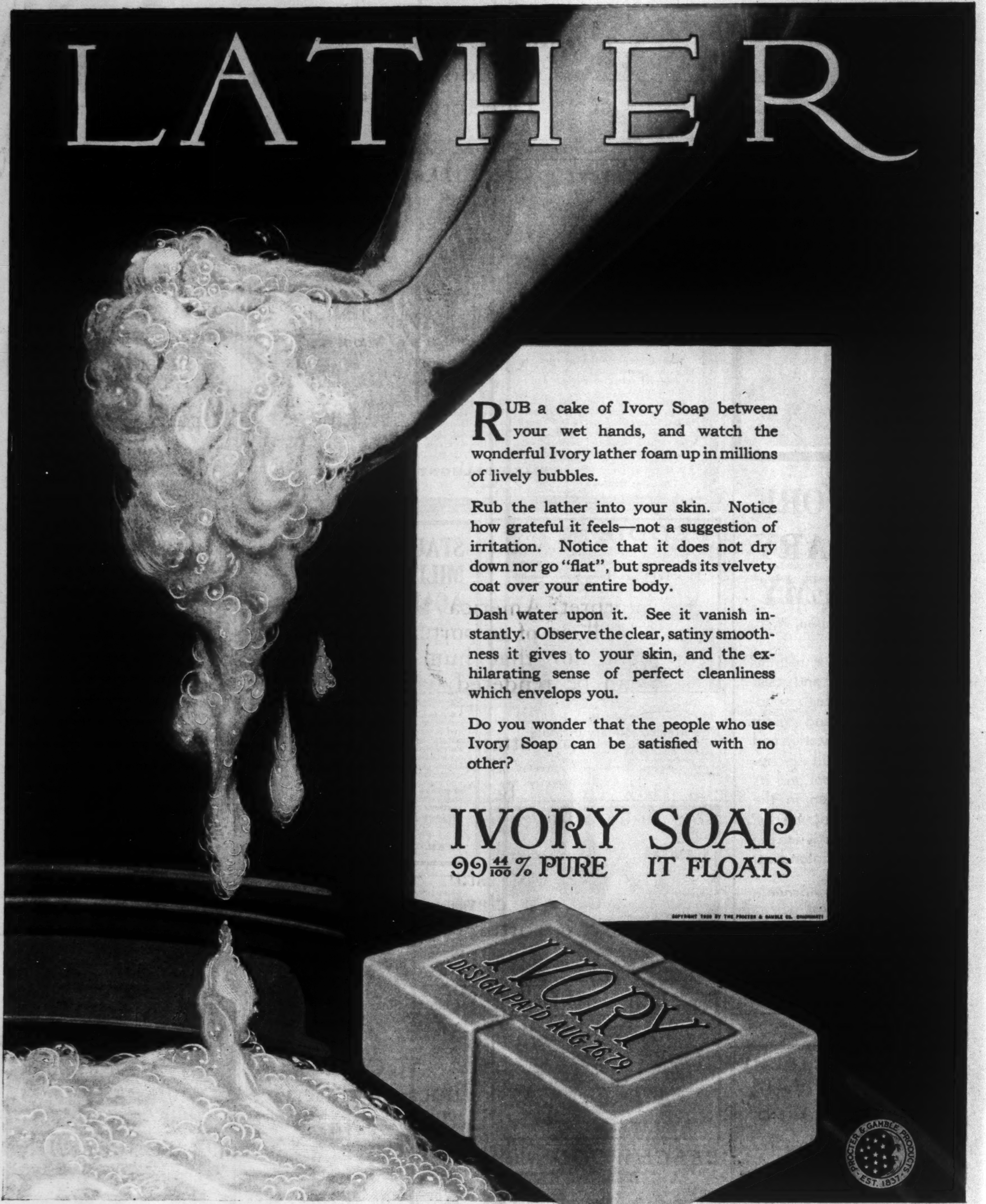

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Volume 52
Number 7

McCLURE'S

AUGUST 1920

The Nation's Peril

by Herbert Kaufman

THE South leads in illiteracy, but the North leads in non-English speaking. Over seventeen per cent. of the persons in the east-south Central States have never been to school. Approximately sixteen per cent. of the people of Passaic, New Jersey, must deal with their fellow workers and employers through interpreters. And thirteen per cent. of the folk in Lawrence and Fall River, Massachusetts, are utter strangers in a strange land.

The extent to which our industries are dependent upon this labor is perilous to all standards of efficiency. Their ignorance not only retards production and confuses administration, but constantly piles up a junk heap of broken humans and damaged machines which cost the Nation incalculably.

It is our duty to interpret America to all potential Americans in terms of protection as well as of opportunity; and neither the opportunities of this continent nor that humanity which is the genius of American democracy can be rendered intelligible to these eight million until they can talk and read and write our language.

Our future security compels attention to such concentrations of unread, unsocialized masses. They live in America but America does not live in them. How can all be "free and equal" until they have free access to the same sources of self-help and an equal chance to secure them?

Illiteracy is a pick-and-shovel estate, a life sentence to meniality. Democracy may not have fixed classes and survive. The first duty of Congress is to preserve opportunity for the whole people and opportunity can not exist where there is no means of information.

How may they reason soundly or plan sagely? The man who knows nothing of the past can find little in the future. The less he has gleaned from human experience, the more he may be expected to duplicate its signal errors. No argument is too ridiculous for acceptance, no sophistry can seem far-fetched to a person without the sense to confound it.

Not until we can teach our illiterate millions the truths about the land to which they have come and in which they were born shall its spirit reach them — not until they can read, can we set them right and empower them to inherit their estate.

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Beauty

by

Wallace Irwin

Illustrations by Lee Conrey

I DON'T have to tell the men of my class — which was '98 — anything about Ked Haley as he appeared in the classroom and on the gridiron during his undergraduate days, nor need I dwell on his occasional appearances as a public figure in early middle life. Haley became a myth, as a demigod should, and it was only last winter that I gained the first exact knowledge of him that I had had for a long time. It was Mrs. Haley herself who told me, and she came to my office on strange business; her face, fading prettily, would have seemed tragic had not a certain narrow look reduced it to the commonplace.

Haley had never been commonplace. As the memories conjured up by that interview with his wife held me in the thrall of re-created scenes I recalled how unpopular Haley had been up to the time that his college decided to idolize him. His contemporaries at first put him down as something of a brute, then a reaction in his favor had set in. He had an unbending sense of justice, we found, a powerful will and an embarrassing habit of telling the truth and shaming the devil. His stern and muddy countenance as he led our eleven to victory in '97 and '98 was Cromwellian in its strength and simplicity of purpose. Twice during his athletic history he all but lost a game by ordering men of his own team off the field for fouling.

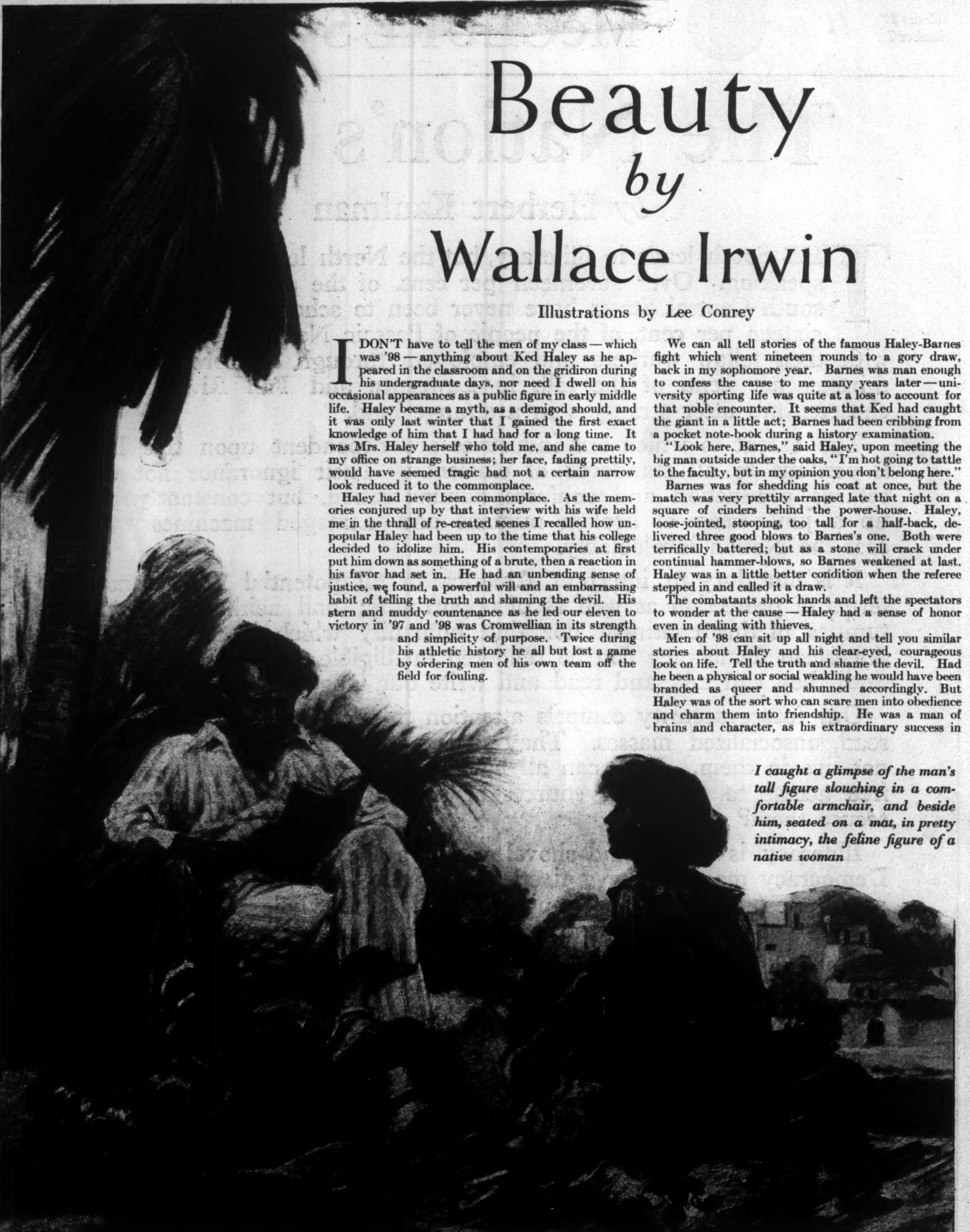
We can all tell stories of the famous Haley-Barnes fight which went nineteen rounds to a gory draw, back in my sophomore year. Barnes was man enough to confess the cause to me many years later — university sporting life was quite at a loss to account for that noble encounter. It seems that Ked had caught the giant in a little act; Barnes had been cribbing from a pocket note-book during a history examination.

"Look here, Barnes," said Haley, upon meeting the big man outside under the oaks, "I'm not going to tattle to the faculty, but in my opinion you don't belong here."

Barnes was for shedding his coat at once, but the match was very prettily arranged late that night on a square of cinders behind the power-house. Haley, loose-jointed, stooping, too tall for a half-back, delivered three good blows to Barnes's one. Both were terrifically battered; but as a stone will crack under continual hammer-blows, so Barnes weakened at last. Haley was in a little better condition when the referee stepped in and called it a draw.

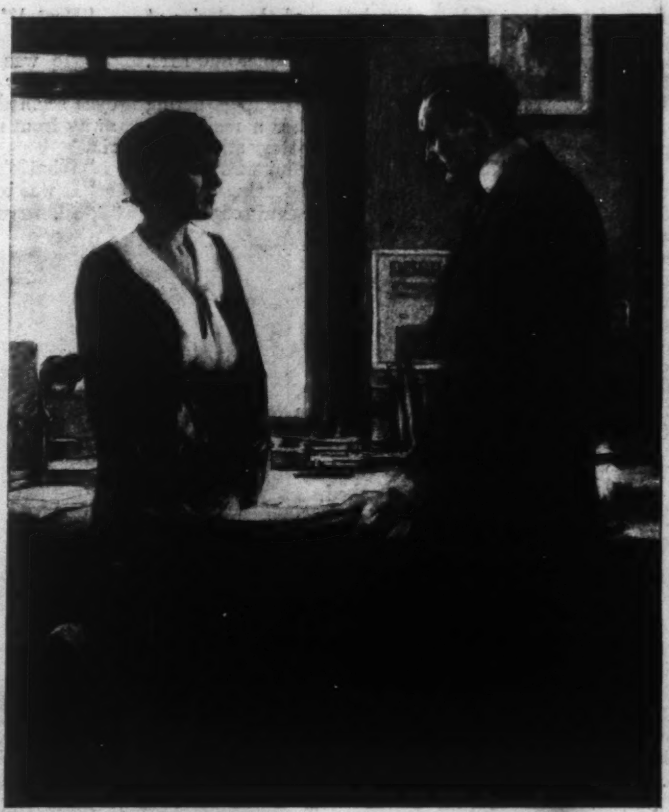
The combatants shook hands and left the spectators to wonder at the cause — Haley had a sense of honor even in dealing with thieves.

Men of '98 can sit up all night and tell you similar stories about Haley and his clear-eyed, courageous look on life. Tell the truth and shame the devil. Had he been a physical or social weakling he would have been branded as queer and shunned accordingly. But Haley was of the sort who can scare men into obedience and charm them into friendship. He was a man of brains and character, as his extraordinary success in



I caught a glimpse of the man's tall figure slouching in a comfortable armchair, and beside him, seated on a mat, in pretty intimacy, the feline figure of a native woman

To What Lengths Should a Man Go In Search of It?



"But I'm not looking for a divorce," she declared. "I want you to bring him back"

the medical profession plainly proved. At basis he was philosophical, and his tragedy lay in that philosopher souls were warring in his strong body.

We read poetry with a boyish enthusiasm in those puppy days and reveled in the sort of stuff which may sound a trifle trite to this new generation. Haley had a blunt, incoherent fondness for rime; Kipling was then in full popularity and the Rubaiyat was still unhackneyed. One afternoon I saw him toss old Omar's volume out of a window and watch it soar past the ear of a loitering biology instructor below.

"Dope!" roared truth-adoring Ked. "There's a quarter of a grain of morphine in each of those quatrains. What makes most poets such damned liars?"

"Isn't beauty truth?" I asked, myself being young.

"Not when it's a lie," he thundered. "Give me old Rudyard. He swings into life like a man. He throws it at you in great mouthfuls out of the Book of Job. Beauty — " the word brought a curiously softened look into the large rugged face — "Sammy, do you know I often think that's the one thing in the world? But there's no beauty in lies. You can cook up a lot of poisonous coloring matter and mix it with sugar and pass it off as pretty. But the thing that holds the stars in their courses, puts sap in the trees, makes the tides flow and the birds sing — it's the heavenly program, Sammy. And you can't lie to that."

I held that you could, just for argument's sake, and so we were off again on another unofficial debate.

All that had been in the late Nineties. But it was after my talk with the commonplacely tragic Mrs. Haley that I gained knowledge of the crucial years in Ked Haley's life. Busied with success, Ked and I had seen little or nothing of each other during these later years, and when the card, formally engraved "Mrs. Keddleston Haley," was passed in to me I had the uneasy feeling of one who has neglected a friend. Hadn't I heard that Dr. Haley had gone abroad?

As soon as I had finished taking evidence in a case of importance to my father's firm and mine, Mrs. Haley was shown in. I had dined with the Haleys three years before and had admired her bloom; but when I looked at her this morning I was aware that the rose had passed its full blooming and had shed a petal or two. She was hiding a tired complexion, I fancied, under an artificial surface. Obviously her lips had been incarnadined quite recently, in sight of a mirror. "What a pity!" I thought, remembering the natural, pretty, somewhat matter-of-fact woman I had first seen.

"I don't know whether you remember me," she said nervously as she came in. "I'm Mrs. Haley."

"Oh, yes," I replied, placing a chair for her. "How do you do? And how's Ked?"

"It's about him that I've come," she announced, drooping into the chair, and for the first time I noticed certain crying lines round her mouth. "He isn't here now — he's away — "

"To be sure!" Just then I refreshed my memory. I had called up his office several times last autumn to be informed that Dr. Haley was "away."

"Of course," I assured her. "They told me at his office."

"What did they say?" Her faded eyes seemed to brighten to a desperate hope.

"Not much. These nurses are a close-mouthed race, apparently. I was informed that Dr. Prince was attending to his practise while Dr. Haley was abroad."

"He's left me, you know," announced Mrs. Haley in a still small voice.

"I see." A lawyer during confessional is not supposed to weaken into surprise. "When did that occur?"

"Nearly two years ago."

"Too bad!" I said inadequately enough.

It was now time for a sympathetic silence, waiting upon the nature of her business; I confess to the secret pang I felt, realizing how far apart our lives had grown these years. Had I known, I might have done something at a time when something could have been done.

Mrs. Haley made no move to speak, but when the pause had come to the verge of mutual embarrassment I said,

"I shouldn't have thought Ked would have taken such a step — without provocation."

"Provocation!" She was looking toward the window and her voice broke into a quaver. "I was the provocation, I think. I've been thinking it over a long time. You knew him so well — he often spoke of you. And then, since you're a lawyer — "

"You have decided to put the case in our hands?" I tried to help her out, although I was none too anxious to set the law upon my old friend.

"If he'd only given me a second chance!" she wailed, never taking her tearful eyes from the Battery view below my window. "There was no compromise to him. He seemed to be always carrying an axe, ready to chop things away — "

"Mrs. Haley, we're not getting anywhere," I pulled her up short. "Suppose we begin at the beginning and see what we can make of this."

"The beginning?"

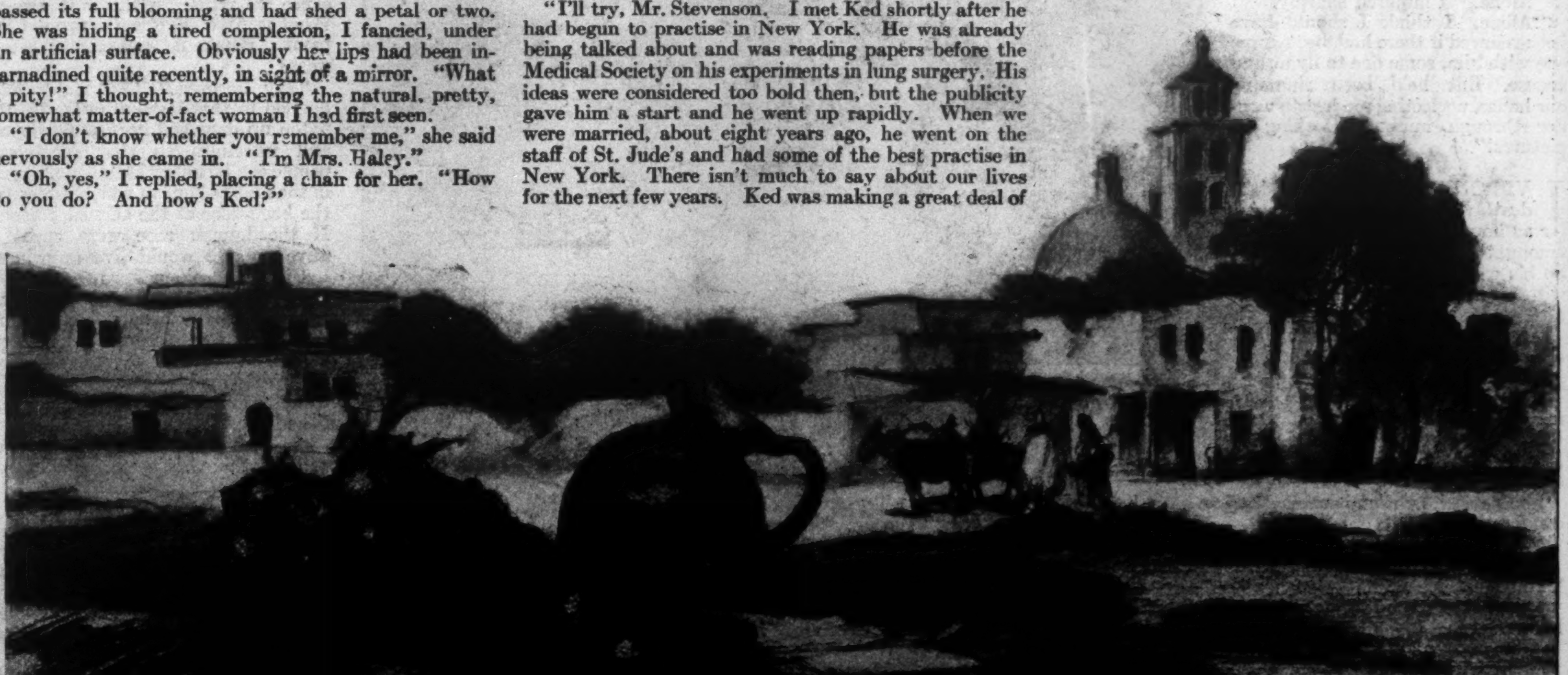
She faced me dry-eyed, and her agitation was betrayed only by the way she twisted and twisted the foolish handkerchief in her hand.

"I'll try, Mr. Stevenson. I met Ked shortly after he had begun to practise in New York. He was already being talked about and was reading papers before the Medical Society on his experiments in lung surgery. His ideas were considered too bold then, but the publicity gave him a start and he went up rapidly. When we were married, about eight years ago, he went on the staff of St. Jude's and had some of the best practise in New York. There isn't much to say about our lives for the next few years. Ked was making a great deal of money for a professional man, but I don't think he was satisfied with that sort of success. It would have killed most men, the work he did. He had an enormous charity practise and he was experimenting, experimenting all the time. He got to regarding home as a sleeping place, nothing else — "

"What were you doing all this time?" I took occasion to cut in.

"I didn't mind it at first. It's pleasant to be the wife of a successful man — if you can keep the other things you want in life. I had ambitions for Ked and I felt that his ability would get him anywhere. We had a lovely house in East Seventy-second Street and I took pride in making it as perfect as I knew how. It seemed to be the only thing that amused him — outside of his work — "

She gave the name of a fashionable interior decorator who had "done" the house; somewhat too elaborately



she indulged herself in a description of the glories of period furniture and fine textiles. Most of these costly articles were sold last year under the hammer and Mrs. Haley, I am told, realized a profit on the investment. Ked's only recreation, it seems, had been gathering objects of art. He had gotten together a really important collection of Tang and Ming pottery statuettes.

I could form a picture of poor Ked in his wife's somewhat scattered account; the blunt and fearless passion for truth which had armored him in the cause of science; and shining through all this the instinct for beauty, repressed but ever-present, urging him to extravagance in the markets where man-wrought marvels are bought and sold. I could see his curiously reflective eye dwelling upon those starkly ancient figures of birds and beasts wherein the Chinese expressed the truth of God's creation when the Sermon on the Mount was still a new story to the Western world.

"And your trouble?" I asked, bringing her back to the important question.

"When did it begin, you mean?"

I nodded.

"Let me see. It came gradually, I'm sure of that. It was hard to say things to Ked, but suddenly I realized that I wasn't his wife any more. He was married to his profession and I was just a sort of housekeeper. Of course that spoiled all my interest in his work. There were only the two of us, you see — "

That seemed to explain something. I could see the problem of the childless marriage, the wife thrown back upon her sterile self, jealous of a mistress that is more engrossing than Woman, eternal and impossible to destroy.

"I tried to talk to him about it. He didn't seem to notice what I said. Nothing I did seemed to make any difference. He was living in another world — it was like raging at a ghost. I began to think that he was in love, but I couldn't find the least evidence. What in the world could have turned a man's heart like that? Then one afternoon I lost all control of myself. I seemed to go wild. I had thought it was his work that had been keeping him away all the time. But that day I was walking past the Metropolitan Museum of Art and I happened to look up the steps. Ked was coming out — "

"Alone?" I inquired sharply.

"Alone. I think I should have been relieved if there had been some one with him, some one to fly at and accuse. But he'd been shunning our house, neglecting me just to wander through museums looking at pictures!"

I VISIONED poor Ked, tired to death with work probably, trying for an hour to get away from himself among the long rows of paintings. So his wife had caught him trysting with his nobler nature and flown into a rage!

"I went my own way that night," she confessed.

"Where did you go?"

"To a dance. It was a studio dance where I had no business to be, especially without my husband. But I had made up my mind that Ked should open his eyes. I wanted to shock him into acknowledging my existence."

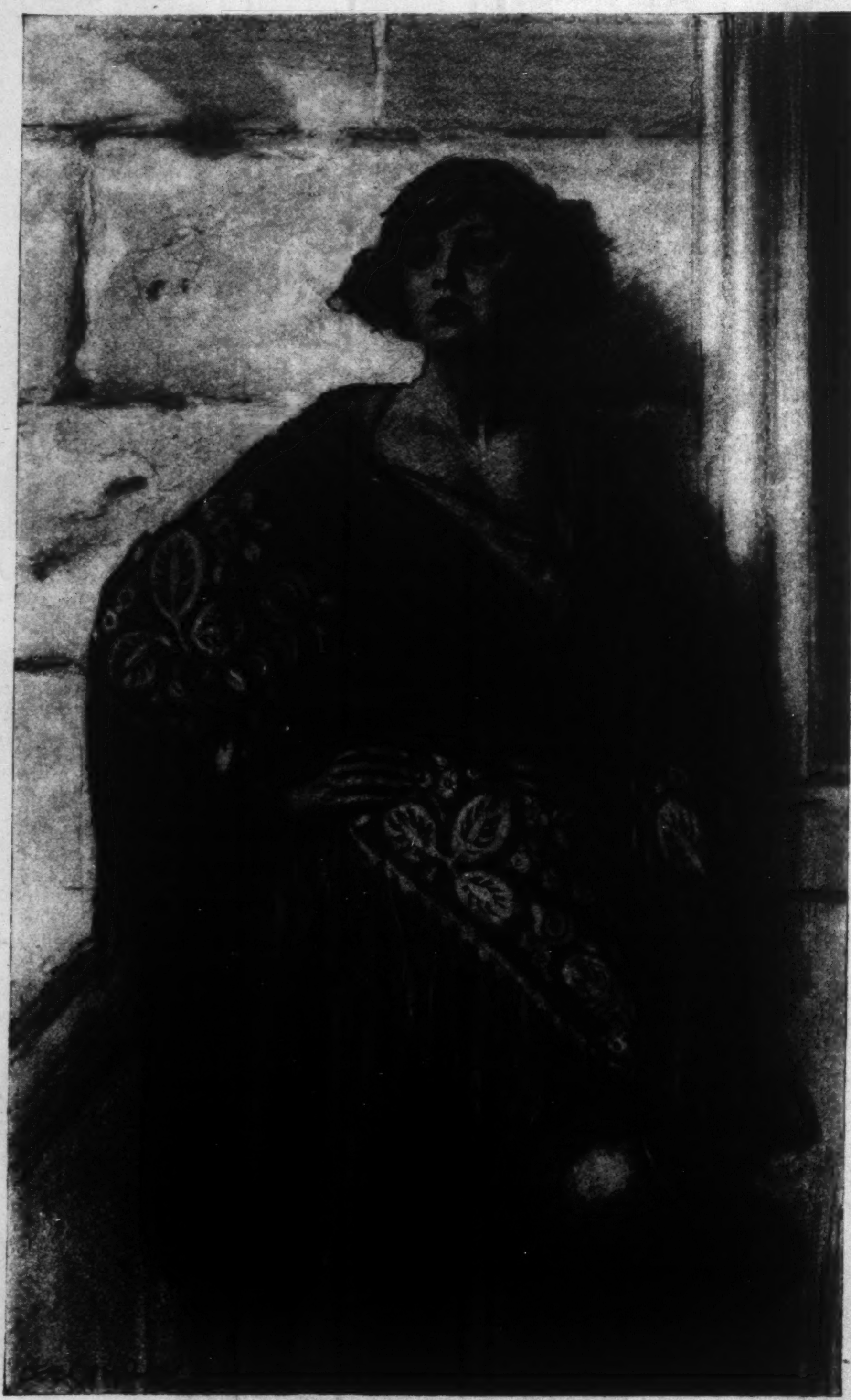
She paused, as if embarrassed at her own shameless candor and I had the opportunity to insert the question,

"Was it your first rebellion — of this sort?"

"I had positively nothing else to do!" she stormed. "You must see how it was. I had devoted my best youth to him. There was little enough left, God knows. I had to find life where I could."

"So you went to the studio dance," I prompted.

"And was out all night, going from one silly place to another. When I got back next morning I was scared and rebellious, but I found that Ked was already away on a case. I might have died. It would have been the same thing. I didn't see him again until night, and what he did then drove me quite out of my mind — "



As she brushed his ambush among the leaves, Haley thought of dreamy days and perfumed nights, Paradise and Eve

"Brutal?" I asked, imagining that Ked could easily be.

"He was indifferent," she replied. "Nothing in his manner admitted that he knew or cared. His eyes seemed to be looking inward, a thousand miles away from me. Then I said something — it was horrid."

"What?" I asked.

"It was too low and horrid — "

"I'll have to get the story as straight as possible, Mrs. Haley. Try to give me your exact words."

"I said," she drawled in the routine way witnesses sometimes have when repeating a shameful thing at the order of the court, "I said, 'Ked, I was drunk last night and you didn't even know it.' He said, 'Have you taken anything for it?' and scarcely looked up from his plate. Then I fairly flew at him. 'Didn't you know I was away?' 'Were you? I was busy nearly all night,' was all the satisfaction I got."

"What did you do then?"

"I broke down. I asked him if he had really stopped caring for me, and it was then that he made the speech that seemed to stop the world. 'I don't love you, if that's what you mean. I like you pretty well, but it would be a black lie for me to try and contort my feelings for you into anything like love.' 'Who is it?' I asked, knowing that Ked would tell the truth if it killed us both. 'If you mean another woman,' he grunted and helped himself to fish before he went on, 'there isn't any other woman. I know of several whom I could like just as well as I like you, if I really put my mind to it. You and I got married, you know, merely because our roads happened to cross at the time when we both needed to get married.'"

Mrs. Haley's confession became blurred again at this point, but from what I knew of Ked I was able to fill in the misty intervals. In him the sense of beauty and the sense of truth had clashed like the fabled meeting of the Irresistible and the Indestructible. In that cold fifteen minutes he had told her what was the matter with his soul. He had been devoting his few hours of idleness in wandering from collection to collection, from museum to museum, seeking to refresh his eyes with color and lovely form. His research into Art, as methodical as laboratory experiments, had convinced him that nothing vital to humanity lay inside the gilt frame or the glass show-case. For him the dreamers of the world had chiseled and woven to little account.

"The minute you write out a formula," he said, "you stop telling the truth. You merely put down a lot of facts which the human gnats take for the truth. Art is a formula, just the way science and marriage have become formulæ. People have become afraid of beauty because they are afraid of anything real. Northern people are merely a set of formulists. According to the plainest common sense there should be no Northern people. Moses was no Northern person. Christ was no Northern person. Confucius and Plato were no Northern persons.

"We live in a hideous, complicated machine like New York or Chicago spending our energies in an untimely fight against winter, spring, summer, conditions needlessly cruel. When we should be knowing ourselves and the universe, we're changing our underwear. A mistaken ambition to excel some other person perverts our energies, turns us into a hill of detestable ants. Civilization is a bad experiment — worse than bad, because we refuse to throw it away. What is Art? Egotism expressed in paint. What is culture? Whitewash!

"My business," Ked Haley explained in that last outburst, "is to patch up damaged hearts and livers and intestines so that Northern people can be miserable a little longer in the midst of an era which is merely the back-door of the Glacial Epoch. If the human race were entirely alive nobody would live anywhere but in California or Peru or a few of the weatherless islands where nature has time to be beautiful and man can expand into something better than the little troglodyte, huddled in his cave to avoid the next cold snap."

To Ked Haley, who had never seen anything wilder than the suburbs of the largest American and European cities, this speech was convincing enough. Being a woman his wife saw in it nothing but the plain fact that he had ceased to love her. His experiment and hers had proven equally pointless.

"He might have been insane," she told me as she sat beside my desk wringing her foolish little handkerchief. "But I don't think so. It was just his uncompromising way. Ked did nothing by halves. He refused to call his life a success, always reaching for something beyond. Because life wasn't perfect he wanted to get out, the way some men go into a monastery."

"Did he make any attempt to settle your affairs?" I asked.

"He offered to make everything he had over to me. But I told him I could work. I didn't want his support, if he felt that way. I had no children, no responsibility, I always wanted to make my way —"

"That was fine of you," I could not help saying, but she pricked that bubble soon enough.

"He left me enough to make me comfortable," she acknowledged. "I've turned several of his collections into ready money and I'm living with my aunt at the Ritz."

"Do you know anything about how he went?"

"He turned his practise over to Dr. Prince. He was terribly vague about it, I think. If he told Dr. Prince anything it must have been in the way of a secret, for I couldn't get more than a hint of where he had gone."

"Rather a difficult case," I told her, having resigned myself to seeing the Haley troubles tossed on my desk. "The New York divorce laws are somewhat awkward — "

"I'm not looking for a divorce," she declared, her eyes widening at the very thought.

"Then why have you come to a lawyer?" I asked, mentally appraising the valuable time she was wasting.

"You knew him better than anybody else, I think. And I want you to go and bring him back."

"Mrs. Haley!" This was too much. "What would you gain by that, even if I could go? By his own admission he has ceased to care for you. Surely you wouldn't want him under such circumstances."

"Why not?" The wrinkles at the corners of her eyes deepened at the question. "I'm through caring for him, too, in the boy and girl way. But we're partners, Mr. Stevenson. I can't bear to see his life work thrown away for a whim. What's his is mine and what's mine is his. Wherever he is, he can't be quite comfortable without me. I know that."

"Where is he now? Can you tell me that?"

"On the Island of San Marcos."

"Oh!"

Had she said, "On the second ring of Saturn," it would have been as definite and as attainable to me.

"I'm glad you came to us, Mrs. Haley," I said, in the truly affable manner of one who intends to do nothing. "We should prefer to take this matter under advisement and let you know as soon as we have given the case a more thorough consideration. Miss Corliss, please take Mrs. Haley's address — " this to my stenographer. "And good afternoon, Mrs. Haley. Please keep in touch with our office."

Much as I had liked Ked Haley and sincerely as I sympathized with the wreckage left behind his hurricane flight I had no intention of abandoning a serious law practise to go plowing the tropic seas in quest of whim's plaything. He would be coming back some day, I felt. Men of Dr. Haley's importance don't drop out of life and stay dropped out. At any rate, I had no time for speculative adventures. I love and admire my profession, but not too much to realize that the law is, to a great extent, the science of selfishness. A sound lawyer has no patience with Utopian exploits.

Destiny, however, took my case in hand. Two weeks after my interview with Mrs. Haley, my father appeared at my desk and issued a request which amounted to a command. A French cable, it appeared, had shoaled itself in medieval law on a barren rock called the Isla del Fuego and I was to pack my bag and represent our clients at the scene of the tangle. Therefore I got myself a traveling map and had scarcely unfolded it than I saw San Marcos, a fly-speck larger than the Isla del Fuego, all but touching it on that square foot of blue paper which represents a thousand miles of tropic water.

SAN MARCOS, then, obtruded itself on my program, even while I quarreled in French among the wild sea birds of Del Fuego. From the rocks, on a clear day, I could see that other island rising, a misty amethyst out of the vast blue bubble that was the sea. The distance looked no more than a strong swimmer's task. As a matter of navigation it was some seven hours away by the *Felicidad*, a sea-going anomaly which carried abominable smells back and forth on a once-in-a-while schedule.

In the balmy, scented month of February, as soon as I had finished with the French cable, to everybody's dissatisfaction, I endured the *Felicidad* as far as the port of San Marcos. I had no idea that I should actually find Ked Haley there; a man can wander far in two years. But I wanted the luxury of telling his wife that I had been to the island, that I had searched, that I had done my empty best for her.

Even to the stinking deck of the *Felicidad* the perfume of San Marcos was borne on the wings of a trade wind. A faerie isle, all trimmed round with the lacy foam of hidden reefs, dripping with vegetation, it floated larger on our view. We drifted into the harbor between a gigantic terra-cotta fortress and a barbaric headland whose palms seemed to wave cannibal plumage from innumerable jagged knolls. The declining sun, glorious among serrated clouds, shot down great streamers of light which seemed to drink up the sea and to lift the magic landscape into airy spaces of light and color.

The town of Las Flores, as we came churning in through still purple waters, marched gorgeously down the steep hills to the dazzling beach. Houses of pink, violet, yellow, parrot green, raw red — the softness of the air mingled their colors kindly with water and sky and the endless pageant of vegetation. The painted sign of an American coal company running half-way across the wharf shocked me for an instant; so did the sight of American jitneys, darting back and forth like startled roaches. Then they too mingled and became a part of the gracious enchantment.

That was my first impression of San Marcos, an impression strengthened, no doubt, by contrast with the bleak rocks of Isla del Fuego.

Mr. André Carnot, unofficial ruler of the principality, was so thoughtful as to meet me in person and to whirl me in his sleek green roadster up to his *hacienda* in the foreign quarter where I was made happy with the knowledge that I was to be his guest until my boat sailed for the States. Mr. Carnot, French by birth, American by naturalization, dealt in cocoanuts, sugar, oil, tobacco, coal, concrete, education, real estate and foreign exchange. In the course of a business day he spoke English like a New Yorker, French like a Marseillais, Italian like a Neopolitan and Spanish like a San Marcisto. He was a strongly-built hawk-faced little man, delightful as his island, but unlike his island full of energy and a will for power.

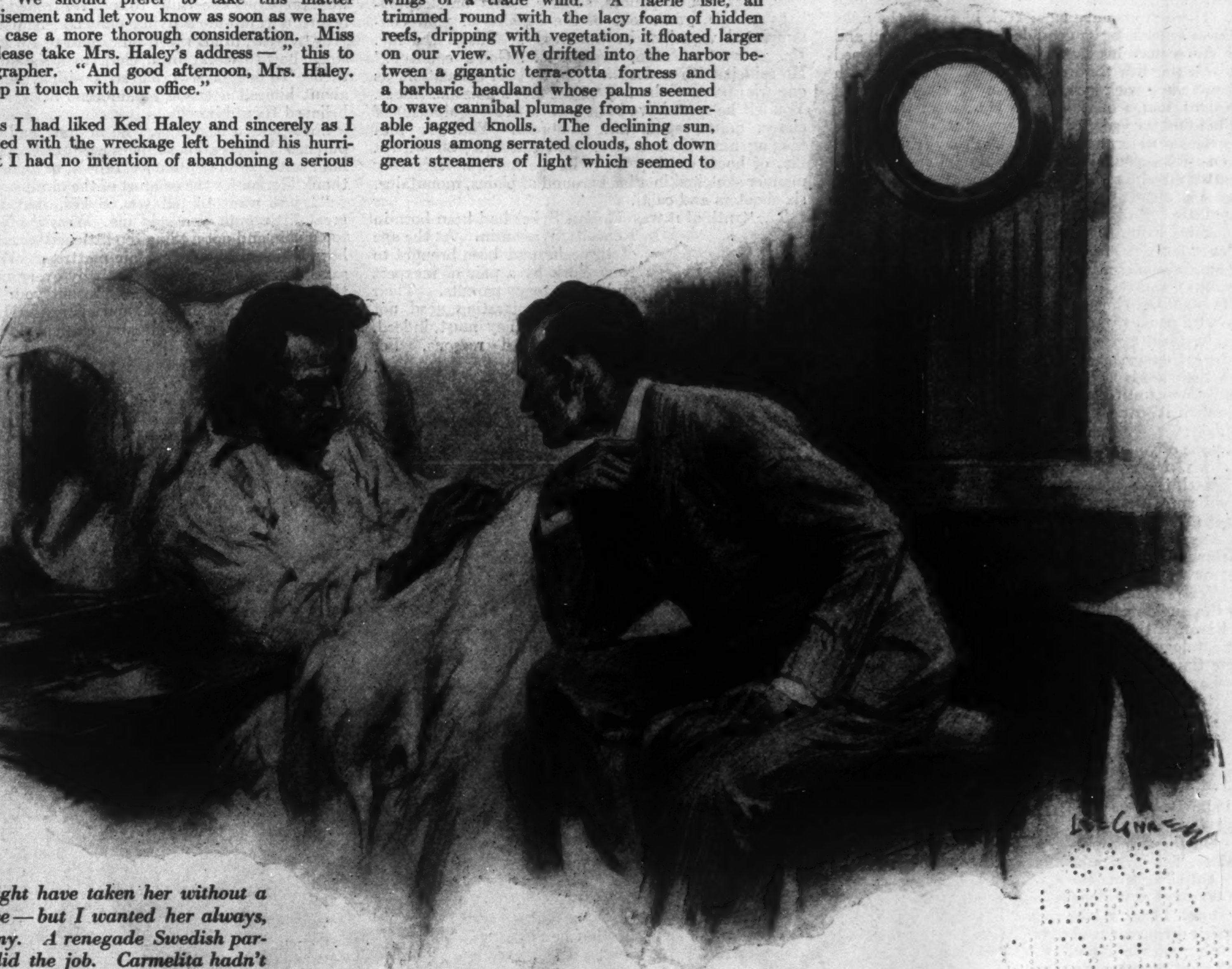
We were at ease that night in the shadow of his deep veranda. An enchanted moon, succeeding an enchanted sun, lay white upon the beaches and caused bright emeralds to drip from the heavy zephyr-stirred palms. Suddenly out of the shadow into the shell-strewn road a native woman appeared swaying along under an open umbrella.

"Funny!" I exclaimed. "There isn't a cloud in the sky."

"If you live in San Marcos long," he laughed, "you'll quit associating umbrellas with rain."

His answer seemed somehow

[*Continued on page 42*]



CASE LIBRARY CLEVELAND

"I might have taken her without a license — but I wanted her always, Sammy. A renegade Swedish parson did the job. Carmelita hadn't any religion, except — love"

Ain't Nature Wonderful!

It Is and—Much More—as Described

by Edna Ferber

Illustrations by Armand Both

WHEN a child grows to boyhood, and a boy to manhood under the soul-searing blight of a given name like Florian, one of two things must follow. He will degenerate into a weakling, crushed beneath the inevitable diminutive—Flossie; or he will build up painfully, inch by inch, a barrier against the name's corroding action. He will boast of his biceps, flexing them the while. He will brag about cold baths. He will prate of chest measurements; regard golf with contempt; and speak of the West as God's country.

Florian Sykes was five feet three and a half, and he liked to quote those red-blooded virile poems about the big open spaces out where the West begins. The biggest open space in his experience was Madison Square, New York; and Eighth Avenue spelled the Far West for him. When Florian spoke or thought of great heights it was never in terms of nature, such as mountains, but in artificial ones, like skyscrapers. Yet his job depended on what he called the great outdoors.

The call of the wild, by the time it had filtered into his city abode, was only a feeble cheep. But he answered it by walking daily from his rooms to the store in the morning, and from the store to his rooms in the evening. It must have been fully ten blocks each way. There are twenty New York blocks to the mile. He threw out his legs a good deal when he walked and came down with his feet rather flat, and he stooped ever so little with the easy slouch that came in with the one-button sack suit. It's the walk you see used by English actors of the what-what school who come over here to play gentlemanly juveniles.

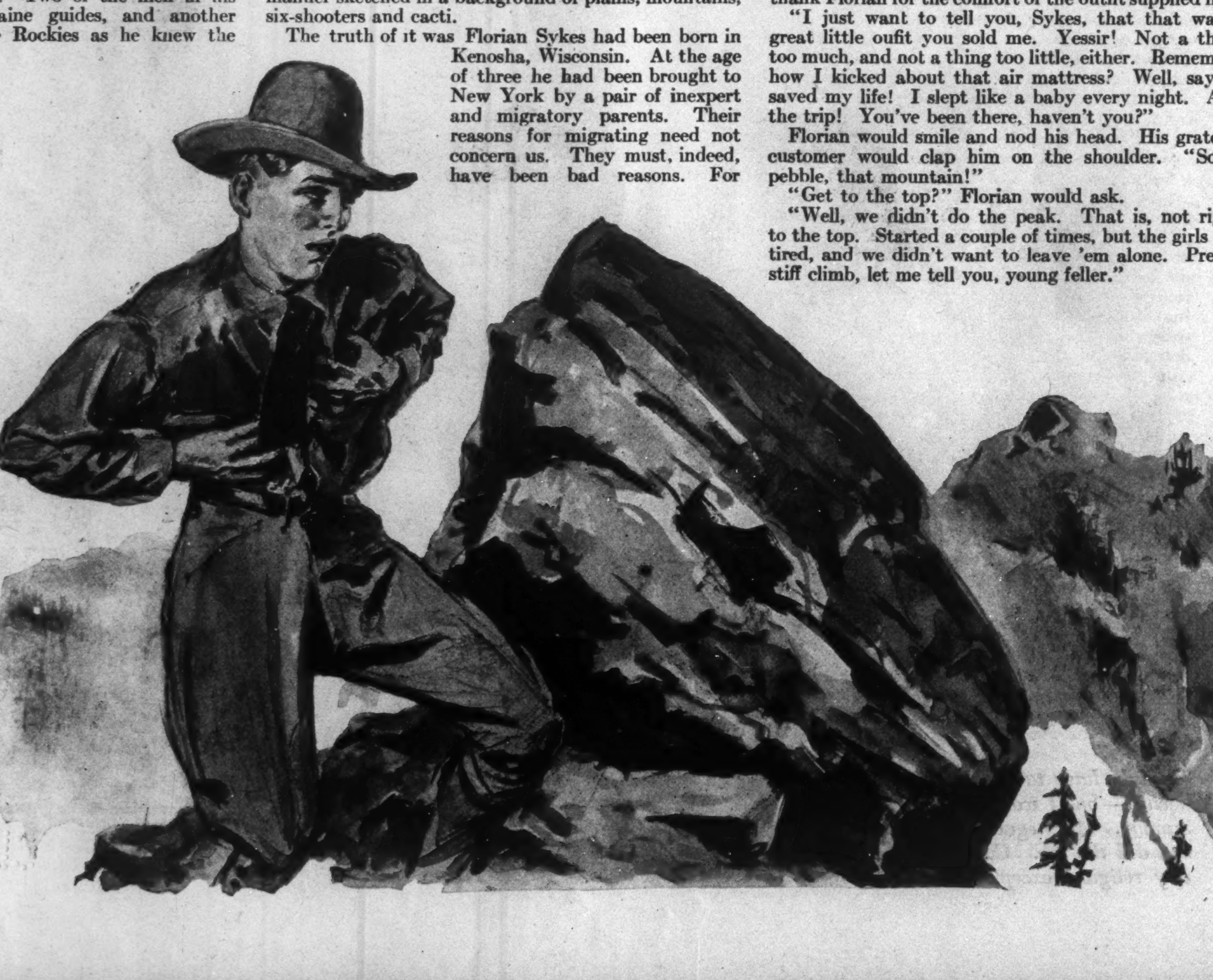
Down at Inverness & Heath's they called him Nature's Rival, but that was mostly jealousy, with a strong dash of resentment. Two of the men in his department had been Maine guides, and another boasted that he knew the Rockies as he knew the palm of his hand. But Florian, whose trail-finding had all been done in the subway shuttle, and who thought that butter sauce with parsley was a trout's natural element, had been promoted above their heads half a dozen times until now he lorded it over the fifth floor.

Not one of you, unless bedridden from birth, but has felt the influence of the firm of Inverness & Heath. You may never have seen the great establishment itself, rising story on story just off New York's main shopping thoroughfare. But you have felt the call of their catalogue. Surely, at one time or another, they have supplied you with tents or talcum; with sleeping bags or skis or skates; with rubber boots, or resin or reels. On their fourth floor you can be hatted for Palm Beach or Skaguay; for golf or whaling. On the third, outfitted for St. Moritz or San Antonio. But the fifth floor is the pride of the store. There is the camper's dream realized. There you will find man's most ingenious devices for softening Mother Nature's flinty bosom. Mosquito-proof tents; pails that will not leak; fleece-lined sleeping-bags; cooking outfits made up of pots and pans of every size, each shaped to disappear mysteriously into the next, like a conjurer's outfit, the whole swallowed up by a magic leather case.

Here Florian reigned. If you were a regular Inverness & Heath customer you learned to ask for him as soon as the elevator tossed you up to his domain. He met you with what is known in the business efficiency guides as the strong personality greeting. It consisted in clasping your hand with a grip that drove your ring into the bone, looking you straight in the eye, registering alert magnetic force, and pronouncing your name very distinctly. Like this: hand-clasp firm—straight in the eye—"How do you do, Mr. Outertown. Haven't seen you since last June. How was the trip?"

HE didn't mean to be a liar. And yet he lied daily and magnificently for years, to the world and himself. When, for example, in the course of purchasing rods, flies, tents, canoes, saddles, boots or sleeping-bags of him, you spoke of the delights of your contemplated vacation, he would say, "That's the life. I'm a western man, myself. . . . God's country!" He said it with a deep breath, and an exhalation, as one who pants to be free of the city's noisome fumes. You felt he must have been born with an equipment of chaps, quirts, spurs and sombrero. You saw him flinging himself on a horse and clattering off with a flirt of hoofs as they do it in the movies. His very manner sketched in a background of plains, mountains, six-shooters and cacti.

The truth of it was Florian Sykes had been born in Kenosha, Wisconsin. At the age of three he had been brought to New York by a pair of inexpert and migratory parents. Their reasons for migrating need not concern us. They must, indeed, have been bad reasons. For Florian, at thirteen, a spindle-legged errand-boy in over-size knickers, a cold sore on his lip, and shoes chronically in need of resoling, had started to work for the great sporting goods store of Inverness & Heath.



Now, at twenty-nine, he was head of the fifth floor. The cold sore had vanished permanently under a régime of health-food, dumb-bells and icy plunges. The shoes were bench-made and flawless. If the legs still were somewhat spindling their correctly creased casings hid the fact.

There's little doubt that if Florian had been named Bill, and if the calves of his legs had bulged, and if, in his youth, he had gone to work for a wholesale grocer, he would never have forged for himself a coat of mail whose links were pretense and whose bolts were sham. He probably would have been frankly content with an occasional ball-game out at the Polo Grounds, and the newspaper bulletins of a prizefight by rounds. But here he was at the base that supplied America's outdoor equipment. He who outfitted mountaineers must speak knowingly of glaciers, chasms, crevices and peaks. He who advised canoeists must assume wisdom of paddles, rapids, currents and portages. He whose sleeping hours were spangled with the clang of the street cars must counsel such hardy ones as were preparing cheerfully to seek rest rolled in blankets before a camp-fire's dying embers. And so, slowly, year by year, in his rise from errand to stock boy, from stock boy to clerk, from clerk to assistant manager, thence to his present official position, he had built about himself a tissue of innocent lies. He actually believed them himself.

Sometimes a customer, who in June had come in to purchase his vacation supplies with the city pallor upon him, returned in September, brown, hard, energized, to thank Florian for the comfort of the outfit supplied him.

"I just want to tell you, Sykes, that that was a great little oufit you sold me. Yessir! Not a thing too much, and not a thing too little, either. Remember how I kicked about that air mattress? Well, say, it saved my life! I slept like a baby every night. And the trip! You've been there, haven't you?"

Florian would smile and nod his head. His grateful customer would clap him on the shoulder. "Some pebble, that mountain!"

"Get to the top?" Florian would ask.

"Well, we didn't do the peak. That is, not right to the top. Started a couple of times, but the girls got tired, and we didn't want to leave 'em alone. Pretty stiff climb, let me tell you, young feller."

"You should have made the top."

"Been up, have you?"

"A dozen times."

"Oh, well, that's your business, you might say. Next time, maybe, we'll do it. The missus says she wants to go back there every year."

Florian would shake his head. "Oh, you don't want to do that. Have you been out to Glacier? Have you done the Yellowstone on horseback? Ever been down the Grand Canyon?"

"Why—no—but——"

"You've got a few thrills coming to you then."

The sunburned traveler would flush mahogany. "That's all right for you to say. But I'm no chamois. But it was a great trip, just the same. I want to thank you."

Then, for example, Florian's clothes. He had adopted that careful looseness—that ease of fit—that skilful sloppiness—which is the last word in masculine sartorial smartness. In talking he dropped his final g's and said "sportin'" and "mountain climbin'" and "shootin'." From June until September he wore those Norfolk things with bow ties, and his shirt patterns were restrained to the point of austerity. A signet ring with a large scrolled monogram on the third finger of his right hand was his only ornament and he had worn a wrist watch long before the War. He had never seen a mountain. The ocean meant Coney Island. He breakfasted at Childs'. He spent two hours over the Sunday papers. He was a Tittlebat Titmouse without the whiskers. And Myra loved him.

If Florian had not pretended to be something he wasn't; and if he had not professed an enthusiastic knowledge of things of which he was ignorant, he would, in the natural course of events, have loved Myra quickly in return. In fact he would have admitted that he had loved her first, and desperately. And there would have been no story entitled, "Ain't Nature Wonderful!"

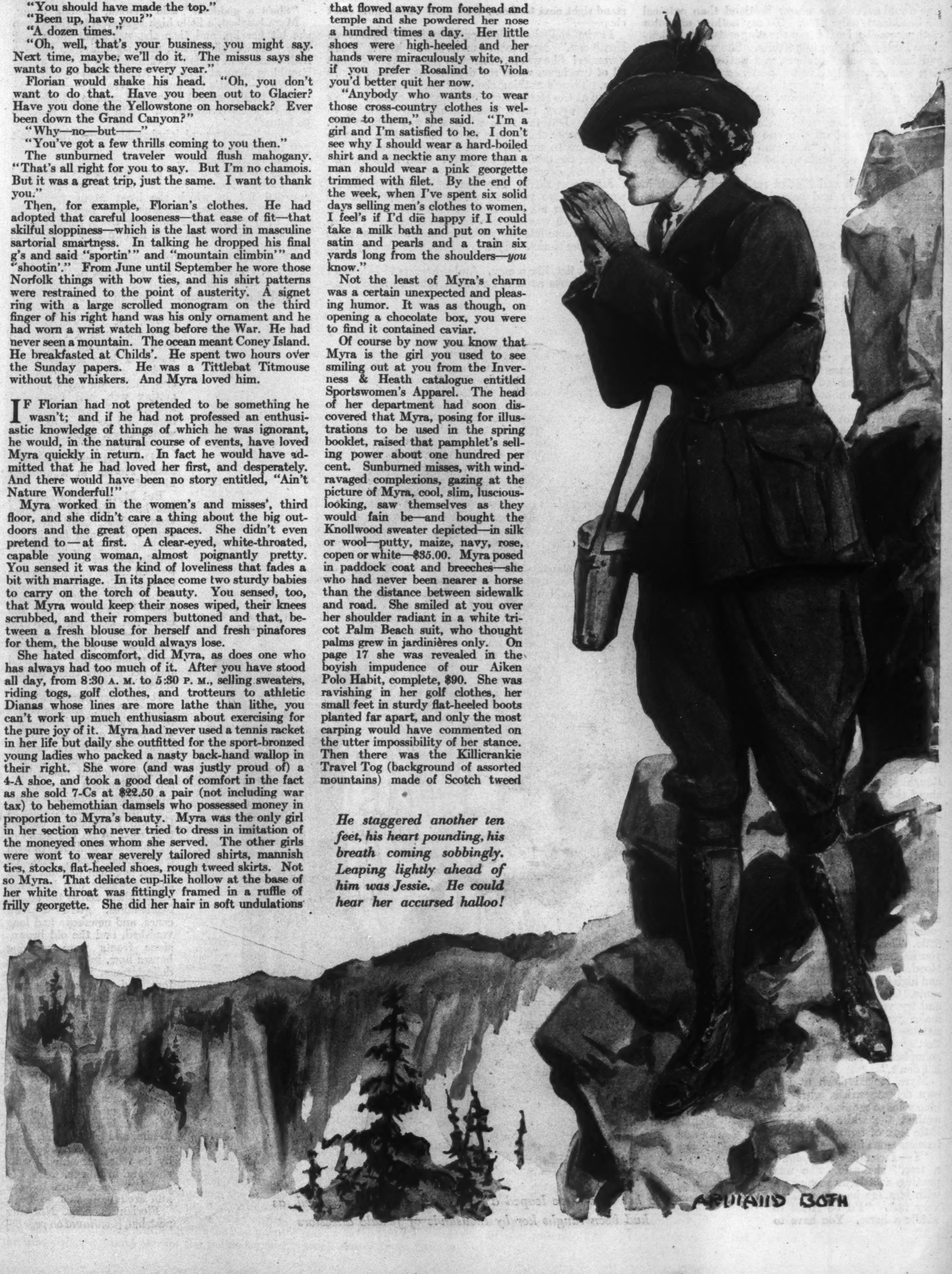
Myra worked in the women's and misses', third floor, and she didn't care a thing about the big outdoors and the great open spaces. She didn't even pretend to—at first. A clear-eyed, white-throated, capable young woman, almost poignantly pretty. You sensed it was the kind of loveliness that fades a bit with marriage. In its place come two sturdy babies to carry on the torch of beauty. You sensed, too, that Myra would keep their noses wiped, their knees scrubbed, and their rompers buttoned and that, between a fresh blouse for herself and fresh pinafores for them, the blouse would always lose.

She hated discomfort, did Myra, as does one who has always had too much of it. After you have stood all day, from 8:30 A. M. to 5:30 P. M., selling sweaters, riding togs, golf clothes, and trotteurs to athletic Dianas whose lines are more lathe than lithe, you can't work up much enthusiasm about exercising for the pure joy of it. Myra had never used a tennis racket in her life but daily she outfitted for the sport-bronzed young ladies who packed a nasty back-hand wallop in their right. She wore (and was justly proud of) a 4-A shoe, and took a good deal of comfort in the fact as she sold 7-Cs at $22.50 a pair (not including war tax) to behemothian damsels who possessed money in proportion to Myra's beauty. Myra was the only girl in her section who never tried to dress in imitation of the moneyed ones whom she served. The other girls were wont to wear severely tailored shirts, mannish ties, stocks, flat-heeled shoes, rough tweed skirts. Not so Myra. That delicate cup-like hollow at the base of her white throat was fittingly framed in a ruffle of frilly georgette. She did her hair in soft undulations that flowed away from forehead and temple and she powdered her nose a hundred times a day. Her little shoes were high-heeled and her hands were miraculously white, and if you prefer Rosalind to Viola you'd better quit her now.

"Anybody who wants to wear those cross-country clothes is welcome to them," she said. "I'm a girl and I'm satisfied to be. I don't see why I should wear a hard-boiled shirt and a necktie any more than a man should wear a pink georgette trimmed with filet. By the end of the week, when I've spent six solid days selling men's clothes to women, I feel's if I'd die happy if I could take a milk bath and put on white satin and pearls and a train six yards long from the shoulders—*you* know."

Not the least of Myra's charm was a certain unexpected and pleasing humor. It was as though, on opening a chocolate box, you were to find it contained caviar.

Of course by now you know that Myra is the girl you used to see smiling out at you from the Inverness & Heath catalogue entitled Sportswomen's Apparel. The head of her department had soon discovered that Myra, posing for illustrations to be used in the spring booklet, raised that pamphlet's selling power about one hundred per cent. Sunburned misses, with wind-ravaged complexions, gazing at the picture of Myra, cool, slim, luscious-looking, saw themselves as they would fain be—and bought the Knollwood sweater depicted—in silk or wool—putty, maize, navy, rose, copen or white—$35.00. Myra posed in paddock coat and breeches—she who had never been nearer a horse than the distance between sidewalk and road. She smiled at you over her shoulder radiant in a white tricot Palm Beach suit, who thought palms grew in jardinières only. On page 17 she was revealed in the boyish impudence of our Aiken Polo Habit, complete, $90. She was ravishing in her golf clothes, her small feet in sturdy flat-heeled boots planted far apart, and only the most carping would have commented on the utter impossibility of her stance. Then there was the Killicrankie Travel Tog (background of assorted mountains) made of Scotch tweed



He staggered another ten feet, his heart pounding, his breath coming sobbingly. Leaping lightly ahead of him was Jessie. He could hear her accursed halloo!

(she would never come nearer Scotland than oatmeal for breakfast) only $140. To say nothing of motor clothes, woodland suits, trap-shooting costumes, Yellowstone Park outfits, hunting habits. She wore brogues, and boots, and skating shoes, and puttees and tennis ties; sou'westers, leather top-coats, Jersey silks, military capes. You saw her fishing, hunting, boating, riding, golfing, snow-shoeing, swimming. She was equally lovely in khaki with woolen stockings, or in a habit of white linen and the shiniest of riding-boots. And as she peeled off the one to put on the next she remarked wearily, "A kimono and felt slippers and my hair down my back will look pretty good to me to-night, after this."

You see, Myra and Florian really had so much in common that if he had been honest with himself the course of their love would have run too smooth to be true. But Florian, in his effort to register as a two-fisted, hard-riding, nature-taming male, made such a success of it that for a long time he deceived even Myra who loved him. And during that time she, too, lied in her frantic effort to match her step with his. When he talked of riding and swimming; of long hard mountain hikes; of impenetrable woods, she looked at him with sparkling eyes. (She didn't need to throw much effort into that, nature having supplied her with the ground materials.) When, on their rare Sundays together, he suggested a long tramp up the Palisades she agreed enthusiastically, though she hated it. Not only that, she went, loathing it. The stones hurt her feet. Her slender ankles ached. The sun burned her delicate skin. The wind pierced her thin coat. Florian strode along with the exaggerated step of the short man who bitterly resents his lack of stature. Every now and then he stood still, and breathed deeply, and said, "Glorious!" And Myra looked at his straight back, and his clear-cut profile, and his well-dressed legs, and said, "Isn't it!" and wished he would kiss her. But he never did.

In between times he bemoaned his miserable two weeks' vacation which made impossible the sort of thing he said he craved — a long, hard, rough trip into a mountain interior. The Rockies, preferably in their jaggedest portions.

"That's the kind of thing that makes a fellow over. Roughing it. You forget about the city. In the saddle all day — nothing but sky and mountains. God's big open spaces! That's the life!"

Myra trudged along, painfully. "But isn't it awfully uncomfortable? You know. Cold? And tents? I don't think I'd like ——"

"I wouldn't give a cent for a person who was so soft they couldn't stand roughing it a little. That's the trouble with you Easterners. Soft! No red blood. Too many street cars, and high buildings, and restaurants. Chop down a few trees and fry your own bacon, and make your own camp, and saddle your own horses — that's what I call living. I'm going back to it some day, see if I don't."

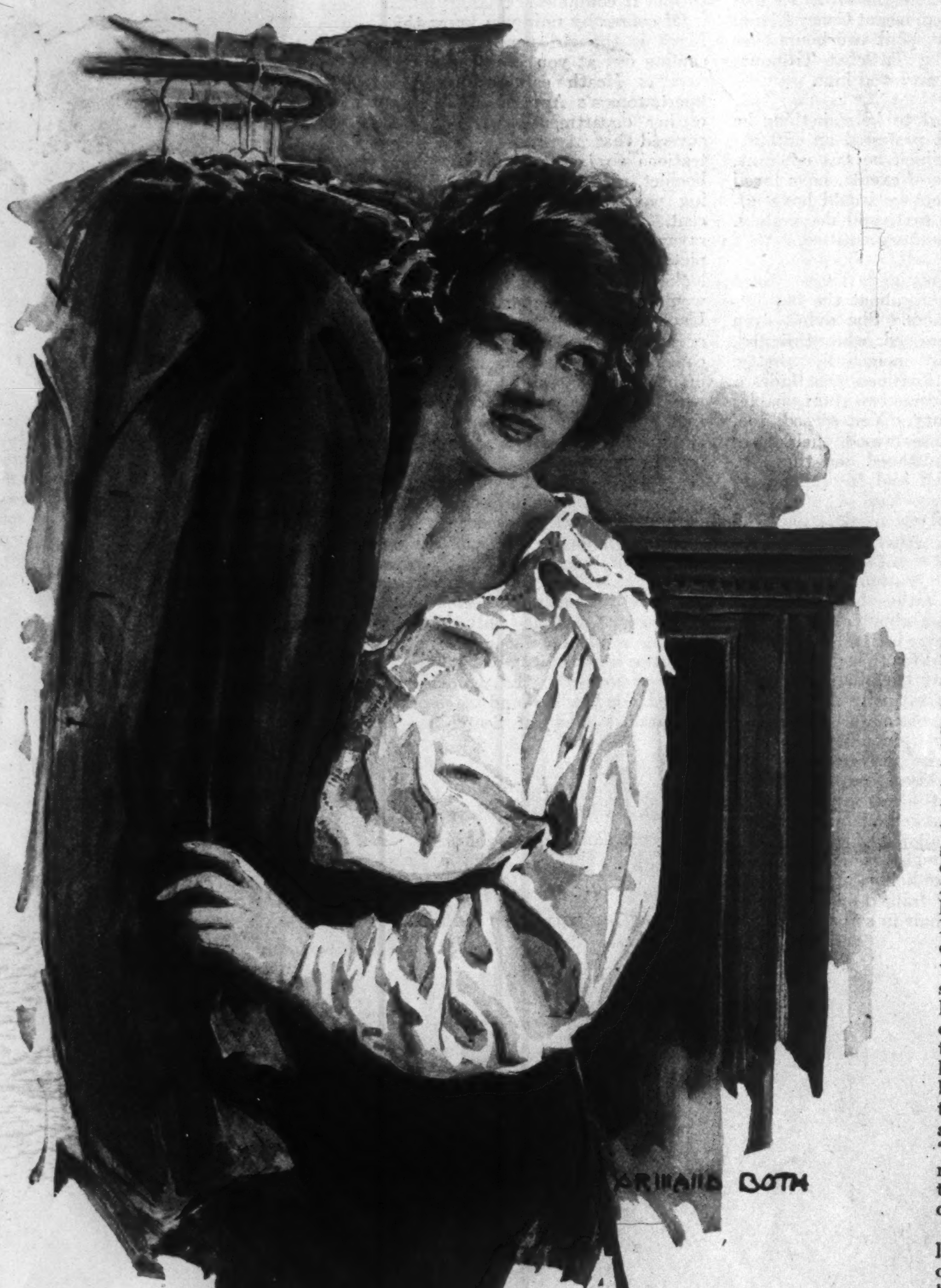
Myra looked down at her own delicate wrists, with the blue veins so exquisitely etched against the white flesh. A little look of terror and hopelessness came into her eyes.

"I — I couldn't chop down a tree," she said. She was panting a little in keeping up with him, for he was walking very fast. "I'd be afraid to saddle a horse. You have to stand right next to them, don't you? Most girls can't chop ——"

Florian smiled a little superior smile. "Miss Jessie Heath can." Myra looked up at him, quickly. "She's a wonder! She was in, yesterday," he went on. "Spent all of two hours up in my department, looking things over. There's nothing she can't do. She won a blue ribbon at the Horse Show in February. Saddle. She's climbed every peak that amounts to anything in Europe. Did the Alps when she was a little girl. This summer she's going to do the Rockies, because things are so mussed up in Europe, she says. I'm selecting the outfit for the party. Gad, what a trip!" He sighed, deeply.

Myra was silent. She was not ungenerous toward women, as are so many pretty girls. But she was human, after all, and she did love this Florian, and Jessie Heath was old man Heath's daughter. Whenever she came into the store she created a little furore among the clerks. Myra could not resist a tiny flash of claws.

"She's flat, like a man. And she wears 7½-C. And her face looks as if it had been rubbed with a scouring brick."



Into her eyes there leaped a look which she quickly veiled, as had been taught her by thousands of female ancestors

"She's a goddess!" said Florian, striding along.

Myra laughed, a little high hysterical laugh. Then she bit her lip, and then she was silent for a long time. He was silent, too, until suddenly, he heard a little sound that made him turn quickly to look at her stumbling along at his side. And she was crying.

"Why — what's the matter! What's! ——"

"I'm tired," sobbed Myra, and sank in a little limp heap on a convenient rock. "I'm tired. want to go home."

"Why," — he was plainly bewildered — "Why didn't you tell me you were tired!"

"I'm telling you now."

They took the nearest ferry across the river, and the subway home. At the entrance to the noisy, crowded flat in which she lived Myra turned to face him. She was through with pretense. She was tired of make-believe. She felt a certain relief in the thought of what she had to say. She faced him squarely.

"I've lived in the city all my life and I'm crazy about it. I love it. I like to walk in the park a little, maybe, Sundays, but I hate tramping like we did this afternoon, and you might as well know it. I wouldn't chop down a tree, not if I was freezing to death, and I'd hate to have to sleep in a tent, so there! I hate sunburn, and freckles, and ants in the pie, and blisters on my feet, and getting wet, and flat-heeled shoes, and I never saddled a horse. I'd be afraid to. And what's more, I don't believe you do, either."

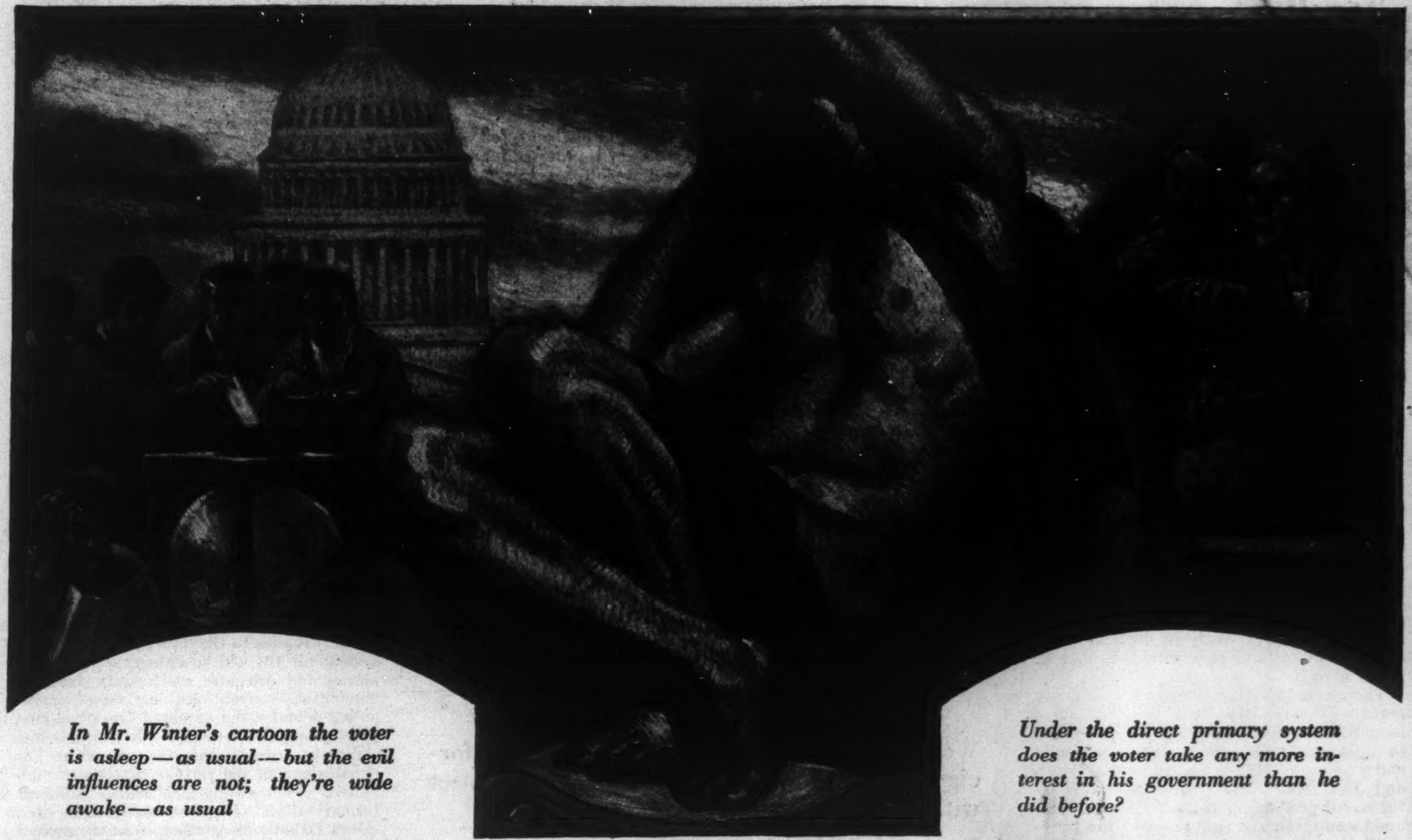
"Don't believe I do what?" asked Florian in a stunned kind of voice.

But Myra had turned and left him. And as he stood there, aghast, bewildered, resentful, clear and fair in the back of his mind, against all the turmoil of thoughts that seethed there, was the picture of her white, slim, exquisite throat with a little delicate pulse beating in it as she cried out her rebellion. He wished — or some one inside him that he could not control wished — that he could put his fingers there on her throat, gently.

It was very warm that evening, for May. And as he sat by the window in his pajamas, just before going to bed, he thought about Myra, and he thought about himself. But when he thought about himself he slammed the door on what he saw. Florian's rooms were in Lexington Avenue in the old brownstone district that used to be the home of white-headed millionaires with gold-headed canes, who, on dying, left their millions to an Alger newsboy who had once helped them across the street. Millionaires, gold-headed canes, and newsboys had long vanished, and the old brownstone fronts were rooming houses now, interspersed with delicatessens, interior decorators, and dressmaking establishments. Florian was fond of boasting when he came down to the store in the morning, after a hot, muggy July night, "My place is like a summer resort. Breeze just sweeps through it. I have to have the covers on."

Sometimes Mrs. Pet, his landlady, made him a pitcher of lemonade and brought it up to him, and he sipped it, looking out over the city, soothed by its roar, fascinated by its glow and brilliance. Mrs. Pet said it was a pleasure to have him around, he was so neat.

Florian was neat. Not only neat, but, [*Continued on page 66*]



In Mr. Winter's cartoon the voter is asleep—as usual—but the evil influences are not; they're wide awake—as usual

Under the direct primary system does the voter take any more interest in his government than he did before?

Has the *Direct Primary* Made Good?

by Henry M. Hyde

Cartoon by Charles A. Winter

EDITOR'S NOTE—*The Direct Primary System is on trial before the Court of Public Opinion. Has it furnished the majority a chance to rule? Its enemies say it hasn't. In any event statistics show that the majority has not taken advantage of the opportunity, even if it was open to them. Friends of the system point to the bosses it has smashed and say it should not be abolished. Out of it all comes only one certainty: It is time for the voter to study what the system has or has not accomplished and think about what should be done.*

THE men who made this nation established a Republic—not a pure democracy—yet the tendency from the beginning has been more and more in the direction of pure democracy. For instance, at the start, the right to vote in all states was limited to those who owned property or were taxpayers, but when Kentucky was admitted to the Union in 1792, her constitution abolished all qualifications for suffrage except sex, age and residence. To-day all bars have been lowered; men and women alike are—or are about to be—equally entitled to the ballot.

From the start, also, this has been a government of parties. The Federalists, who elected George Washington and John Adams, were succeeded in power in 1800 by the Democratic-Republican party of Thomas Jefferson. But as the country grew party organizations and party leaders degenerated into party machines and party bosses, all more or less corrupt. Through their control of the political machinery these bosses put their tools in office, forced the passage of bad laws, made a mockery of popular government.

Time after time the voters revolted and put the bosses to rout only to have them resume sway when the voters' interest had waned. His interest is fanned to fever heat over some flagrant violation of his rights or it is almost a minus quantity. During his periods of indignation he agitated for some reform in political machinery that would put the boss out of business permanently; that would insure, almost automatically, the selection of public officials and the passage of laws representing the direct will of the majority. And it was this agitation that caused more than forty states to adopt some form of what is known as the direct popular primary system.

The advocates of the system put it forward as a panacea for all the ills of which the voter complained. Senator LaFollette, one of its earliest champions, predicted that it would destroy the political machine; that it would appeal to every member of the party to participate in the primary election; that it would quicken the rapidly expiring interest of every citizen in the nominations of his party; that it would greatly strengthen party organization; that it would bring into public life the best talent of the times, that it would elevate the public service.

Have these promises been fulfilled? Has the direct primary destroyed the boss? Or has it only made it necessary for him to use new methods and learn new tricks? Is the vote cast at the popular primary large enough to show that the average voter takes an active interest in the nominations or, his indignation having been lulled by the passage of new laws, does he neglect to go to the polls just as he did before? Has the primary strengthened or broken down party organizations? Does it bring into public life the best talent of the time or do the bitter personalities of primary campaigns tend to discourage men of self-respect and high ability?

First, let us hear what some of the prominent leaders in the two leading political parties have to say.

Senator Charles S. Thomas, Democrat, Colorado

"The direct popular primary is a complete and ghastly failure. I was an early advocate of the primary, because I know the abuses of the old convention system. I have been nominated at the primaries. But experience has convinced me that the primary is an utter failure. The people simply do not function."

Senator Warren G. Harding, Republican, Ohio

"Men who are honest with themselves and with the people must admit that the results of the direct popular primary system are not good. The primary is written into the constitution of my state and I see no hope of abolishing it. I am its beneficiary, but it is actually easier to corruptly manipulate a primary than a convention."

Henry Jones Ford,
Professor of Political Science, Princeton

"I have yet to find an instance in which the direct primary has actually tended to promote good government. It is only by some dire confusion of thought that good men can advocate such a pernicious nostrum."

Albert Kales,
Professor of Law, Northwestern University

"It is only in the language of the stump that the primaries enable the people to nominate."

Now let us look a little further—take a look at the actual facts. Do the voters go to the polls in greater numbers under the new system than under the old?

It was charged against the old convention system that the boss, backed by controlled minority, named the candidates, and that the majority had no voice in their selection. Under the direct primary the majority has the power of nomination in its own hands. Does it use it or does experience show that the primary system merely perpetuates and strengthens minority rule?

Here is a table which shows the percentage of the total registered vote cast at the direct primaries in five widely separated states and cities.

State or City	Kind of Primary	Total Registered Vote	Primary Vote	Per Cent. of Registered Vote
Montana	State wide Congressional	221,000	56,000	26
Chicago	Mayoralty, 1919	800,000	387,000	48
New York	State wide Gubernatorial, 1918	2,126,500	646,863	30
*Ohio	State wide, Gubernatorial, 1918	961,000	371,000	39
Louisiana	State wide, 1919	*128,000	150,000	117

*Total vote cast at last election. Registered vote not available.

In states like Montana, with small and widely scattered population, it is especially difficult to get out a large vote, even when, as in this case, the whole representation of the state in the lower house of Congress is at stake. In Chicago, on the other hand, the voting population is huge and concentrated. The campaign for the nominations for mayor was long and bitter, yet less than half of the registered voters, who include women, went to the primary polls In New York the comparatively small up-state vote brought down the general percentage to thirty and it is to be noted that Tammany nominated its candidate for Governor. In Ohio, where the electorate is more evenly divided between urban and rural voters, the primary vote rose to thirty-nine per cent. of the total vote cast at the succeeding election. If the figures for the total registered vote had been obtainable as a standard of comparison the primary percentage would have been considerably lower.

In Louisiana, as in the Solid South generally, the real fight is always at the primaries and there is, therefore, usually a larger vote cast in them than at the election following. Whoever wins the Democratic primary nomination is certain of winning the election, which is a mere formality.

It would be interesting if a comparison could be made between the percentage of the total vote cast at the old party primaries for the election of delegates to nominating conventions and that cast at the direct popular primaries. Unfortunately, no dependable records of the party primary vote are to be had. Impartial investigators express the opinion that the popular primary attracts a somewhat, but not greatly, larger percentage of the voters. Its relative size varies vastly in different parts of the country and also with the different issues involved.

There is no blinking the fact that in many parts of the country there has been for a long time a growing feeling against what have come to be regarded as the great faults and weaknesses of the direct primary systems, and this feeling has been accentuated by the recent presidential primaries. Iowa, Minnesota and other states repealed the presidential primary law some time ago and at almost every session of state legislatures in recent years changes and amendments have been made in apparently vain attempts to mend the faulty fabric. Some states—like South Dakota—have passed new primary laws, so complex and full of ridiculous details that they stir even their own citizens to derision. Most astonishing of all, the state of Idaho, one of that far western group from which come most of the radical projects, has repealed the direct primary law in its entirety and gone back to the old convention system of nominating candidates.

The story of what caused this reverse revolution in Idaho illustrates one of the great faults with which the new system is charged. Under the direct popular primary system an organized and aggressive minority can often not only control nominations for public office, but make certain in advance that the legislation it desires shall be passed.

Three years ago there came into Idaho some organizers of the Non-Partisan League, the extremely radical almost communistic, organization which dominates the politics of North Dakota. By skillful agitation they secured a certain following. Knowing that only a fraction of the voters would do their duty at the state-wide primaries and that there would be several candidates for the nomination for each state office, they decided to take their obedient minority to the primary polls and attempt to steal the name and machinery of one of the two great parties, naming their own ticket under the stolen banner. Two weeks before the primaries they were uncertain whether they would make their raid on the Republicans or the Democrats. Finally they concluded that the Democratic ticket stood the best chance of winning at the future election and they decided to steal that.

They secured the printing of the name of their candidate for Governor in the list of aspirants for the Democratic nomination on the primary ballot. A few weeks before he had been active in the state councils of the Republican party. They got the name of the man they wanted for each state office printed in the proper place. They took their small, but concentrated minority to the primary polls. And because the regular Democratic vote was scattered among several candidates, because Idaho was so vast in area, the population so widely distributed and the time so short, they were entirely successful.

Idaho woke up to find a collection of radicals regularly nominated on the Democratic ticket by the votes of a minority of aggressive agitators and their followers. That it was a minority was shown by the completeness with which Democrats joined with Republicans to defeat the deceitful ticket and sweep the Republican candidates—who were, at least, what they pretended to be—into office.

The Idaho incident also well illustrates another weakness of the primary system:

At the direct primary the voter casts his ballot for men, not for principles. No machinery is provided for writing in advance of the primaries a platform of principles on which the candidates may stand. Usually the candidates named at the primary get together after they are nominated and, with the aid of their party machine adopt the platform which they believe will catch the most votes.

It is true that in the old convention days, when the platform was adopted before the candidates were nominated, many of the platform pledges were broken, but, at the worst, say critics of the primary, the voter got a general and fairly accurate idea of what the party and its candidates stood for. In the most corrupt and most thoroughly bossed of the old conventions it would have been impossible—as in the Idaho case—to nominate a ticket under an old party name, every member of which was pledged to turn the government over to a communistic experiment of public ownership and control of industry.

Nor is that the only method by which it is charged minority is substituted for majority government through the medium of the direct primary. Uncle Joe Cannon says that the only thing more cowardly than a congressman is two congressmen. The same acute sense of political prudence is hidden by the black frock coat of every office-holder. And before one condemns him too severely consider what may easily happen to him when it comes time to run for renomination at the primary.

Why Is America Unpopular In Europe?

We find indications of dislike of us in the foreign press; Americans traveling abroad meet with evidences of it. What are the reasons?

Frederick Palmer, the well-known war correspondent, in a carefully considered article based upon personal experience, gives you what he thinks are the causes

In the September McClure's

The office-holder knows that not more than sixty per cent. of the registered voters of his party are at all likely to go to the primaries. He knows, perhaps, that there will be three candidates standing against him for the nomination. His reports may show that he is practically certain to get one-third of the vote cast, which will be enough to nominate, though it represents only one fifth of the party strength. It is plain to him that to swing ten per cent. of the vote from one candidate to another will almost certainly determine the result.

NOW comes to him, for instance, one of the shrewd and aggressive agents of the Anti-Saloon League, with earnest supporters and a big campaign fund behind him.

"You know how many votes we control and can deliver. Sign this pledge and we will put our vote behind you and spend our money in your support during the primary campaign. Refuse—!"

Admit that a majority of the voters are in favor of the prohibitory amendment. This is not intended to raise the question of prohibition. It is noted because the practical politicians who are the paid agents of the league were, perhaps, the first to see and to seize the opportunity of controlling legislation by controlling nominations at the popular primaries.

Other aggressive and determined minorities, who know just what they want, have been quick to follow this successful example. It was by controlling nominations at the primaries of the two great parties that the Non-Partisan League got its first foothold in the politics of North Dakota, where it has now put into effect its program of communistic ownership and control of industry. By the same method of boring from within it is now attempting to seize the governments of adjacent states.

Now comes the American Federation of Labor, entering politics, officially and as a body for the first time. Its wise and observant leaders have determined to postpone, at least, the formation of a regular Labor party. They are advising their members all over the country to vote at the established party primaries only for candidates who will pledge themselves in advance to support the legislation which organized labor demands.

The charge is made that it is possible even for a very small minority, if sufficiently aggressive and noisy, to force the nomination of pledged candidates by both great parties and thus leave the majority of the people no liberty of choice.

Perhaps conditions in South Dakota illustrate even better what a minority can do to the politics of a state. Here, in fact, the case comes to its final climax of absurdity, for the controlling minority consists of a single man, R. O. Richards of Huron. Mr. Richards is rich, politically ambitious and is declared by his friends to be nothing if not original, perhaps eccentric.

Some years ago he got up a primary law for South Dakota, which in richness and complexity of detail surpasses anything ever before dreamed of by reformers. It has been defeated and repealed by the legislature, defeated and approved by the people on a referendum vote, amended and made more and more complicated and now in all its fullness, is in operation by virtue of the popular vote, with the legislature waiting, it is said, to get another hack at it. Mr. Richards's friends say that he has spent more than $100,000 of his own money in keeping his pet on the statute books.

It would be tedious to describe the law in detail. It adds to the direct popular primary system all the old machinery of party primaries and delegates and county and state nominating conventions, only they are camouflaged under the names of "proposal men" and "proposal meetings." It contains most elaborate arrangements for compulsory joint debates among the various candidates under penalty of not getting their names before the primary at all. It comes near making life in South Dakota one continuous political picnic.

First of all, after the preliminary primaries have been held, the "proposal men" meet and propose majority and minority candidates whose names are to appear on the regular primary ballots. Last spring when these proposal meetings were held, Wood, Lowden, Johnson and other candidates had been burning the prairie grass for weeks. Wood won the considerable prestige which resulted from his being named as the majority candidate by the Republican proposal men. It is impossible to state the exact percentage of the total Republican vote cast at the preliminary primaries which elected these proposal men, but it was certainly less than five per cent.

Mr. Richards, author of the bill, was an independent candidate for the nomination for governor at the Republican popular primary and held joint debates with his rivals in sixteen towns scattered over the State. Under the strict rules of his own law the debates were joint in name only, because each speaker was compelled to devote most of his time to an exposition of his paramount issue and, usually, the rival issues had not the remotest connection with, or relation to, each other.

For instance, of the joint debate held at Watertown, March fourth, between Mr. Richards and the majority Republican candidate for governor, the *Watertown Public Opinion* said in its issue of the next afternoon:

"Opening the debate with his main argument in support of his paramount issue, Richards declared for the sale of liquor as an ordinary commodity and without regulation, except that he could have the right to drink liquor limited to persons who satisfactorily pass the tests imposed by his 'legal, individual, moral, merit system,' which he claims would establish or disprove a man's morality. By this test, also, he would limit the individual's right to vote, taking away the franchise from persons whom his system found immoral."

It will not do to dismiss the South Dakota situation with a grin. The primaries held there last spring emphasize several other grave faults which are charged against the system.

Direct popular primaries, it is declared, inevitably result in the expenditure of large sums of money by rival candidates for the nominations. In a primary campaign no aspirant is supposed to have the support of the party organizations. He must make an organization of his own. He must travel widely over his district or state, he must spend money in holding meetings, in publicity intended to reach thousands of voters; he must fight not against one candidate of the opposite party, but against, perhaps, four or five individuals of his own party, each of

[*Continued on page 68*]

Zane Grey's Greatest Novel

The Wanderer of the Wasteland

A Pageant of the Old Frontiers

Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton

ADAM LAREY and his brother Guerd started West, after the death of their mother, to make their fortune. Guerd, the elder, was selfish, domineering, inclined to be dissolute. Adam, the younger, was just the opposite and, of course, there was a quarrel. After a scene over a gambling game and bitter words over a woman Adam left to go on his own. At Picacho he found work and friends, among them a Spanish girl, Margarita, who fascinated him. But Guerd overtook him, stole the girl's affection, the brothers again quarreled, and Adam, heartsick, plunges off into the mesquites.

THAT night in the dead late hours Adam suddenly awoke. He sat up, startled. If he had dreamed of violence or peril no remembrance of either remained in his consciousness. Instinctively he listened.

The night seemed the same as all the desert nights — dark and cool under the mesquites — the same dead, unbroken silence. And like a grave was the village behind his camp. But something had pierced his slumbers, and as he pondered deeply, there seemed to come out of the vagueness beyond that impenetrable wall of sleep a voice, a cry, a whisper. Had Margarita, sleeping or waking, called to him? The feeling of an intangible cry or whisper haunted him till he fell asleep again.

When Adam awoke late, in the light of the sunny morning, unrealities of the night dispersed like the gray shadows, and vanished. He arose eager, vigorous. The day was Sunday. Another idle wait, fruitful of brooding moods! Circumstances did not fall in his favor. But he vowed he would not go to the willow-brakes, there to hide from Guerd and Collishaw. Let them do their worst! He would go up to Picacho and gamble and drink with the rest of the drifters. Merryvale's words of desert-learned wisdom rang through Adam's head. As for Margarita, all Adam wanted was one more look at her face, into her dusky eyes.

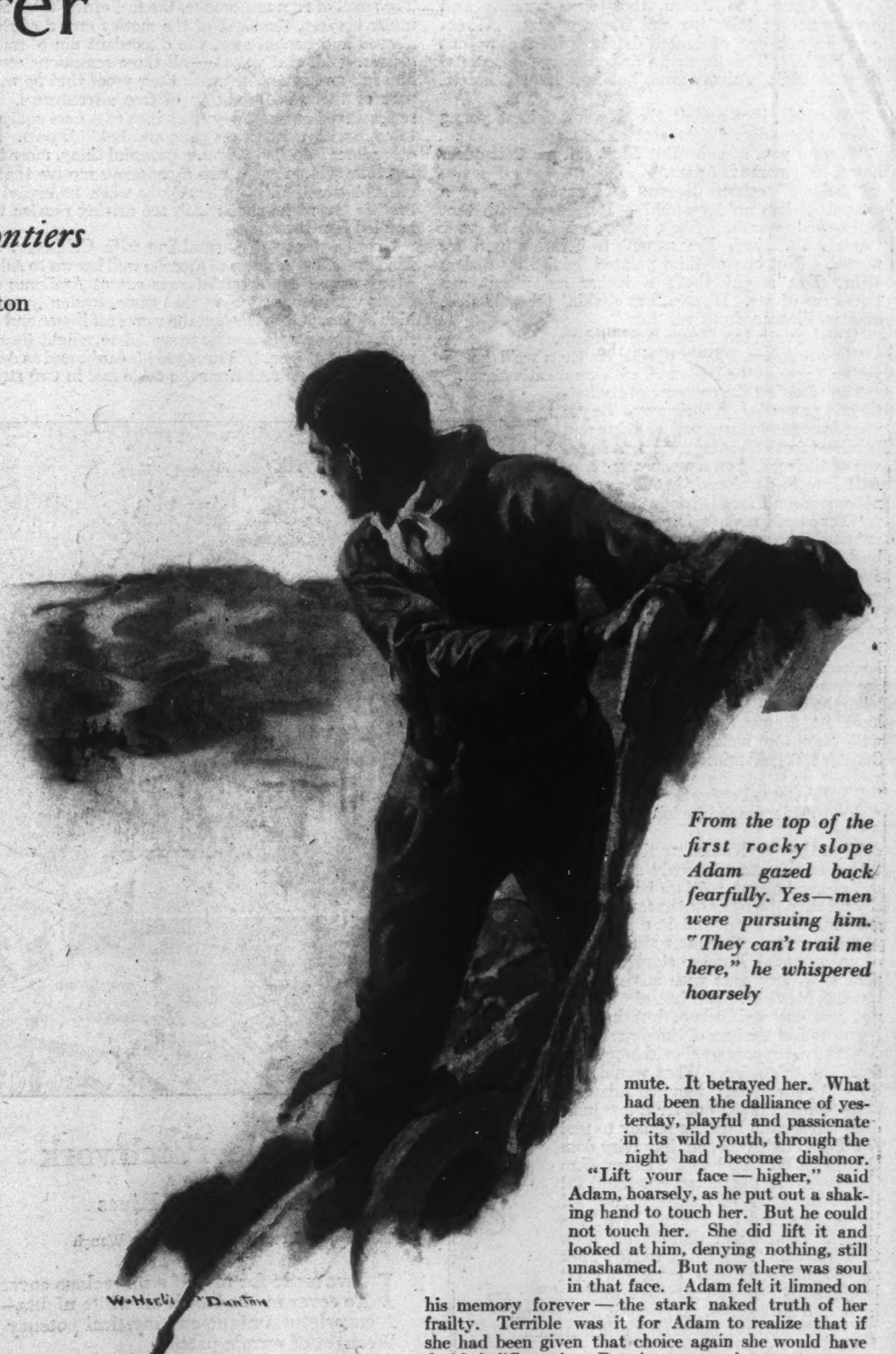
At breakfast Arallanes presented a thoughtful and forbidding appearance, although this demeanor was somewhat softened by the few times he broke silence. The *Señora's* impassive serenity lacked its usual kindliness, and her lowered eyes kept their secrets. Margarita had not yet arisen.

After breakfast he went out to stroll along the river bank and then around the village. He ascertained from Merryvale that Collishaw, Guerd, and their associates had found lodgings at different houses for the night, and after breakfast had left for the mining-camp. As usual, Merryvale spoke pointedly: "Your brother said they were goin' to clear out the camp. An' I reckon he didn't mean greasers, but whiskey an' gold. Son, you stay away from Picacho to-day."

For once, however, the kind old man's advice fell upon deaf ears. Adam had to fight his impatience to be off up the canyon; and only a driving need to see Margarita held him there. He walked from village to river, and back again. By and by he espied Arallanes and his wife, with their friends, parading toward the little adobe church. Margarita was not with them.

Adam waited a little while, hoping to see her appear. He did not analyze his strong hope that she would go to church this Sunday as usual. But as no sign of her was forthcoming he strode down to the little brown house and entered at the open door.

"Margarita!" he called. No answer broke the quiet. His second call, however, brought her from her room, a dragging figure with a pale face that Adam had never before seen pale.



From the top of the first rocky slope Adam gazed back fearfully. Yes — men were pursuing him. "They can't trail me here," he whispered hoarsely

"*Señor* Ad — dam," she faltered.

The look of her, and that voice, stung Adam out of the gentleness habitual with him. Leaping at her, he dragged her into the light of the door. She cried out in a fear that shocked him. When he let go of her, abrupt and sharp in his motions, she threw up her arms as if to ward off attack.

"Do you think I would hurt you?" he cried, harshly. "No, Margarita! I only wanted to see you — just once more."

She dropped her arms and raised her face. Then Adam, keen in that poignant moment, saw in her the passing of an actual fear of death. It struck him mute. It betrayed her. What had been the dalliance of yesterday, playful and passionate in its wild youth, through the night had become dishonor.

"Lift your face — higher," said Adam, hoarsely, as he put out a shaking hand to touch her. But he could not touch her. She did lift it and looked at him, denying nothing, still unashamed. But now there was soul in that face. Adam felt it limned on his memory forever — the stark naked truth of her frailty. Terrible was it for Adam to realize that if she had been given that choice again she would have decided differently. But it was too late.

"*Adios, Señorita*," he said, bowing, and backed out of the door. He stopped, and the small pale face with its tragic eyes, straining, unutterably eloquent of wrong to him and to herself, passed slowly out of his sight.

Swiftly Adam strode up the canyon, his fierce energy in keeping with his thought. He overtook the Irishman, Regan, who accosted him.

"Hullo, Wansfell, ould frind," he called, gaily. "Don't yez walk so dom fast."

"Wansfell! — Why do you call me that?" asked Adam. How curiously the name struck his ear!

"Ain't that your noime?"

"No, it's not."

"Wall, all right. Will yez hev a dhrink?" Regan produced a brown bottle and handed it to Adam.

"Thanks, I will," said Adam, and he tipped the bottle to his lips. The raw spirits seared like fire, seemingly burning out the oppressed condition within his breast.

They walked on up the canyon. Regan with his short stunted legs being hard put to it to keep up with Adam's long strides. The Irishman would attach himself to Adam, that was evident; and he was a most talkative and friendly fellow. Whenever he got out of breath he halted to draw out the bottle. The liquor in an ordinary hour would have befuddled Adam's wits, but now it only heated his blood.

"Wansfell, if yez ain't the domdest foinest young feller in these diggin's!" ejaculated Regan.

"Thank you, friend. But don't call me that queer name. My name is Adam."

"A-dom?" echoed Regan. "Phwat a hell of a noime! Adom an' Eve, huh? — I seen yez with thot black-eyed wench. She's purty, an' I loike your taste. . . . Pard, I'm a-goin' to foind a gurl fer meself. Not one of thim painted loidies by a dom sight. But a girl thet's a looker an' phwat can take care of me. B'gorra, I'm shakin' the gold dust of this Picacho from me fate."

"I'm leaving, too, Regan," said Adam.

"Foine, Adom. Let's dhrink on thet; we'll go together," replied the Irishman, with great enthusiasm.

They finished the contents of the bottle and proceeded on their way. Regan waxed warmer in his regard for Adam and launched forth a strong argument in favor of their going on a prospecting trip. And here it developed that Regan was not quite drunk, for all his loquaciousness.

"Yez would make a foine prospector an' pard," he said. "Young an' big an' husky, an' no dom fool! I've hed me eye on you fer weeks. I'm an ole prospector an' I know this desert from Death Valley to Sonora. Thar's gold, pard, all over. But gold ain't all. It's the minin'-camps thet take a mon's money an' health an' loife. Out on the desert yez are free an' happy, b'gorra! No place loike the desert, pard, whin yez come to know it! Phwat do you say? Mebbe we'll hev the luck to foind Peg-leg Smith's lost gold mine."

"WHO was Peg-leg Smith and what gold mine did he lose?" queried Adam.

Then they plodded on up the canyon, trying to keep to the shady strips and out of the hot sun. Adam heard for a second time the story of the famous lost gold mine. Regan told it differently, perhaps exaggerating after the manner of prospectors. But the story was impelling to any man with adventurous blood in his veins. The lure of gold had not yet obsessed Adam, but he had begun to feel the lure of the desert.

"Regan, suppose we should happen to find Peg-leg's mine. What would you do with your share?" inquired Adam.

"B'gorra, I'd sell out fer a few hundred thousand. Phwat's money to me! An' I'd go to 'Frisco, an' buy iviry dom thing I loiked. I'd buy the foinest dom feather-bed in the foinest hotel, an' I'd hev a room full of soft boots, an' I'd lay in thot bed fer a week hevin' the waitors comin' wid dhrinks an' grub till I busted. Then I'd go to Noo York an' do the same job over, only I'd hev some of thim acktresses foightin' fer me favor and me smoiles. B'gorra, it'd be grand!"

"Would you get married?" asked Adam.

"Me! I should smoile not!"

"Well, when the money was all spent what would you do then?"

"Frind, I'd come back to the desert an' be dom sorry it wasn't sooner."

Adam concluded that under happier circumstances this Regan would be a man well worth cultivating in spite of his love for the bottle. They reached the camp about noon, had a lunch at the stand of a Chinaman, and then entering the saloon they mingled with the crowd, where Adam soon became separated from Regan. Manifestly it was a big day at Picacho. Liquor flowed like water, and gold thudded in sacks and clinked musically in coins upon the tables. Adam had one drink and that incited him to take another. Again the throb and burn of his blood warmed out the coldness and bitterness of his mood. Deliberately he drank and deliberately he stifled the voice of conscience until he was in a reckless and dangerous frame of mind. There seemed to be a fire consuming him now, to which liquor was only fuel.

He swaggered through the crowded hall, and for once the drunken miners, the painted hags, the cold-faced gamblers did not disgust him. He reveled in the scene. The smell of rum and smoke, the feel of the thick sand under his feet, the sight of the motley crowd of shirt-sleeved and booted men, the discordant din of music, glasses, gold, and voices — all these sensations struck him full and intimately with their proof that he was a part of this wild assembly of free adventurers. He remembered again Merryvale's idea of a man equipped to cope with this lawless gang and hold his own. Another force impelled Adam, a powerful thing, more feeling than will. And it was a conscious motive that he did not question. But suddenly when he espied his brother Guerd he shook with the driving passion that had led him there.

Guerd sat at table, gambling with Collishaw, and Mackay and other men of Picacho well known to Adam. Moreover, all his acquaintances except Arallanes and Merryvale were watching that game, evidently one of high stakes. Guerd looked the worse for liquor and bad luck. When he glanced up to see Adam, a light gleamed across his hot face. He dropped his cards, and as Adam stepped near he rose from the table and in two strides confronted him, arrogant, menacing, with the manner of a man dangerous to cross. Adam's nerve quailed, and might have weakened, but for that false inspiriting of drink-fired blood.

"I want money," demanded Guerd.

Adam laughed in his face.

"Go to work. You're not slick enough with the cards to hide your tricks," replied Adam, in deliberate scorn.

Temper, and not forethought, actuated Guerd then. He slapped Adam, with the moderate force of an older brother punishing an impertinence. Swift and hard Adam returned that blow, staggering Guerd, who fell against the table, but was upheld by Collishaw. He uttered a loud and piercing cry.

Sharply the din ceased. The crowd slid back over the sand, leaving Adam in the center of a wide space, confronting Guerd, who still leaned against Collishaw. Guerd panted for breath. His hot face turned white except for the red place where Adam's fist had struck. Mackay righted the table, then hurriedly drew back. Guerd's fury of astonishment passed to stronger controlled passion. He rose from Collishaw's hold and seemed to tower magnificently. He had the terrible look of a man who had waited years for this moment of revenge.

"You hit me! — I'll beat you for that — I'll smash your face!" he said, stridently.

"Come on!" cried Adam.

At this instant the Irishman, Regan, staggered out of the crowd into the open circle. He was drunk.

"Sic 'em, Wansfell, sic 'em!" he bawled. "I'm wid yez! We'll lick thot — loidy face — an' ivery dom ——"

Some miner reached out a long arm and dragged Regan back.

Guerd Larey leaned over to pound with his fist on the table. A leaping glow radiated from his face, as if a genius of hate had inspired some word or speech that Adam must find insupportable. His look let loose a bursting gush of blood through Adam's throbbing veins. This was no situation built on a quarrel or a jealous rivalry. It was backed by years, and by some secret not easily to be divined, though its source was the very soul of Cain.

"So that's your game!" declared Guerd, with ringing passion. "You want to fight and you make this debt of yours a pretense. But I'm on to you! It's because of the girl I took from you!"

"Shut up! Have you no sense of decency? Can't you be half a man?" burst out Adam, beginning to shake.

Guerd only laughed. "Listen to Old Goody-Goody! . . . Mother's nice boy —"

"By heaven, Guerd Larey, if you speak of my — my mother — here — I'll tear out your tongue!"

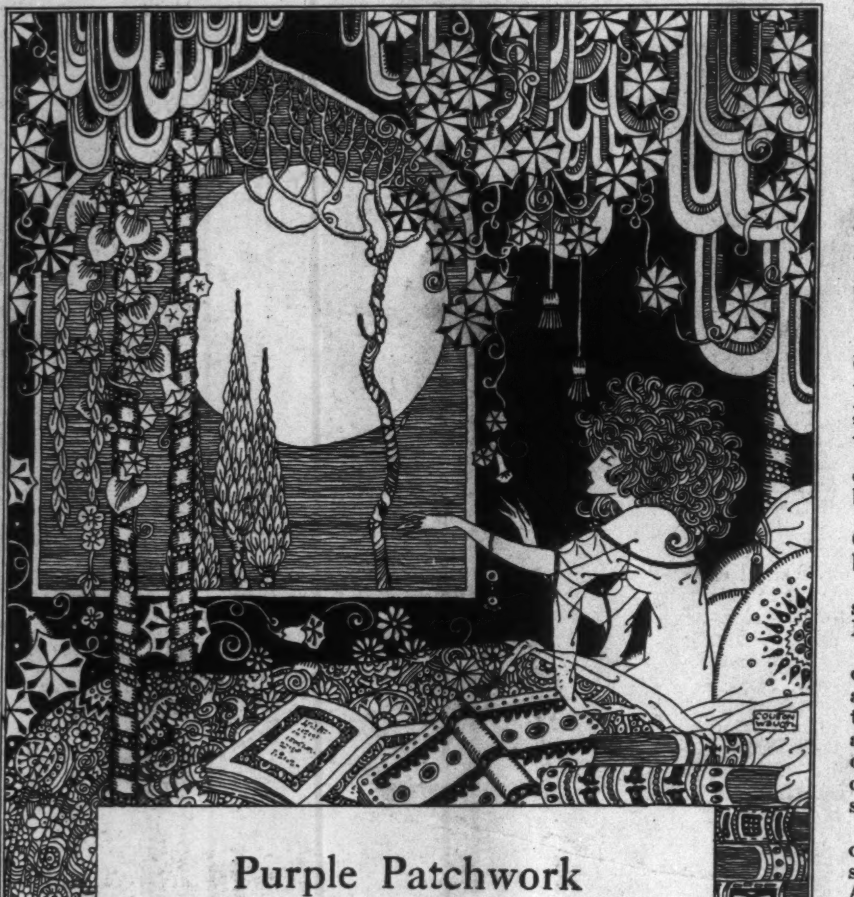
They were close together now, with only the table between them — Cain and Abel — the old bitter story plain in the hate of one flashing face and the agony of the other. Guerd Larey had divined the means to torture and to crucify this brother whose heart and soul were raw.

"Talk about the fall of St. Anthony!" cried Guerd, with a voice magical in its steely joy. "Never was there a fall like Adam Larey's — the Sunday school boy — too sweet — too innocent — too pure to touch the hand of a girl! . . . Oh, we can fight, Adam! I'll fight you. But let me talk — let me tell my friends what a damned hypocrite you are . . . Gentlemen, behold the immaculate Saint Adam whose Eve was a little greaser girl!"

There was no shout of mirth. The hall held a low breathing silence. It was a new scene, a diversion for the gamblers and miners and their painted consorts, a clash of different kind and spirit. Guerd paused to catch his breath, and evidently to gather supreme passion for the delivery of what seemed more to him than life itself. His face was marble white, quivering and straining.

Adam saw the living visible proof of a hate he had long divined. The magnificence of Guerd's passion, the terrible reality of his hate, the imminence of a mortal blow, locked Adam's lips and jaws as in a vise, while a gathering fury, as terrible as Guerd's hate, flooded and dammed at the gates of his energy, ready to break out in destroying violence.

"She told me!" Guerd flung the words like



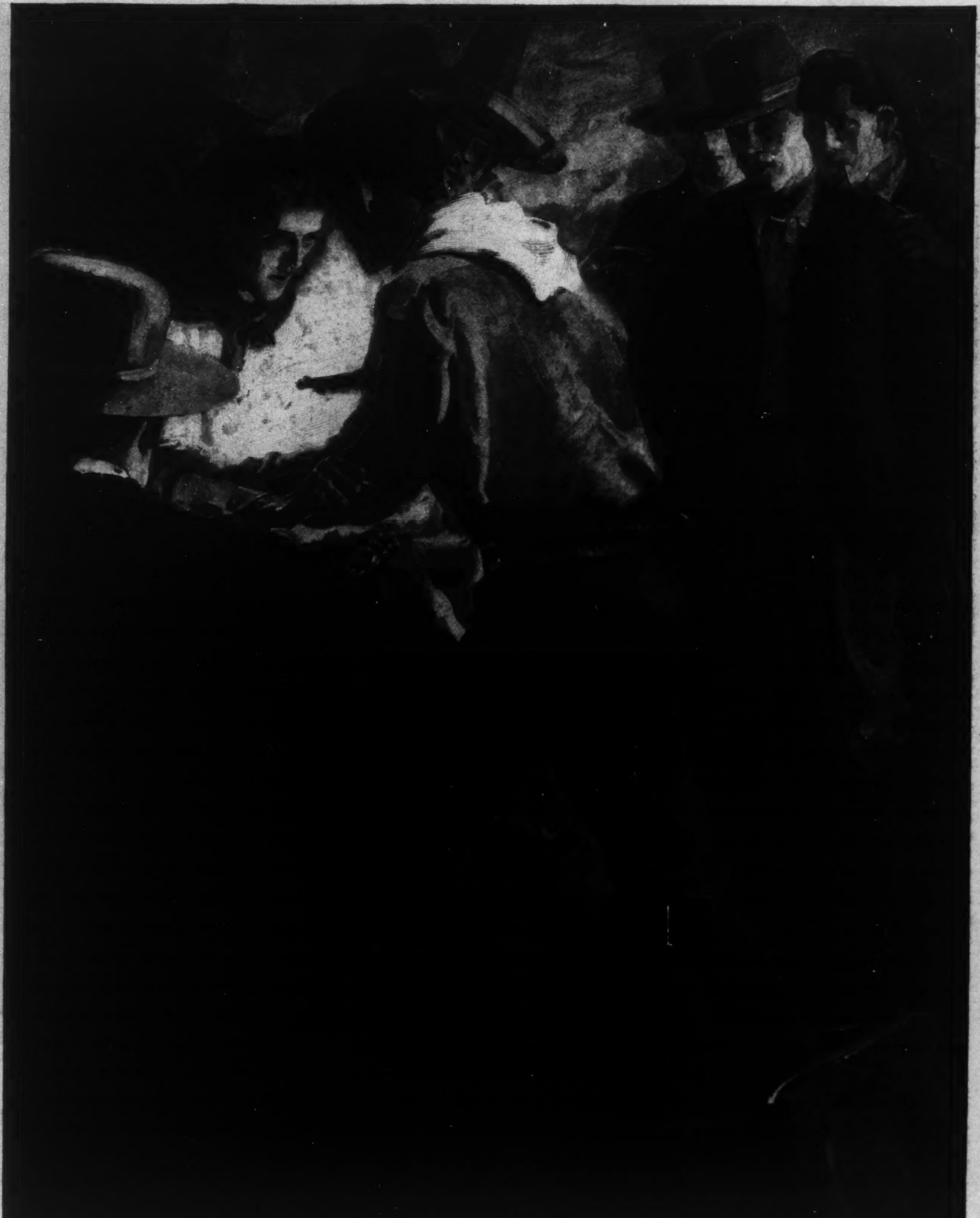
Purple Patchwork

by Amélie Rives

Decoration by Coulton Waugh

I have made for myself a marvelous coverlet
To cover my bed with on white nights,—
A coverlet of unique and mystical potency
Wrought of purple patches
From the mantles of the most royal poets.

All the white nights until sleep comes
I wander in waking dreams
Through arabesques of imperial phrases
As through festoons of magical purple morning-glories
That centuries of snow and sunlight
Have not been able to wither.



Guerd lunged in close to save himself. A writhing, wrestling struggle — quick, terrible — then the gun boomed with muffled report — and Guerd Larey, uttering a cry of agony, fell away from Adam

bullets. "You needn't bluff it out with your damned lying white face — She told me! . . . You — you, Adam Larey, with your pure thoughts and lofty ideals . . . the *rot* of them! — *You* — damn your milk-sop soul — you were the slave of a dirty little greaser girl who fooled you, laughed in your face — left you for me — for me at the snap of my fingers. . . . And, by God, my cup would be full — if your mother could only know —— "

It was Collishaw's swift hand that knocked up Adam's flinging arm and the gun spouted red and boomed heavily. Collishaw grappled with him — was flung off — and then Guerd lunged in close to save himself. A writhing, wrestling struggle — quick, terrible — then the gun boomed with muffled report — and Guerd Larey, uttering a cry of agony, fell away from Adam, backward over the table. His gaze, conscious, appalling, was fixed on Adam. A dark crimson spot stained his white shirt. Then he lay there with fading eyes — the beauty and radiance and hate of his face slowly shading.

COLLISHAW leaned over him. Then with hard grim gesture he shouted hoarsely: "Dead, by God! . . . You'll hang for this!"

A creeping horror was slowly paralyzing Adam. But at that harsh speech he leaped wildly, flinging his gun with terrific force into the sheriff's face. Like an upright stone dislodged, Collishaw fell. Then Adam, bounding forward, flung aside the men obstructing his passage, and fled out of the door.

Terror lent wings to his feet. So swiftly he flew down the broad road that persons and houses he swept by were indistinct in his sight. In a few moments he was beyond the outskirts of the camp, and like a deer he covered the hundred yards of gravelly ridge to the slow-rising rocky slope. Even here, fierce in his energy, he bounded upward, from rock to rock, until he reached the steep jumble of talus where swift progress was impossible. Then with hands and feet working in unison, as if he had been an ape, he climbed steadily.

From the top of the first rocky slope he gazed back fearfully. Yes — men were pursuing him, strung out along the road of the mining-camp; and among the last was a tall, black-coated, bareheaded man that Adam took to be Collishaw. Other men were trying to hold him back or assist him. Adam heard yells.

Into his mind then flashed a picture of the Mexican hanged by Collishaw to the trestle bridge. The ghastliness of that distorted purple face — Adam saw it as clearly as if the dead man were swinging before him. This fate awaited him!

"Never — never!" he panted. "They'll — not — get — me — alive!"

So he headed straight up the ascent. Picacho loomed to the right, a colossal buttress of red rock, wild and ragged and rugged. Adam, keen-sighted to select the open bare spots on the slope, the easy slides of weathered rock, climbed like a goat, surefooted and strong. But the ascent that had looked so short and easy — how long and steep! Every shadow was a lie, every space of slope in the sunlight hid the truth of its width. Sweat poured from his hot body. He burned. His breath came in labored bursts. A painful stab in his side spread and swelled to the whole region of his breast. He could hear the mighty throb of his heart.

At last he reached the height of the slope where it ended under a wall of rock, the backbone of that ridge, bare and jagged, with no loose shale on its almost perpendicular side. Here it took hard labor of hand and foot to climb and zigzag and pull himself up. Places with precarious foothold he essayed without a misstep; and short sheer ascents he crawled up like a fly. When he surmounted that ridge to stagger out of sight of the valley below, his breath and strength left him, and he fell, gasping and blind with blood-red sight, with a splitting agony of heart.

But the convulsion was short-lived. His will power was supreme and his endurance had not been permanently disabled. He crawled before he could walk, and when he recovered enough to stagger erect he plodded on, invincible in his spirit to escape.

From this height, which was a foothill of the great peak, he got his bearings. Picacho and the river were behind him to the north. Westward, toward the blazing sun, now lowering toward the ranges, rose a bewildering raggedness of barren spurs and ridges, all too desolate to sustain life. Southward over the low ranges of foothills opened a wide flat plateau, across which shone a narrow white strip, like a winding ribbon, and this was the road to Yuma. He would keep to the hills, to the rocky hidden recesses until dark, and then, taking to the road, go on to Yuma.

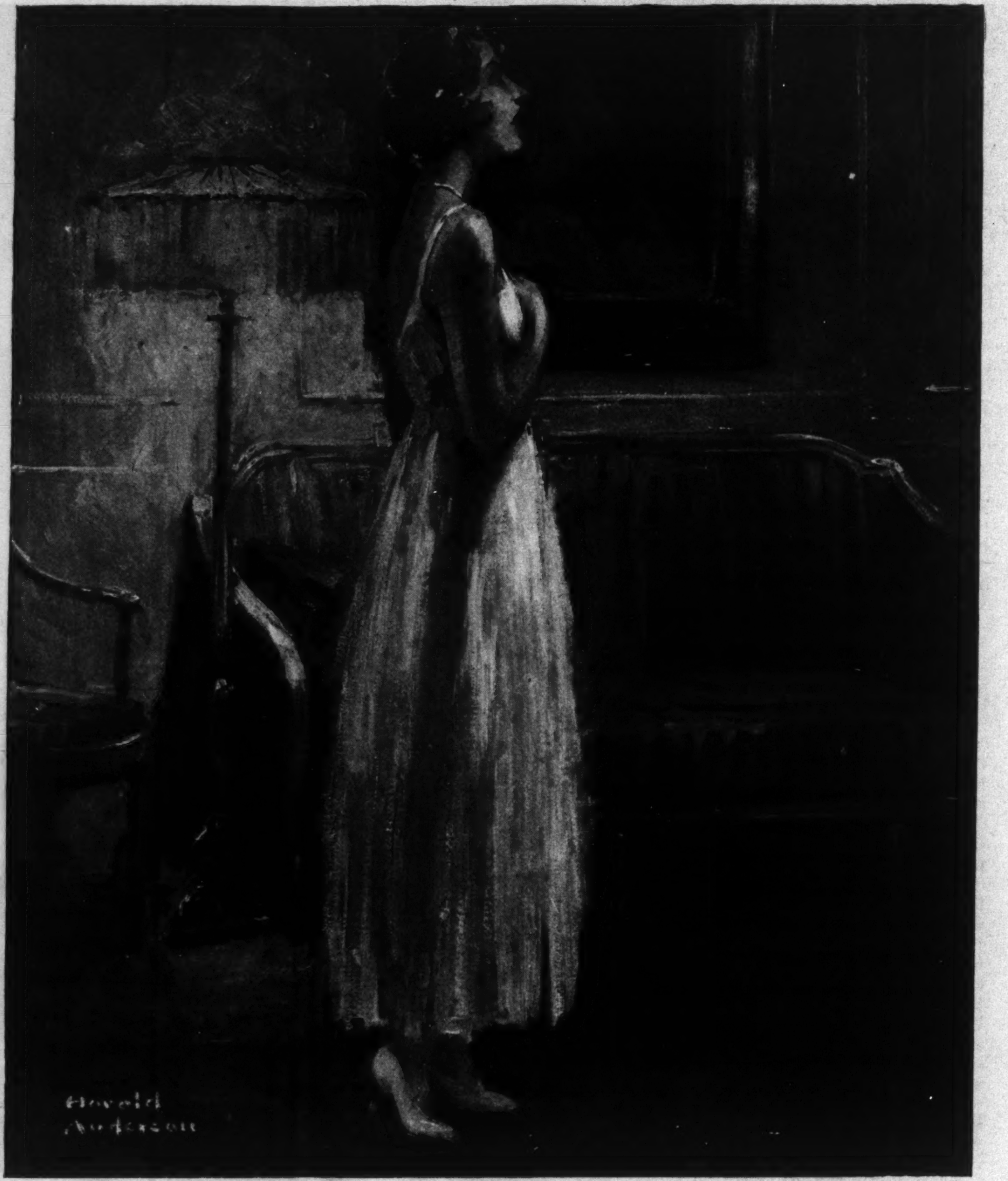
"They can't — trail me — here," he whispered, hoarsely, as he looked back with the eyes of a fugitive. "And — down there — I'll keep off the road."

But to reach the road before darkness set in appeared to be a harder task than any he had accomplished: and if he did not make it before night he never would.

After that brief moment of reasoning, he became once more victim to fear, and desperate passion to hurry. He had escaped; his pursuers could not see him now; he could hide; the descent was tortuous; yet these apparent facts, favorable as they were, could not save him. Adam pushed on, gaining strength as he recovered breath. After a while he lost sight of the road to Yuma. But anticipating that, he had marked his direction by a bold bronzed mountain. Everywhere along the descent he came upon holes dug by prospectors. They honeycombed the mountainsides. The farther he descended the oftener he looked back.

Then suddenly he discovered that he was facing west. He had got turned round. For an instant the control of his nerves failed, and he shook with a panic of terrors that beset him. He was lost in a baffling network of shallow ravines, no one of which apparently led in the direction of the road! And Collishaw pursued him — the sheriff that hanged men! And any moment Adam feared he might turn a corner to encounter Collishaw with his deputies. He overcame [*Continued on page 69*]

Editor's Note—*Not the man with the hoe nor the man with the gavel, nor yet the man on horseback stands out the American, as Mary Synon sees it in this story of a steel town. They had their day. Now comes the man who makes steel. The author looks beneath the smoke, the dirt, the misery of this steel town and sees the beauty of a world in the making.*



This was the first time Fergus had seen Eleanor since his desertion of her.
known me since childhood," began Eleanor "You had everything, I had

The Top *of*

by Mary

Illustrations by

ELEANOR MARKS played the wedding music on the night Amy Weldon married Frank Masters. A lady of Shalott, she sat before the organ in the First Presbyterian Church, seeing in the little mirror above her the passing show of that part of Lebanon's life which had always been to her a spectacle rather than an arena. Alien, remote, tangent to the town's Brahmin caste only at the point of her talent, she watched broodingly the pomp of power which backgrounded the rite, for Lebanon of the hill had come in its best to honor the Weldon-Masters marriage. Driving out the peals of the Mendelssohn recessional as if they were challenges rather than *paeans*, the girl at the organ looked pathetically outcast from the wealth and fashion, the youth and pleasure the glass reflected; and because I had taught her as well as Amy and Frank Masters and the rest of the gay young crowd who surged down the aisle after the wedding party, I waited for Eleanor in the vestibule of the church, feeling somehow that the girl's fight for the chance she asked from life had been but prelude to a greater conflict.

The froth of the guests, fluffed into chiffons and rainbow silks, had been swept out on the billow that surged after the bride, when Eleanor came. Her glance, passing over the older men and women, pillars of Lebanon's temple, flamed into that look of defiance which had lighted her eyes when I had first seen her. She had not been more than eight years old then, a sturdy child unwrapping a red woolen scarf from her head as she stood in the schoolroom. "My father is what you call Hunyak," she had said, watching me with an attention that would have curdled to hostility at the faintest sound of thunder. "He get his papers, and now we are American. I come to your school. I want to learn."

She had learned in those piling years more than the text-books contained. The lesson of holding her own she conned by heart in that warfare which the children from the hill, sons and daughters of mill superintendents, engineers, accountants and other white-collared workers in the steel plant, waged against the children from the Patch, the settlement of mill laborers where her own father lived in a tin-roofed shack. Through winter after winter her red scarf flared a Helmet of Navarre to boys and girls who resisted the onslaughts of cohorts captained by Frank Masters and Amy Weldon. With savage ferocity she repelled all attack, of fists or of voice, upon herself or her neighbors until, as the armies grew older, the form of warfare changed.

Out of the bleak monotony into which the children of the Patch seemed to fall when they went from school, Eleanor Marks began to reveal the gift which was to give her wings. She could play with a fervor and a fire that made the playing of other girls in the school sound like the tinkling of mechanical pianos. Into her music she flung the passions of a race wilder than ours, the baffled desire of an alien in a land which summoned, but only half-welcomed the alien, the yearnings of youth, the wishes of womanhood. She couldn't express, of course, more than a thunderclap of the storm which swept her soul, but she could and did say so much that I went to Bernard Harden, who, as owner of the mills, sat high over Lebanon.

"There's a girl down in the Patch," I told him, "the daughter of a laborer in your plant, who can play better than any girl I have ever heard. With training she will one day be one of the world's great pianists. Don't you think she would be good advertising for Lebanon?"

HE leaned back in his chair, a big man whose youth seemed glazed by his hard power, coated in steel. "Lebanon needs no advertising," he said. "The world needs steel. We make it. The world comes to us."

"There are other things in life," I dared to say, striving gropingly to bring him to my point of view that the town was a responsibility as well as an opportunity for him.

"Not for me," he ended the interview, and flung Eleanor Marks back to the battle line. "I'll show him," she said hotly, when I told her of Harden's decision, with regret that I had ever led her to hope. "I'll show all of them!"

The showing began in her tenser determination for success. She exiled herself from the boys and girls of the Patch, growing away from them swiftly as they slipped into the common ways of toil. The tin-roofed shack, mortgaged to buy her piano, shook with her practisings. She kept house for her father—there were but the two of them and the foreign-looking man watched over her with pitiful, yearning pride,—doing odd jobs to make money for the buying of music. Alice Williams, who was director of music in the schools, gave her lessons of which Eleanor kept strict accounting. "I shall pay her back," she declared, and, as soon as she won a place as organist, she started the repayment, although Alice begged her to save for the study she would need when she had exhausted the resources of Lebanon. "I shall make that, too," she said.

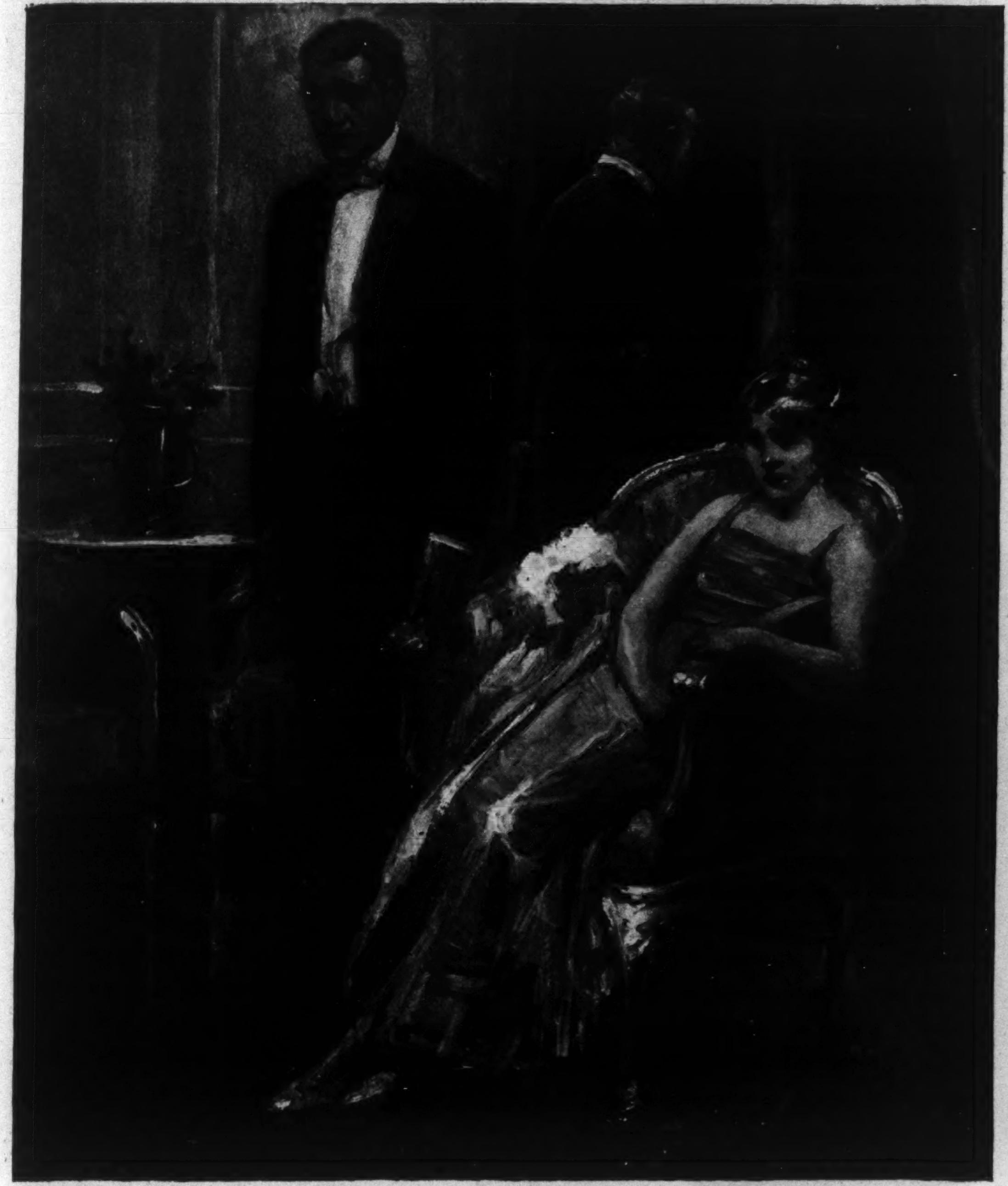
What sacrifices she and her father made for her chance no one but they ever knew, but the mark of them began to show on her as she grew old enough to contrast the life she lived with the life she saw others living. Down in the Patch women worked. Up on the hill life moved in gentle grooves for those women whom she glimpsed as she played Sunday service music. Girls of her own age had, without effort of their own, the money and leisure for development which was all she asked of the world in those times. Too young, too circumscribed to realize that the goad of need was to be her best friend, she envied the drones of the hive. The look of her desire to be one of them was graven on her face that night.

I tried to tell her as I halted her passing that her music had made vibrant the spirit of the marriage. She looked me straight in the eyes. "I believe you were the only one who heard it," she said. "Every one else was looking at the bride."

"Why not? It is her one great occasion. Your music will have many."

"Not with them. I shall play at the house now, and no one will know that it is not the Lincoln Banjo Club. Oh, yes, they'll know. They could dance to the banjos." She smiled with the bitterness of scorn.

We drove together up the hill to the Weldon house, a big, roomy place set back from the street and overlooking the valley where Lebanon toiled. I wondered what thoughts seethed in the girl's brain as the turns of the way unfolded to us pictures of the town—a cluster of tall chimneys pouring out white fire, a huddle of shacks, a procession of laborers on their way to begin a shift, engines puffing smoke that became opalite in the glow from a furnace, a crowd of children picking up coal on the tracks—but I had no way of knowing in the face of her silence. Only when she came to the door of the house and she saw the flutter of gayety within did Eleanor speak. "I wonder," she said, to herself rather than to me, "what price they'll pay for what they have? Everybody pays, you know."



Was he contrasting her beauty with Amy's commonplaceness? "You have nothing — nothing but my dreams of music. Then love came—"

the Ladder

Synon

Harold Anderson

I would have smiled at her strangely premature wisdom had it not been for the pathos of it. She seemed to fear that she had aroused my pity, however, for she strode into the hall with the air of an actress who plays the *grande dame* in some cheap stock company. Repelling the pervasive friendliness of Mrs. Weldon, whose pleasure that Amy had married young and safely had expanded her heart even to the inclusion of paid musicians, Eleanor flung aside her shabby coat and took her place at the instrument which had been moved into the hall.

Her rebellion, patent from her flushed face and from her sweeping measures, painted her as vividly against the background of light-hearted youth as if one daubed a streak of black against a sunlighted space. She did not try for effect, I am certain. She was too scornful of the assemblage to endeavor to attract an atom of it, but she attained the effect with startling certainty. Bernard Harden and a younger man who stood between him and his sister ceased their talk and stood silent, watching Eleanor Marks as she played. Before she had quite done Harden moved over to me. "Who is she?" he asked. "I didn't know they grew girls like that in Lebanon."

He crossed to the piano, so sure of his authority that he asked for no introduction. The younger man trailed in his wake. I saw Eleanor nod rather carelessly to Harden's praise, while Beatrice Harden smiled in amusement, but her eyes softened beneath the other man's look. At the moment, Amy, radiant in her white satin and tulle, swirled out from the parlor, seeking the vantage point of the stairway for the throwing of her bouquet. The man with the Hardens turned at her voice. "Why, Grant Fergus," she cried, "I didn't even know you were here!"

"You sent me an invitation," he countered.

"You were in Pittsburgh."

"Didn't you want me to come?"

"Have you come — just for this?"

"I would have. It happens, though, that Mr. Harden has brought me here to take charge of the laboratory. I'm to be here for years, at least."

"Oh, I'm glad," she said, and hurried up the stairs as the crowd rushed out after her. At the landing she paused, gazing down at the upraised faces of the girls who had been her playmates and school friends, girls whose outlook on life was as gay and airy as their gowns. Perhaps she sensed the contrast in Eleanor Marks and sought to give her something. Perhaps the spirit of perversity seized her. For she laughed down at the lifted arms of her friends, and flung the shower of lilies of the valley straight at the girl by the piano. Eleanor Marks did not even raise her hand to catch it, but Bernard Harden, swerving it deftly, sent it down on her knees. She gave him a smile that held more mockery than gratitude, and raised her eyes to Grant Fergus. He did not see her glance, for he was looking after Amy Masters as she wrapped her veil around her and ran up the rest of the stairs. Frank Masters had to push him out of the way as he followed. Harden leaned over and took a blossom from the bridal flowers, thrusting it in his buttonhole. It was not the bride, but Eleanor Marks, whom he watched.

Since Buddha never winks an eyelash without agitating his votaries, there were others who noticed the scrutiny, even if Eleanor Marks failed to heed it. No one set down the observation as the basis of the girl's admission into Lebanon's social activities, but it was to be seen that she was invited to affairs where music alone would not have included her, although it was made the reason for the invitation. People began to remark that Bernard Harden went only to those houses where Eleanor Marks was playing, and so Eleanor Marks played in many houses. In some of them she met Grant Fergus, and that may have been why she accepted engagements that she might otherwise have refused. It began to be plain to every one who sought to read the signs that the girl from the Patch had fallen in love with Harden's laboratory chief at the very time when she might have intrigued Harden.

IN the time while Frank Masters and his wife adjusted themselves into matrimony, while Fergus experimented in the laboratories and Harden trailed around after the daughter of one of his mill laborers, Eleanor blossomed into the springtime of her years. From the tight, hard bud that she had been she unfolded into a softness which enveloped her as mist beautifies a rocky slope. It was little wonder that she won Fergus out of his preoccupation. The very fact that Harden would be a quasi-rival probably spurred him, although he made it the excuse for his dilatoriness in arriving at a decision. Harden, however, with keener insight, saw the situation. He had been interested in Eleanor Marks, in love with her, but it was a condescending emotion. He had not, I believe, been sure that he wanted to marry her, although his interest endeavored to spur her ambition. He may have held the notion that she was still piqued at his refusal to help her before he knew her, for he urged her to work in her music. "Study. Work. Climb!" But she shrugged aside his urgings in her preoccupation of dreams, and, since he never lingered in a losing game, Bernard Harden betook himself out of interest in all women and into the titanic struggle which was to make him one of the giants of steel production. "If you want to play with pygmies," Eleanor once told me he said to her, "you may sell your birthright."

She did not sell, but she trifled with her gift in the years while she waited for Fergus in one of those understandings which are always quicksands for the woman. I could see how she strove to make herself over into a commonplace, a small-town girl, turning her back upon the road that she was one day to seek as refuge. For four years the affair progressed, even if Eleanor didn't, coming at last to the place where a tentative engagement was admitted by both of them.

At about that time Amy Masters emerged from the cloistral self-sufficiency which was the ordinary state of the newly-married in Lebanon of the hill. For the first year of her marriage she had been too madly in love with handsome, sulky Frank Masters to heed anything else in life. Then Clare was born and became the dominant factor. I was their nearest neighbor and I would have rejoiced in the picture of domestic bliss which the vista presented, had I not remembered those characteristics which Amy and Frank had shown in their childhood, traits of selfishness and recklessness which do not die with age. Now, with Clare old enough to climb the fence which separated her father's bungalow from my humbler home, Amy felt the need of a wider field. She had exhausted the resources of Lebanon gaiety before her marriage, and she was not ready to join the older set. She told me that she wanted to do something worthwhile, and I wondered what sort of mischief she would find, for she had always been thistledown before the winds of her desires. I was surprised when she took up nothing more exciting than a purpose of reviving her singing.

She had a good voice, equal to social success if she had a trained accompanist. Eleanor Marks was the accompanist perfect, and it was natural that Amy, who had always treated her with patronizing good nature, should enlist her services. They planned a concert, and for rehearsals Eleanor came to Amy's house. Since she had only the evenings free, it fell out that Grant Fergus came with her.

Had Frank Masters ever liked Fergus, he might have shifted the course of what seemed destiny, but he had resented the other man not only because he was a comparative stranger in the town but because he had been, through Harden's appreciation of his work, promoted over Master's head. In the old ways of Lebanon money had been king. Now brains contested the throne, and the old nobility did not like the change. Masters sulked openly, and Amy had to be doubly gracious to make up for his defection. While she sang, and Eleanor played, and Fergus criticized them both, Masters smoked on the veranda, brooding into jealousy of his wife. In spite of him, however, Amy's concert was a success, although Eleanor received a note from Bernard Harden which read, "Why play second fiddle? Why not work for yourself?" She was too deeply in love with Fergus, however, to heed the challenge. She told me, after she showed me Harden's message, that she was to be married in September. "And I suppose I shall never really play after that."

"Oh, yes, you will," I told her. "Look at Amy!"

"She doesn't love her husband as I love Grant."

"She did when she married him."

"I don't change," she said, and I wondered if it were not as nearly true as it is ever with humans. I could see, by the very measure of her indifference toward her music, the depth of her love for Fergus. He was unworthy of it, I was sure. No man worthy of her would have kept her in dalliance. If she loved him, no one else had the right to judge, but I could not help wondering how long she would be happy with him. The gulf between the Patch and Grant Fergus seemed wider than the one between the Patch and Bernard Harden. Fergus wasn't big at all, merely an attractive, ambitious young man, dilatorily fond, I thought, of a remarkable girl who loved him too well for her good or his own.

I was the more disturbed over the situation, for I had come into a real affection for Eleanor, when I found that I was not the only one who doubted the permanence of union between the two. Amy crossed the lawn one afternoon in the long summer vacation with little Clare trailing her, and stood beside the fence as I weeded the pansy bed. She talked of gardens and thunderstorms and neighbors before she said, "Do you think Grant and Eleanor will be happy?"

"Why not?" I countered.

"I hate to see people unhappy," she said. She looked so unhappy herself as she lifted Clare that I almost gave her sympathy. "It makes every one so uncomfortable," she declared, and went away.

Two nights afterward in one of those waves of heat which beat down on Lebanon in July Frank Masters came up the walk toward my cottage. He closed the screen door of the porch behind him as if it were a task he must not forget, but he waved aside my invitation to sit down. His voice came huskily as he tried to speak, and I saw that he looked pallid. "You've known us since we were children," he said. "That's why I thought I'd rather tell you. Amy — Amy has run away with Grant Fergus. Will you tell that girl?"

"Eleanor? I can't."

"You must," he insisted. "I have to see her. Bring her here. I'll wait."

"Where is Clare?"

"Oh, she left Clare to me," he said, bitterness rising over dulness in his voice. "She'd be too much trouble, I suppose."

I left him there while I went to the Patch. Never had I seen it drearier, the streets like drab lanes in a gray purgatory. Against it the sound of Eleanor Mark's playing, as I came toward the shack, rose like a wind of courage. That, I realized in the poignancy of my errand, was her quality. She had courage, courage to fight, to rise. But had she the courage to endure this blow? What would it do to her?

She was playing the Liszt Ballade, I remember, as I knocked on the open door. I never heard it afterward without recalling the misery of that dusk and the look of the room into which I went. It was hot, not only with the heat of the night but with color, a blaze of reds in the cheap furniture, on the walls, in the hangings. Everything in it was hideous except the girl at the piano. She whirled around at my entrance, and something in her look demanded swift truth. Forgetting my fear, I told her. For a moment she sat rigid, looking at the shining keyboard, then banged her clenched fists down on the keys. I had the feeling that she was smiting the soul of Amy Masters. Then she arose and came with me.

Frank Masters had sunk down in one of the veranda chairs. Against the contrast of Eleanor's taut anger he looked broken. "I've told her," I said, and left them. For a long time I heard the murmur of their voices. Then Eleanor came in to me. "I am going away," she said. "I can't face Lebanon — now." Somehow I felt a rage against Masters that he had been responsible for her decision. The girl in the red parlor would have stayed and fought.

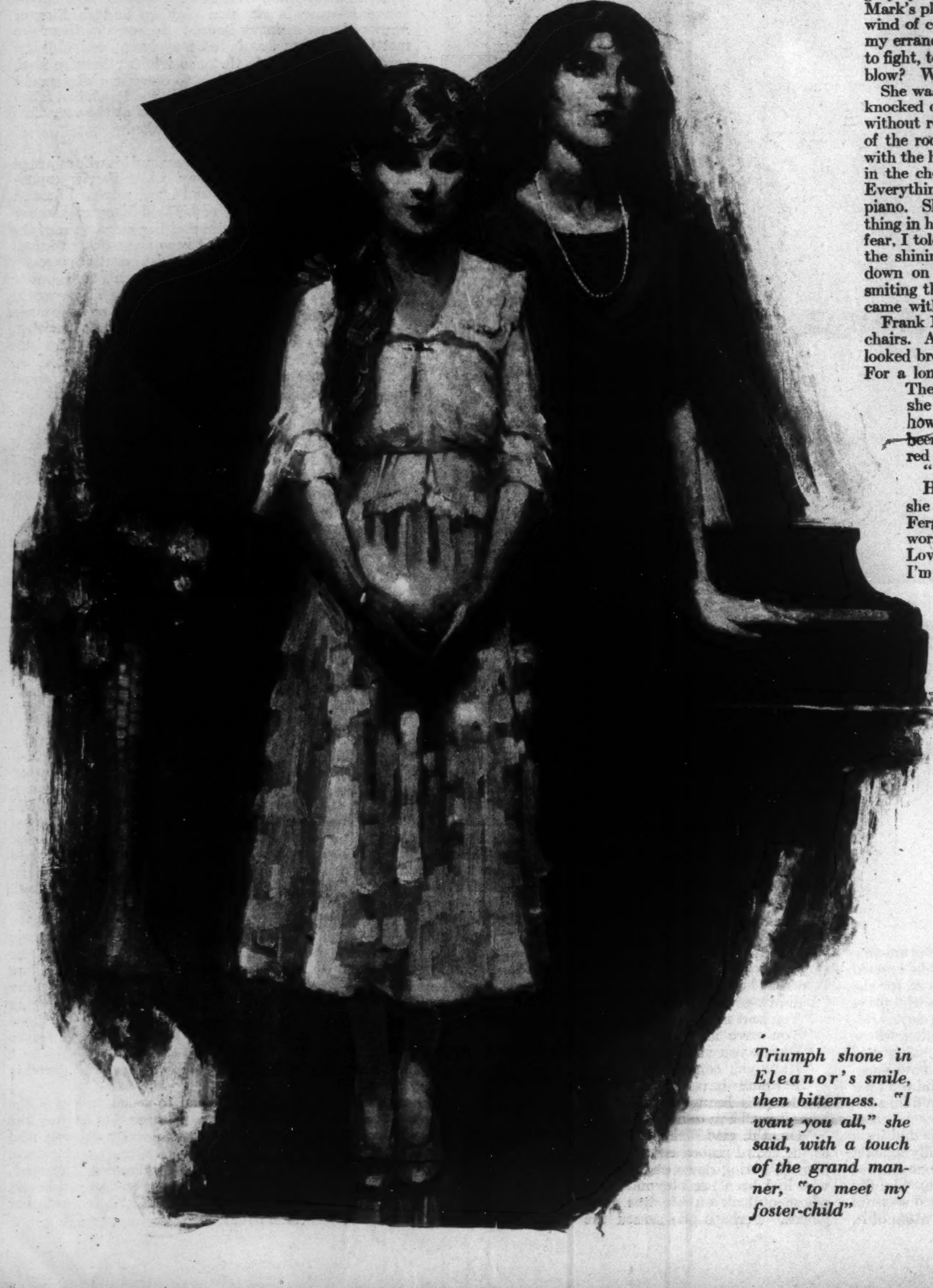
"What will you do?" I asked her.

Her eyes gleamed in the dark. "I shall play," she said. "I shall play so that some day Grant Fergus will go down on his knees to me. I shall work so that one day she will have to come to me. Love? What is it? It's power I want. It's power. I'm going to win!"

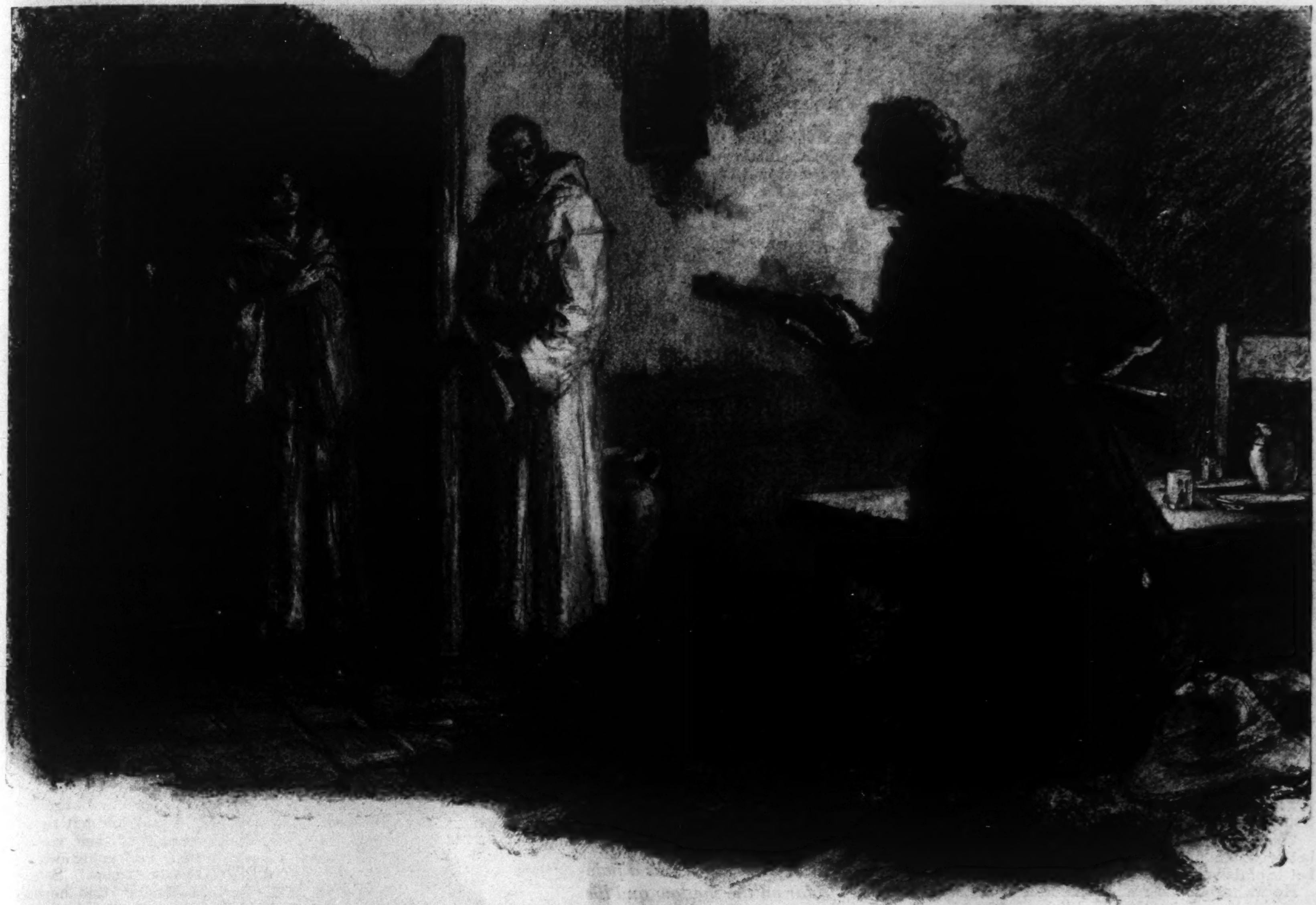
She went out, and she did not return. With morning she was gone from Lebanon. Her father told me. He looked very old as he brought me her message. But his "It is right for her to go," voiced his unalterable faith in her. "The young must learn to fly." In less than a year he was killed in an accident in the Harden plant.

I sought Eleanor even before that time, but to no avail. Frank Masters had gone eastward taking Clare to his sister in New England the few of us who knew the situation inferred. A fortnight after his going he killed himself in a New York hotel. His death brought out the story, somewhat garbled but true enough to be Lebanon's nine-day sensation. In its wake Bernard Harden came to me, seeking Eleanor. "She might have known it would happen," was all he said of the tragedy, but his perturbation of the girl's consequent action was very real. "I'll do what I can to find her," he promised, but his search must have been fruitless as my own, for Eleanor dropped out of our lives, though not from our thoughts.

In October Amy Masters and Grant Fergus were married in a little town in New Jersey. He wrote to Harden a request to assign him to some other mill, for Harden had come into authority over the chain of steel plants. Harden refused, possibly out of some idea of revenge for Eleanor's sake, and since Fergus was dependent upon his profession, he could not shift his means of livelihood. Just before Thanksgiving he and Amy came back. No one received [*Continued on page 50*]



Triumph shone in Eleanor's smile, then bitterness. "I want you all," she said, with a touch of the grand manner, "to meet my foster-child"



"God!" The word was jerked from him. He felt physical sickness at the thought that he was within an ace of shooting a woman

A Hostage *to* Misfortune

by Perceval Gibbon

The Best of all Tellers of Tales of the Veldt

Illustrations by Ernest Fuhr

IN THE stone-walled, stone-floored chambers of the old Jesuit mission, the window-slits were shuttered against the night of the East African highlands and the poison of its mists. A camp-lantern upon the small table served the two men with light to eat by, while upon the wide hearth a wood-fire burned unsteadily, so that the great blotches of green and brown lichen on the walls appeared to shift and jump in the flicker of it like moving shadows. In one corner of the room, Kelly's camp-bed stood ready for him with his personal gear heaped beside it.

"Well!" Kelly pushed his tin-plate from him and leaned back to feel for his pipe. "I'm glad I got here for the night," he said. "It's good to have a taste of indoors again, after trekkin' in the open air for a month on end."

He smiled across the table at his companion, a narrow level smile that gave the effect of a crack in his crust of hard official reserve through which a gleam of inner geniality escaped to view. He was a man of about forty, thick-set and great in the frame, with a shaven face weathered to the hue of an old saddle. And even as he sat upon the up-turned gin-case before the flimsy folding-table, with that strange likeness of a shadow-show leaping upon the antique walls about him, he managed to convey, in attitude and look, an impression of preciseness and formality, that quality of a man whose manhood is limited by the rules and orders of others, the stamp of the official.

Opposite him, his host, the missionary, smiled as he shrugged in amiable agreement — a lean odd-looking man, smooth and swarthy, in bedraggled and clumsily-mended white clothes.

"Yais," he said, in slow careful English; "sometimes it is good to 'ave somewhere zat you can go in an' shut dar door. Outside — it is too big!"

Kelly nodded, holding a match to his pipe. "I'd stay here two or three days," he said; "only it's too near to where I'm going. If Barrow's up at that *kraal* of his, he's bound to ha' got news o' me already, as it is."

"*Everdade!*" The missionary's eyes, which had been fixed on him with steady interest, seemed to wander for an instant. "It is true. Mos' surely 'e 'ave news of you for t'ree-four days."

"H'm!" Kelly leaned back against the wall behind him, thin lips clamped upon the pipe-stem, hands thrust inside his belt, and pondered frowningly. He was an ex-warrant officer of the British Navy in the service of the administration of Mozambique. It was a service that had carried him by wild paths to many strange ends; and for the moment, with his party of six armed natives and a string of black porters, he was an expeditionary force. There had been fighting among the villages in those wild lands where the law only penetrated when carried thither in such hands as his; and rumors had reached the languid authorities on the coast of a white man, a prisoner escaped from the jail at Beira, who was leader of one of the factions. Therefore, since nothing in Africa is more infectious than war, they had dispatched Kelly—Kelly the authoritative, the indomitable, the embodiment of delegated authority — to find the white man, arrest him and bring him down for trial.

"He'll have cleared out, I s'pose — an' I'll have to follow him?"

He put the question with no hope of eliciting information. It is the tradition and immutable law of those homeless apostles to take no sides in such a matter as this. In all matters of worldly conflict, their sympathy and humanity is the common ground of the combatants. Kelly had no more hope that the missionary would aid him to secure Barrow than fear that he helped Barrow to escape.

But the missionary smiled and shook his head. "No," he answered. "I do not t'ink he go away. I t'ink he stay for you."

"Eh?" Kelly sat up. "He means fighting, does he? Going to raise the village — is that it? Because, if it's that, somebody ought to warn the chiefs what it means — a column up here with guns an' a couple o' thousand of 'em wiped out!"

"No, no! I do not say zat!" The little priest wagged urgently protecting hands. "You 'ave not understand; it is not like zat at all! I t'ink 'e want to speak to you an' tell you 'bout everyt'ing w'at you want to know an' esplain to you. An' den, if you want to take him away — you take 'im!"

Kelly stared at him from under level brows. "That don't sound much like Barrow — explaining an' trying to wriggle out o' things," he said. "I saw him plenty o' times when he was down on the Coast, an' I had a good deal o' trouble with him, one time an' another; but I never heard of him whining. You've seen him lately then?"

"Yais; often I see him," answered the missionary. "Last week I go to 'is *kia* — to 'is 'ouse — an' pull 'im two teeth out. 'E is my frien'."

"Is he?" Kelly laughed briefly. "Convert, too? It's easy to see he isn't the man he was when he broke jail at Beira — an' not only got clean away but carried that girl off with him, too. What became of her, d'you know?"

"'E is not convert," said the missionary, gently. "'E is only a good man. But da girl — t'ink you mean Dona Ana — yais?"

"Ana — that's right," said Kelly. "Little gold-colored girl, she was; came down to Beira from Mozambique. Used to wear gold fringes on her shawl. A pretty little thing."

The missionary nodded gravely. "She is mos' brave an' patient lady," he said, with a kind of soft seriousness that rebuked the bigger man's freedom. "I t'ink you see'er, too."

"She's with him still?" Kelly's smile — he was one of those celibate souls for whom a woman is a genuinely funny thing — faded and took on a puzzled character. "After two years? Why, I don't believe this feller up here is Barrow at all. It — it isn't natural!"

"Senhor!" The priest's smooth face had changed from its gentle and deprecating gravity to a more austere and distant quiet. For the while, he was an official, as formal in the exercise of his authority as Kelly himself could be and as sure of his power. "I speak da English not well; please escuse. But da Senhor at da *kraal* is da Senhor Barrow, w'at you come to fin'; an' da lady wit' him is da Senhora Barrow. It is two years since I marry dem in dis room."

"Oh, well — if you say so, Padre!" Kelly, unabashed, tossed the reproof from him. "Anyway, the man's got to go back with me; an' the woman — she can come or stay as she pleases. An' now, as I'll be makin' an early start in the morning, I think I better turn in."

He rose, lifting to the full light of the lamp his big limber body and his keen strong face, and would have turned to where the camp bed lay ready for him. But the little missionary, rising likewise, made gentle fluttering gestures of protest.

"You go sleep — so soon?" he enquired. "I t'ink better you sit little w'ile more. See — I got still one bottle of da wine of Jerez; we drink 'im — yais?"

He was again the readily-smiling conciliatory host, a queer figure in the lamplight, with his worn and soiled clothes hanging loosely in folds and bags upon the meagerness of his limbs. His face was eager and inviting; he rolled white eye-balls in amiable grimaces; and Kelly, large, stolid and irresponsive, watched him with a sudden alertness. Behind the politeness and the kindliness of it all, there seemed to him to dwell a further and a hidden purpose.

"Jerez?" he said slowly; "that's sherry, isn't it? Well, I don't mind another half-hour."

The missionary made a joyful contortion and scuttled forth to fetch the wine. Kelly watched him go, plunging into the dark of the door like a convulsive white rabbit, then walked to the nearest window-slit, pulled the shutter open and looked quickly out. When first the missionary pioneers had groped their way up-country, those windows had been built for loopholes, and through the embrasure of his, Kelly commanded the whole compound of the Mission. At the further side of it, the cooking-fires of the "boys," heaps of glowing embers, let him see the dome-shapes of the huts. As he looked, voices came to him, the easy cackle of fed and resting *Kafirs*. In the huts, at all events, there was peace.

He closed and fastened the shutter again and went back to his seat by the table. It was not so much that he suspected anything in particular as that he was suspicious. The missionary's manner of talk, his account of Barrow, which sounded like a lie, and his final urgency of hospitality — they made up a total which Kelly found unaccountable. He heard the patter of the missionary's return, bottle in one hand, pannikins of chipped enamel in the other; and upon his face the consciously festive smile of a frolicsome schoolmaster. Kelly sat up and met him with a smile.

"YOU found the bottle, did you?" he enquired cheerily.

"I fin' 'im," crowed the missionary. "'E splendid bottle, zis; I bring two dozen from Europe w'en I come 'ere; but now only one lef'. Da rest — I drink 'im, all by myself. Sit 'ere, in da evenin' an' drink 'im. Ver' nice for me — yais?"

He giggled and busied himself with setting the pannikins and pouring the wine. It was not drugged at all events for he gave himself a full share. He sat down opposite Kelly, took his mug and raised it gaily.

"*Salute!*" he toasted. "'Ere is luck!"

"Here's luck!" responded Kelly and they drank to each other.

It was — Kelly found one side of his brain recognizing it while the other kept watch — a warming, up-lifting drink, that thick strong wine of Jerez. While he sat, alert for emergencies, it seemed to move within him like one who passes through a house, lighting up chamber after chamber as he goes; but it neither dulled nor appeased him.

"W'en I was young man — " the wine was making illuminations in the missionary, too; his smooth dark face had its touch of color now — "w'en I was young man, I live in da vineyard of my fader, w'ere dey make da wine of Porto. An' one day — "

It was an anecdote of how he had once drunk too much new wine and the consequences; he made the most of it, placing his pannikin before him on the table in order to have both hands free for the much gesticulation of his story. He acted each part in it; he laughed at each point; and suddenly it struck Kelly that he was trying, forcing himself, to be boisterous. Kelly leaned an elbow on the table and propped his head in his hand. The hand was behind his ear and his ear was toward the nearest window.

"Yes?" he said. "An' did the old man catch you?"

"I tell you," cried the missionary. "Me — impossib' to walk! I lie on da floor an' cry by myself, an' by'm-by, I 'ear da feet of my fader come clop-clop outside by da door."

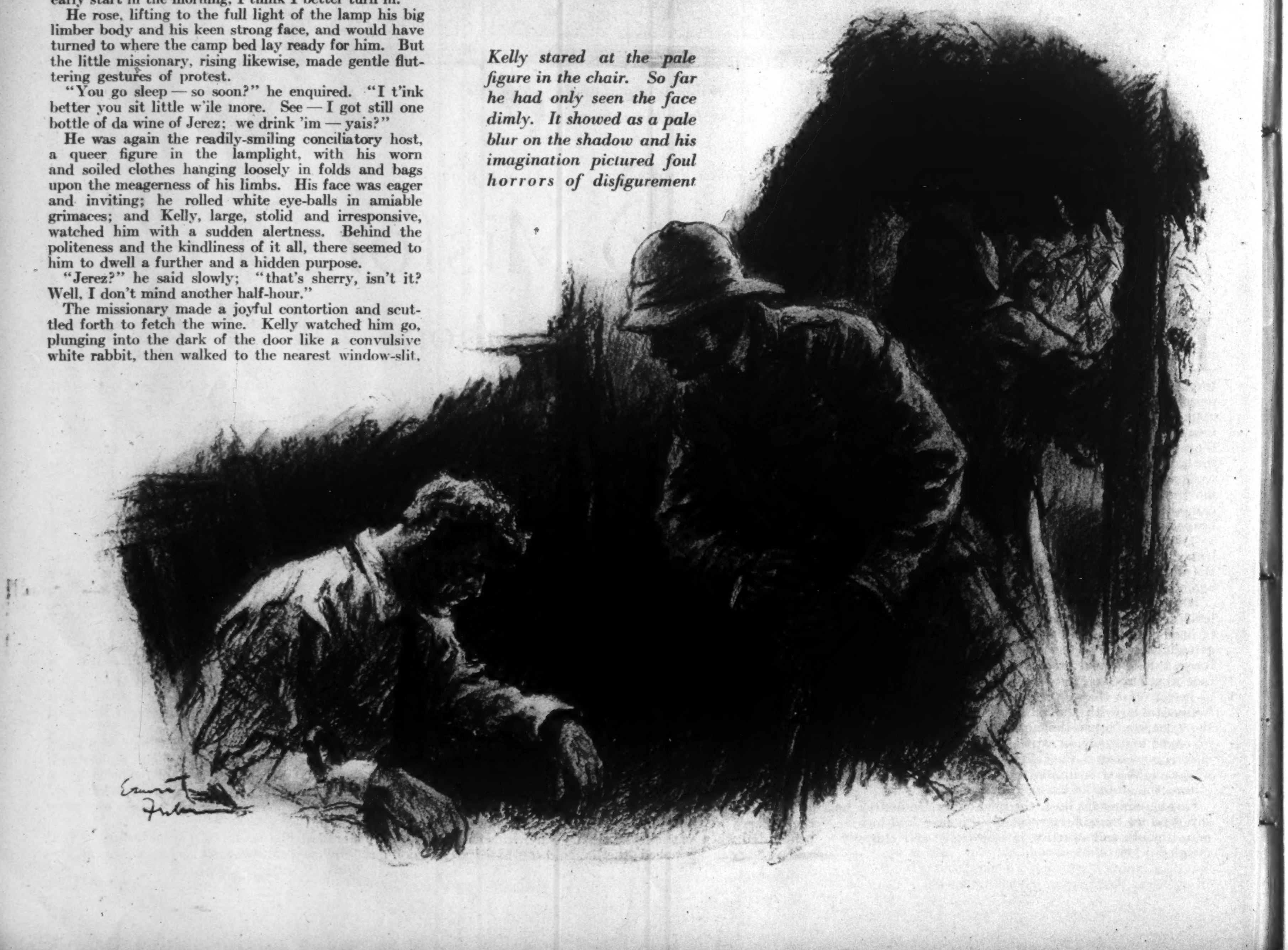
He laughed. Kelly smiled and rose.

"You've got good ears, then," he said. "If you use 'em, you'll hear there's somebody outside now." He stepped quickly clear of the space between the table and the wall where he had been sitting. "Who is it?" he demanded curtly.

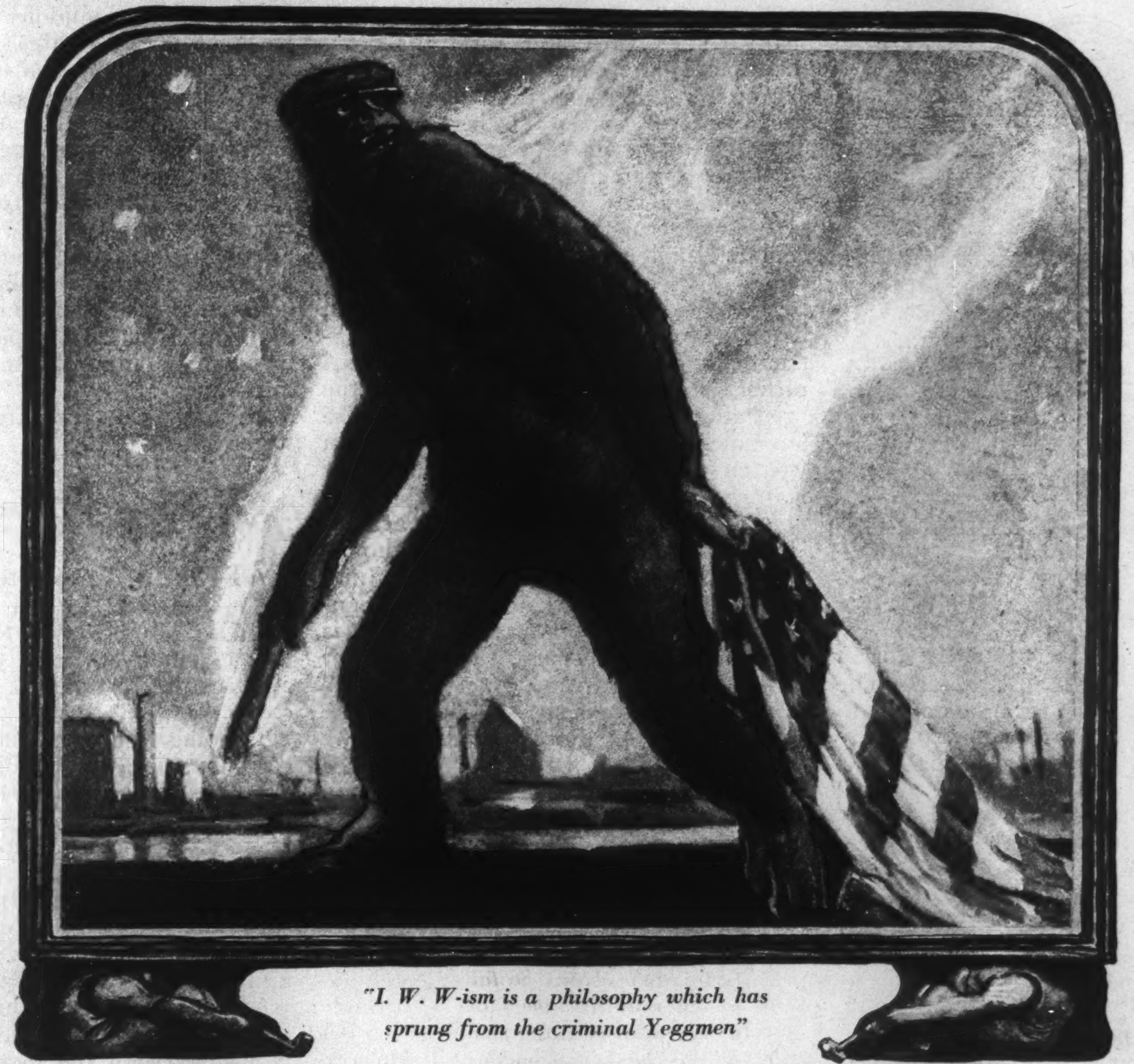
It was as though the missionary had doffed a mask. With all the foolish mirth gone from his face he lifted his head and listened. There was a couple of moments of silence and then, from beyond the shutters, came the unmistakable noise of feet moving on the trodden earth of the compound.

The missionary looked at Kelly and his lips broadened to his normal unaffected smile. "At last!" he said, and stood up.

With two strides Kelly had reached his bed and had his gun in hand, the sporting carbine which he affected. His right hand worked rapidly about the breech, and the barrel slid forward over the bend of his left elbow. The priest, moving toward the [*Continued on page 54*]



Kelly stared at the pale figure in the chair. So far he had only seen the face dimly. It showed as a pale blur on the shadow and his imagination pictured foul horrors of disfigurement



"I. W. W-ism is a philosophy which has sprung from the criminal Yeggmen"

X-Raying *the* Red Philosophy

How It Serves as a Cloak for Shirkers and Lawbreakers

by Harold Lord Varney

Cartoon by Gordon Ross

YOU probably do not know Charley Dickerson because the public has little or no knowledge of labor agitators in general — they know only a few of the big names. Charley is now an organizer for the International Association of Machinists, their star organizer, I am told. The time was when Charley and I were I. W. W. soap-boxers together, shouting social revolution from the street corners and subsisting on the crusts of meager book sales. We used to go to jail together in wild free speech fights. I ran into him the other day.

"Hello, Wobbly," hailed Charley. He had not yet heard of my change.

He piloted me to the nearest Automat and there he poured out his tale of "boring-from-within," and "One Big Unionism," and of the incredible headway which I. W. W-ism is making in the American Federation of Labor under these new names.

"It's we A. F. of L. boys who are putting across the I. W. W. stuff," Charley boasted, slapping his International Association of Machinists' button. "Haywood's outfit isn't in it with us. We've got hundreds of thousands of Wobbly A. F. of L-ites, and we're growing all the time. And there's a little army of the old I. W. W. gang who are holding down big A. F. of L. pie cards." He reeled off a startlingly long and familiar list of names.

"Boring-from-within?" I questioned.

"You bet! And we're capturing the little old A. F. of L. right under Sam Gompers's nose. This old idea we used to have of all the revolutionists staying off by themselves in Haywood's bankrupt organization and making faces at the 4,000,000 trade unionists is bunk. The place for the I. W. W. is right in the A. F. of L. — not in a separate union. We can get control as easy as walking. And Sam Gompers will have to pay us a good fat business agent's salary while we're undermining him." He chuckled. "Look at me. Sixty A. F. of L. plunks a week, and I'm preaching I. W. W-ism all the time."

As he flipped his expensive gold watch-fob suggestively, I found myself calling to mind the old days when Charley used to sleep in fifteen cent "flop houses," ate at "Pittsburg Joe's," and bore the thankless title of National Organizer of the I. W. W.

"Look at what Foster did in Pittsburg, and what Jimmie Duncan is doing in Seattle and what Grunau and the railroad 'stiffs' are doing in Chicago," he went on. "I'll eat my hat if there aren't half a million real, class-conscious, revolutionary workers in the A. F. of L. unions to-day, who are supporting every principle that the I. W. W. ever stood for, who would no more join the little Haywood I. W. W. than they would the Salvation Army. The real I. W. W. to-day is in the A. F. of L. and in the independent industrial unions. Why, only the other day we machinists — " And he rattled on with a typical anecdote of a big union triumph in the A. F. of L.

To me this theme was not new. The recent tidal growth of I. W. W-ism in the A. F. of L. is common talk among those in the labor movement. From the beginning I have watched at first hand this "boring-from-within," I. W. W-ism stealthily penetrating the old unions. Perhaps Charley Dickerson, in the enthusiasm of newly-found affluence, exaggerated its present strength, but he did not exaggerate its purposes or its possibilities. For these are staggeringly revolutionary.

The truth is that in the last eighteen months the I. W. W. problem has become an acute one in the labor movement. It has taken on a new form that has made it the most deadly, insidious peril in our industrial life. It is employing tactics which make the whole American labor movement an instrument of its havoc.

To the general public, unfortunately, these new tactics are still unsuspected. The average man still sees the I. W. W., as he learned to see it years ago, which means that he does not see it at all. Above all, he fails to grasp the distinction between I. W. W-ism, and the I. W. W. organization. There is a distinction — a striking distinction, which Charley Dickerson and his type of "Wobbly" agitators long ago learned to capitalize. The public continues to vent its wrath upon the tattered and ridiculous little I. W. W. organization. It misses the real menace, which is the spread of the I. W. W. philosophy. The truth is, as my I. A. of M. friend said, "The real I. W. W. to-day is in the A. F. of L." That is why it is dangerous.

The I. W. W. itself is a pale thing. I know because I have just come out of it. The total dues-paying membership shown in the latest I. W. W. report is only a little more than 30,000 and the number seems to be decreasing every month. Thirty thousand for the whole United States! The organization has been gassed, shell-shocked and dismembered by the continuous legal prosecutions of the

[*Continued on page 39*]

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Leagues and Alliances

THE world is not yet ready for an international constitution. The several nations strong enough to insure a valid League of Nations are too devoted to their separate ambitions and systems to waive either for general benefit.

We prefer to take our wars à la carte rather than enjoy a table d'hôte peace. The last year has shown that governments still place independence above security.

If the horrors, the griefs, the sacrifices, the privations, the burdens and the losses since 1914 could not influence civilization to validate promptly any reasonable plan to abolish war, then there is slim chance that hot debate and cold expediency will later succeed where so compelling an argument has signally failed.

Trade and politics, not logic and humanity, rule the earth. Remorseless purpose and insatiate enterprise hold the future in pawn. And as to-morrow discloses ripe opportunities for profit and power, vainglorious, ruthless men will, as of yore, itch to rank with Cæsar — to humble a neighbor's rank and divide his wealth.

It is not in human nature willingly to submit one's destiny to stranger determination. We are instinctively tribal and chauvinistic — devoted to our impulses and philosophies. We are first local, then national — lastly international. Thus, the seven races and subsequently the many integral divisions of each. Time never tires of sorting folk into new groups. One century finds a patriarchal family on an island, the next discloses an archipelago of dissenting offspring.

Evolution persists in so developing further types with original viewpoints and tricks of speech. Ego, the urge of individuality, resists standardization and constantly repudiates pre-natal contracts.

Experience has polished man, but his actual grain is unaltered. A million years have not added a bone, a vein, an organ to the kind. What slight concessions we make to environment fail to disturb the fundamental character of the animal. Under garb and surface we remain passionate, suspicious, vengeful and sumptuary. Reason, that strange, miraculous force, coaxed into being through eons of effort, is not yet the master might.

In crises, we continue to obey our primal selves. Only when we can conquer arrogance, cruelty, greed, cunning and conceit, shall good faith speak the last word.

No considerable concert of powers will be effective until the majority of governments are organized to advance universal rather than local interests, and neither the procedures at Versailles nor after promise any such revision. War has not been written off the map and we had best figure accordingly.

All of which brings us slap-bang against the conviction of certain persons who insist that America can and should stand alone, that we must hold aloof from entanglements, that our main business is to mind our own business. But, since our business reaches to every cranny of the globe and consequently conflicts with the commerce of all Europe and Asia, we can as feasibly adopt their doctrine as the young person celebrated in song could swim without going near the water.

Recent events declare that we are *not* competent to stand alone. Even if these United States were solidly American and every American a devoted patriot, we are unable to organize an army or navy competent to resist several possible combinations. We cannot keep out of trouble merely by not inviting it, unless we decide to abandon self-respect and refuse to support our sovereignty.

Rich, aggressive and enterprising, we are fated to seek outlet for surplus yields and draw upon other lands for the raw products we require. Our capital is active throughout the hemispheres; our young follow it. We are compelled, willy-nilly, to acquire pulp sources and oil fields, wherever available, and wherever our people and money go, the Flag must follow.

The Republic is crowded with chronically alien millions. The Delbruck Law is not the only device by which the foreign-born retain dual citizenship. Subjects of a half-dozen European countries may take the oath of allegiance here without relinquishing loyalty to their native realms.

Elections are no longer indicative of real American sentiment — which must not be confused with sentiment in America. Europe is subtly beginning to rule us from within. A million votes — two millions — who knows how many — are about to be cast by folk whose hearts are abroad and whose pockets alone are here.

This influence is already potent in the Congress. It has polluted the quality of State legislatures. Unless we are wary and wise we shall become catspaws of the old world, playing its games and paying its grudges through demagogic representatives, who disloyally obey its spites and tend to involve us in worse and more dangerous muddles than far-sighted treaties will ever invite. We are of many strains; our population is recruited from every kingdom and republic earth-over, but the basic breed is Anglo-Saxon and our code is that of an Anglo-Saxon people. We speak the English language, its literature and codes and history have molded our consciousness. We belong in the great Anglo-Saxon group, our ways of living and doing are theirs, and if this is to remain the home of our fathers, if we are to persist and prosper in their spirit, it must be in understanding with our kinsmen.

Democracy is inviolate only so long as we serve it together.

The Leg Show

AFTER a dance reform inspired by the bagnios of Uruguay, by way of Montmartre dens and Barbary Coast joints, we seem destined to have our costumes dictated by the Parisian *cocotte*.

Evening frocks long since dispelled all torso mystery, street habits have followed suit and legs are now so frank and affable that every smart thoroughfare is behaving like a musical comedy stage.

Modesty is no longer the "proper thing." Terpsichoreally and sartorially speaking, our best and our worst society are quite East of Suez. The mondaine and the demi share the same cabaret and modiste. College freshmen once came miles to see shows far less extensive and regardless than the regular performance at the restaurant and along the avenue. Those of us who go in for that sort of thing, however, would much prefer to contemplate the form divine via Greek sculpture and Professor Ziegfeld.

The thin chests, scrawny backs, knock knees, bow legs and thick ankles disclosed by the mode of the moment attest that nature is exceeding stingy with Venuses de Milo and Ann Penningtons.

If the votaries of fashion are seeking to dazzle us with their charms, bluntly speaking, the average female is emphatically lacking in the wherewithals. Propriety, good taste, good judgment and disgusted man alike protest the spectacle.

Nailing a Liar

INFLATION has increased your income to the same degree as an egg-beater adds substance to a soufflé.

The world has increased its quantity of money but has correspondingly cheapened the quality. There are more dollars and pounds and francs than ever before, but the total won't purchase any more food or clothes or housing than the bigger but fewer coins of pre-1914.

Things you could not afford before the War are just as much an extravagance to-day. Don't believe your pay-envelop; it's a blatant liar.

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As Absorbing as any Poe Story and It Really Happened.

The Strange Case of Warden Jupp

by Harvey O'Higgins

Illustration by C. E. Chambers

The candle-light showed white on the faces of the two thieves. "Twenty-one good ones," said Palin, counting the bills. "Seven apiece"

IF you were to say that Warden Jupp was the most interesting man you had ever met, you might be telling the truth, but you would never be able to prove it. People would expect to hear that he was something superlatively brilliant, fascinating, unusual, picturesque; and he had none of these qualities. He was as commonplace as sunshine, and as miraculous. His mystery lay in the inscrutability of the completely simple. He was like one of those masterpieces of art that seem to have occurred as a perfect whole, without the intervention of any artistic process.

I am speaking of his personality, you understand, not of his appearance — although his appearance was inscrutable enough. He was a small, elderly, fat man, bald, rotund and thoughtfully silent. He was shaped somewhat like Mr. Pickwick — in modern, ready-made clothes — but more like a duck's egg. He was as placid as a duck's egg. And you would have said that he held as little possibility of surprise and eccentricity in him as a duck's egg. The only superficial characteristic that I could find peculiar about him was the fact that even in the hottest weather he wore, on top of his little round face, a little round derby. He never, it seemed, wore a straw hat.

This was hardly enough to have come a thousand miles to discover, although it proved in the end to be significant.

The magazine that had sent me on this assignment was interested, of course, in Warden Jupp's work; but the editor believed that his readers were interested more in the personalities of the conspicuous than in their achievements; I was supposed to do a sort of "soul-portrait" of Jupp.

I carried Lincoln Steffens's published article on Jupp to help me, but after meeting Jupp I judged that Steffens had been perhaps as much baffled as I was. He had come to the little middle western town while he was investigating the political conditions of the state for McClure's Magazine and he had been able to "do" Jupp as a reform warden who had defeated the prison ring of political grafters, broken their power to exploit the helpless convicts, and made the penitentiary a little model of what a salutary purgatory — rather than what a hopeless hell — a modern prison might be.

I followed over Steffens's trail without finding any illuminating material that he had overlooked. Jupp was still performing his daily miracles. He had turned his penitentiary into a sort of academy for social failures who had been tried and rejected. And he was doing it without any theory — as far as I could see — without any philosophy, merely by the exercise of practical common sense.

Under my persistent questions, he formulated, reluctantly, some three or four generalizations only. "There's no such thing as a criminal class. They're just men like you and me." "Out of every hundred convicts there's always maybe five or six that I can't do anything with. They ought to be in insane asylums." "I don't usually have any trouble with a murderer. It's the hobo that's hardest to handle." "Any one could do what I'm doing. There's no trick about it. You just have to know how to get along with people."

To the world at large, of course, the inexplicable wonder was: why didn't Jupp's unguarded road-gangs make their getaway? To Jupp the answer was simple: "I don't give a man any outside work until I'm sure he won't throw us down." How did he make sure of that? By studying the man, by getting reports on him from the guards, by correspondence with his friends and relatives, by talking with the man himself.

I watched and studied Jupp in several such talks, without learning much. "Well, boy," he would say to a new arrival, "here you are, and you're here for five years, less what we can take off for good conduct, eh? Well. We're all trying to make things as easy for ourselves as we can in this boarding-house. We don't want you here any longer than we can help, and we don't want you to come back when you leave. We don't care what you're here for. The question with us is: how're we going to get along with you now that they've shoved you in on us? And the answer to *that* is — it's up to you. See?"

To a new convict who begged for the freedom of "outside work," he answered flatly: "No. I can't do it yet. I can't trust you out there and you know it."

Copyright 1920, by Harvey O'Higgins

The man begged and promised piteously.

"Nope," Jupp said. "Can't do it. Go back to your work and wait. Get any of the boys you can to come to me with a good word for you. If you have any friends anywhere, tell them to write me. Who's next out there?"

I found out, later, that Jupp craftily filed all these letters of endorsement and recommendation from the prisoner's friends and relatives in the outside world and card-indexed the addresses, and used the information to trace and recapture the convict if he escaped. I noticed, too, some unconscious duplicity in his use of slang and slurred speech in his talks with the prisoners. But his basic sincerity, nevertheless, was obvious. He did really consult with "the other boys" before he "took a chance" on any prisoner. If a man on outside work showed any signs of yielding to the temptation to run away, his gang-mates attended to him. If they could not stiffen him up, they reported him to Jupp and had him returned to his cell. It was not merely their loyalty to Jupp that held them; it was also their loyalty to one another, to their own interests, and to their gang-spirit which Jupp worked on.

THE thing seemed so simple and natural that I had continually to remind myself: "All over this country, the prison system has broken down, and no one cares. It's the greatest failure of our American civilization. Any one who tries to institute any sort of prison reform is accused of making criminals so comfortable in jail that they will lose their fear of imprisonment. All the newspapers of this state are printing that charge against Jupp at this very minute. And here he is — without any public opinion to support him, without any example to encourage him — holding off the whole political plunderbund of his state while he makes his prison a hospital for the moral failures of society instead of a pest-hole in which every kind of moral disease is spread and made chronic. How does he do it? Why does he do it? What is there in him that makes him want to do it and able to do it? He is the one man of his kind in a million. Why is he, miraculously, that one man?"

Of course, he himself could not tell me. People never can. The best you can do is to encourage them to "reminisce." What they recall is sometimes unimportant enough, but the fact that they recall it is frequently significant, and the emotion with which they recall it is often a key to character.

I tried to start Jupp into his past. Had he been long in politics?

No, he had never held a political office before; he had been at the head of the middle western agency of a New York life insurance company when the governor of the state offered him the wardenship of the state penitentiary. The governor had offered it to him because he had been helping released convicts to find jobs and get back on their feet. He had been doing that for years, "off and on," as he said.

How had he begun?

"I don't know," he answered. "Just drifted into it."

I tried another tack. "It's your theory, isn't it," I suggested, "that a prison ought to be a reformatory instead of a penitentiary — that the best way to protect the city from criminals is to convert the criminals?"

He rubbed the back of his bald head, worried. "Well, I don't know," he evaded me. "I'm just trying to do the best I can. We have fewer escapes this way than they had under the old system — and fewer 'repeats.' Besides there's less trouble with the boys. It costs less to hold them than it used to. They work better, too. And by cutting down the graft, the penitentiary's a lot less expensive to the tax-payer."

It was evident that I could never get anything from him by asking him questions. We talked about his annual report. He agreed that he ought to make it an official statement of some value as news, so that the papers might be tempted to print it. What he needed was publicity. We began to choose the items that looked as if they might hit the public in the eye and ended by deciding that I ought to rewrite the whole report in a manner less dull than the official pomposity in which it was being droned out. As this was a work of composition that would probably take some days and require frequent consultations with Jupp — and since the penitentiary was three miles from the village and its Grand Hotel — I accepted his invitation to live in the warden's official residence while I was collaborating with him.

It was a little white-brick house in an orchard outside the prison walls. And when I arrived, the door was opened to me by a man-servant who proved to be the beginning of my first clue to the truth about Jupp.

His name was Palin.

Palin was a lean Irishman, gray, and shiftily subservient. He sniffed at me inimically until he saw my bag and guessed who I was. After that he was rather pathetic in his eagerness to please me. I supposed that he was some old political pensioner, acting as domestic doorkeeper to the warden and anxious to stand well with the warden's friends. When we were smoking after dinner, I learned that all the servants in the house were convicts. This Palin, the butler, had been a yeggman, a sort of tramp-burglar. The cook was a negro preacher who had stolen the funds of his church. The house-man, who swept and made the beds and helped in the kitchen, had been guilty of larceny as an express messenger. The coachman had shot his employer in a rage — when the man refused to pay him the wages he had earned — and he was serving a life sentence.

"No," Jupp said, "we don't have any servant troubles. Do we, girl?"

His wife smiled, shyly. She was much younger than he, and through dinner she had been almost as silent as a bashful child. He had married her out of the restaurant of a railroad station in Detroit when she was a waitress and he was traveling for the Great Lakes Fish Company, before he took to life insurance. They had no children.

"No servant troubles at all," he said. "They're all prisoners — except Pitz."

Pitz proved to be the second clue, some days later. At the moment, I learned only that Pitz did the gardening and tended the chickens. "He'll stay here as long as Palin does," Jupp said. "They're a couple of old cronies. And if Palin comes back for another term, Pitz'll come along, too."

This had a sound of Damon and Pythias in the underworld. I had been thinking that if I could not get an article out of Jupp, I might use my opportunity to gather the raw material for some prison short stories.

"Did you notice the old fellow that cuts our grass?" Jupp asked.

I had not. Jupp told me about him.

I WAS admitting to myself that there was no promise of any insight into Jupp to come from his wife. She was more like a daughter to him. Her attitude of mind was obviously one of dumb, adoring acceptance, without any critical understanding of who he was or what he was trying to do in the world.

When I went to bed, I thought more about Pitz and Palin than about Jupp and his wife.

I was busy most of the next day in Jupp's "den," off the dining-room. In this room, of an evening, after his wife had gone to bed, Jupp was accustomed to sit in a rocker, the newspaper on the floor beside him, smoking a rat-tail stogie and meditating on those measures of prison reform which were so miraculous in his day and generation. I wondered whether Abraham Lincoln might not have lived like that in early Illinois.

Palin gave me this picture of Jupp meditating at night. He gave me everything else that he knew of Jupp, in a quick shallow stream of eager information, as soon as he understood that I was "writing up" the warden for a New York magazine. But in spite of all his praise and confessed admiration for Jupp, he failed to conceal a feeling of his own superiority — the superiority which a tramp feels for a housed and restricted citizen, the superiority of the completely unmoral maverick for the conventional soul who is restrained by the accepted fences. I listened to what he had to say, though I had, of course, no intention of using it. I would not print anything about Jupp without first letting him read it.

JUPP and he had been boys together on the streets of Brooklyn. (I made no notes at the time, so I cannot give dates and addresses.) Jupp's father, he said, had been an English sailorman who "went off on a ship one day an' forgot the way home, I guess." His mother was some sort of foreigner — "a Swede, mebbe. Anyway, she was a hell-cat." She used to beat the boy over the head with a stick. "I mind he come to school onct with bruises on his skull the size of a baseball."

Why had she beaten him?

"He'd snuk off with the gang after school, 'stead o' makin' a bee-line fer home. She didn't want him runnin' with us."

Jupp became the butt of the other boys. "He c'u'dn't fight for a cent. When you hit 'm, he'd shut his eyes." His name was funny — Jimmy Jupp. They had a rhyme they used to call after him on the streets:

"Jimmy Jupp,
The sailor's pup,
Lost his 'fadder'
An' got ——d up."

"He ust to say 'fadder,' like a Swede, when he was a kid.

"She made him work Saturdays — fer a baker — deliverin' — till he got fired 'cause we'd trip him up an' spill his buns, an' run with what we c'u'd grab. After that he worked fer a kike that had a dry-goods store. Cash-boy er somethin'. She ust to go round an' collec' his wages, fer fear we'd snatch 'em from 'm on the way home."

Palin must have been flattered by my interest; he talked for an hour, standing. He made it plain that Jupp, a meekly honest and inoffensive boy, had been forced to feel himself a sort of illegitimate and ridiculous outcast. We know now that such a lesson, learned in childhood, persists for a lifetime as a hidden influence in that dark background of character which we call "the subconscious mind." Consequently, Jupp's habitual silence would be the silence of timidity. He could not talk about himself, because — no matter what his achievement, his success, his reward in praise and public notice — his conviction of shameful inferiority would remain untouched and still unconsciously determinative. Out of his own young suffering, he had learned to identify himself with misery, so that he would automatically sympathize with guilt and ostracism; but he would not understand the source of his sympathy, and he would be unable to express that sympathy except in his unconscious actions. So, instead of admitting that he was trying to protect and reclaim his persecuted convicts, he would maintain that he was acting in the interests of the tax-payer and trying merely to put his prison on "a paying basis." In his talks with the convicts — though he would unconsciously identify himself with them by his manner of speech — he would be guardedly matter-of-fact and businesslike. They would see through him; they would "get" him at once, as if intuitively. I would not. I would need a cur like poor Palin to explain him to me.

"Palin," I asked, "how did he ever become interested in this business of helping cons?"

"Search me," Palin grinned. "It's a good graft Jupp's all right, but he's no fool. Take it from me."

"No," I said, "I can see he's no fool, but I'm not so sure about *you*. How did you happen to come together out here?"

Palin held his green-toothed grin, unabashed. "I'm no fool neither, but I'm unlucky. They caught me with the goods, an' slapped me in here for ten years. I was doin' time inside when Jupp got his job here."

"And this friend of yours, Pitz?"

"Oh, we sent for Pitz. He's an' ol' side-partner o' mine. We ust to run together."

"What was his line? Safe-cracking, too?"

"Naw." Palin was superior again. "He's just a nut. He don't know how to make a livin' at nuthin'. We teached him chicken-raisin' since he come here. I ust to keep 'm when we was out together."

"And he went to jail with you?"

"He did *not*. He went onct, back in York State, but that was Jupp's fault. It was Jupp got us pinched, fallin' down on us. That's why he's been kind o'—*you* know — lookin' after us out here." He winked,

[*Continued on page 56*]

Two Exceptional Short Stories

Hands

by Julian Street

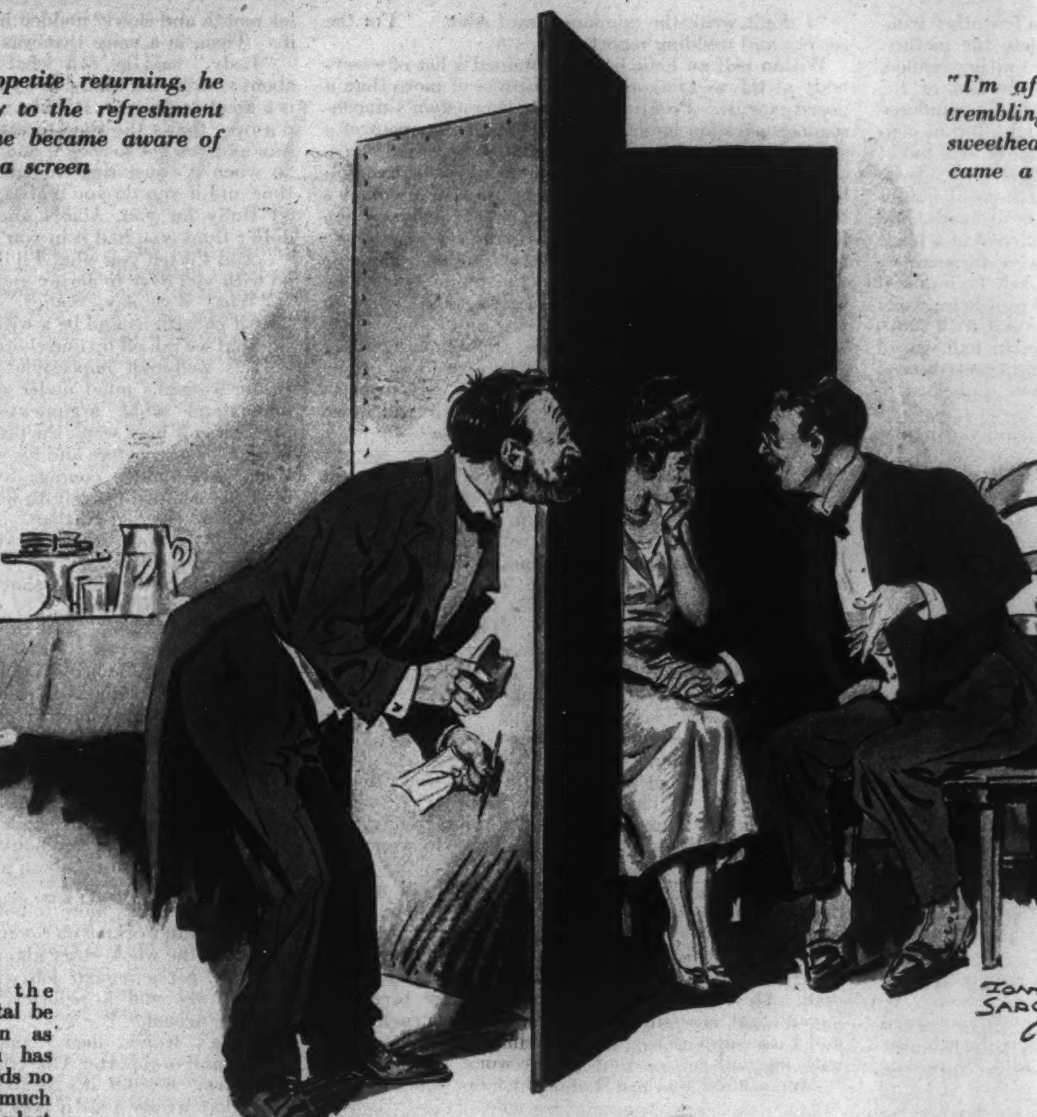
Gerald Bascom was a man — every inch a man — but Gerald had a mania, a peculiar mania out of which Mr. Street makes a remarkable story.

The Pragmatic Sanction

by Samuel Merwin

Minnie Mason was a woman, a big upstanding woman with personality, talent and ambition, which in Mr. Merwin's hands form the material for a vigorous, human story — one of his best.

In The September McClure's



Feeling his appetite returning, he found his way to the refreshment room, where he became aware of voices behind a screen

"I'm afraid," said a girl's voice, trembling on tears. "But, darling sweetheart, don't you trust me?" came a man's voice in response

A Nose *for* News

by Bruno Lessing

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud? Often as this question has been asked, history records no satisfactory answer. Inasmuch as man was created on the last day and even the humblest bug is of more ancient lineage, there does not seem to be much cause for pride on the ground of ancestry. And when you pause to compare what the human race has accomplished with what it might have accomplished and should have accomplished and realize that thirty centuries of its vaunted civilization resulted in the prettiest little war on record, there does not seem to be so very much cause for pride on the ground of intelligence. So that, taking things all in all, by and large and on the whole, human pride is hardly a quality to be proud of.

The foregoing observation, however, casts no reflection upon Abie Lazinsky, for the simple reason that Abie was not proud. Abie, to be sure, had his faults — indeed, the list would appall you — but pride was not among them. Abie believed in taking things as he found them — he was not even particular to whom they belonged — and he never complained. In the realm of philosophy he would have been classified as a fatalist; on the East Side he was considered a *schnorrer*, a *gonif* and a thorough ne'er-do-well. But he was bright and cheerful and generally liked.

Nobody knew how old he was — he might have been anywhere between thirty-five and fifty — and no one seemed to know exactly how he managed to keep soul and body together. He had been known to do everything from running a push-cart on Hester Street to taking tickets at the Yiddish theatre.

His most distinctive trait was that he never did anything longer than he could help. He was painstakingly lazy, invariably cheerful and thoroughly inconsequential. He had blue eyes, red hair and red beard and a nose whose ruddiness had been acquired from every concoction from *kümmel* to *slivoritz*. A student of heredity might have suspected that, somewhere in the remote past, the line of Abie's ancestry had come in contact with Ireland — there was something about his geniality and his plausibility that suggested the Blarney stone — but students of heredity are usually wrong.

Moses Gordon, the proprietor, editor and publisher of *Gordon's Yiddish Weekly*, idling moodily over a cup of coffee in Susskind's café late one afternoon, chanced to see Abie Lazinsky enter and plead with the proprietor for sufficient credit to cover a sandwich and a drink.

"There ain't absolutely nothing doing," said Susskind, with an air of finality that Abie knew was useless to combat. Then Gordon, coming to a swift decision, beckoned to Abie.

Gordon was a reformer. Whether you called his particular remedy for the ills of humanity socialism, nihilism, communism or any other ism, depended entirely upon how you looked at the matter. Gordon looked at it very seriously — so seriously, in fact, that he had invested every penny he owned and all that he could borrow in the weekly publication which bore his name. In order to make ends meet he wrote every line in the paper, from cover to cover. And even with all this effort the ends did not seem to be on meeting terms with each other. That very afternoon his printer had called upon him with a lot of advice and an urgent request for the money that was due him. The request for money Gordon ignored. It was so commonplace — everybody was asking him for money. Some of the printer's advice, however, seemed to Gordon to be sound.

"You got too much high-toned stuff in your paper," the printer had said. "You should have some real news. F'rinstance, take that Cohen wedding to-night: Sol Berkman, y'know, is going to marry Cohen's daughter and everybody is talking about it because the old man's got a pile of dough. Now you ought to have a swell account of the wedding in your paper."

Gordon decided to go to the wedding himself. On his way to Susskind's for his customary daily cup of coffee, however, he had read in an afternoon newspaper of the latest anti-semitic legislation in Russia and he felt that it was imperative for him to write an editorial upon the subject. The writing of this editorial would prevent him from attending the Cohen wedding and it was this quandary which confronted him when he espied Abie Lazinsky.

"Abie," said he, when the Ghetto's derelict had seated himself at his table, "didn't you tell me once that you had an education?"

"Sure, I did," said Abie. "I had several educations. But what good did they do me?"

"Do you think you could write a story for my paper? Just a simple account of a wedding — tell who is there and what kind of dresses the women wear?"

Abie's features lit up with enthusiasm.

"I often thought of being a reporter," he replied. "I can write poetry and songs and all sorts of things. Sure! I could write a fine story about a wedding."

"Well, I'm going to give you a chance," said Gordon, "and if you make good, maybe I'll give you a regular job. Now you've got to go to the Cohen wedding in the Star Assembly Rooms to-night and I want you to write five hundred words about it. Just tell who got married, who performed the ceremony and mention about fifty names. Then describe some of the finest clothes the women have on. I go to press at eleven o'clock and I'll keep a space open for you."

"I got to have a dress suit if I go to a wedding," said Abie, "and I ain't got a cent."

Gordon wrote a few lines upon a card.

"Take this to Mandel's tailor shop," said he, "and he will lend you a dress suit. Take good care of it. And here's a dollar for you in advance. If you write a good story I'll give you three dollars more."

An hour later Abie Lazinsky, gazing with great satisfaction upon his reflection in a mirror, decided to invest his dollar in a hair-cut, a "shine" and a few other trimmings that, he thought, would complete the picture. He really looked well in a dress suit — rather refined, prosperous and benevolent. When the last of the dollar was gone Abie realized that he had squandered the possibility of a good dinner that night, but he consoled himself with the reflection that some kind of buffet would probably be served at the wedding. In this he was right. Cohen, who owned more tenement houses than he could count on the fingers of both hands, had planned that his daughter should be married in a blaze of glory. The caterer's instructions were to spare no expense. When Abie arrived at the hall he inquired immediately for the refreshment room and here, while the guests were arriving, he gorged himself with sandwiches and salads. He entered the main hall, gazed carefully upon the assembled throng and then pounced down upon Mrs. Rosenstein whose gown, it seemed to him, outshone all others in splendor.

"Lady," he said, "I'm a reporter from the paper. If you tell me what kind of clothes you got on I'd like to write something about it."

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Rosenstein. "You can say I had on a pink satin with Irish point lace and gold passementerie with Rhinestones and green buckles, square in the neck, made by Dreyfus of Avenue A. It's so funny about men. My husband never could tell anybody what I had on."

"Lady," said Abie, gravely, as he jotted down the information, "your husband could be a very smart man just the same."

"Do you put it in the paper for nothing?" asked Mrs. Rosenstein. Abie surveyed her with renewed interest. Here was a phase of journalism that had not occurred to him before.

"We don't exactly charge for it," he said, with an amiable smile, "but if anybody gives us anything we don't make a fuss over it."

"Come with me," said Mrs. Rosenstein. She led Abie to a stout man who was leaning against the wall struggling vainly to stretch his collar.

"Morris," she said, "please give the gentleman a couple of dollars. He's the editor of a paper and he's going to put me in it."

"What paper is it?" asked Mr. Rosenstein.

"*Gordon's Yiddish Weekly*," explained Abie. "We don't make a specialty of weddings but your wife got such a fine dress I want to give her a good write-up."

"That's a bum anarchist paper," said Rosenstein, handing Abie the money.

"I don't write the opinions," said Abie. "I'm the society and wedding reporter."

Within half an hour he had obtained a list of everybody at the wedding and a description of more than a dozen gowns. Profiting by Mrs. Rosenstein's unconscious suggestion he first hinted that the payment of a small sum would be acceptable and, by gradual steps, arrived at the point where he boldly asked for two dollars as the price of printing a description of a woman's dress. He had accumulated nearly twenty dollars when, feeling his appetite returning, he found his way to the refreshment room. Here he was standing, alone — there was not even a waiter in the room — when he became aware of voices behind a screen that stood in the corner of the room.

"I'm afraid," said a girl's voice, trembling on tears.

"But, darling sweetheart, don't you trust me?" came a man's voice in response.

"I do, oh! you know I do. But Uncle will be so furious! There's no telling what he will do."

"BAH! What do I care for your uncle? The moment we're married we can afford to laugh at him."

"Oh, I couldn't do it, dear. I'm afraid."

"If you refuse, sweetheart, it will break my heart."

Abie, with a sandwich in his hand, walked around the screen. In the young man he recognized Nathan Berkovitz, a bank clerk of whom he had frequently borrowed small sums of money. The girl, who was sitting on a chair with her handkerchief pressed to her eyes, he had never seen before.

"Hello, Abie," said the young man. "Where did you get the dress suit?"

Abie ignored the question and gazed at the girl.

"Is she in trouble?" he asked.

"I want her to elope with me and she won't do it," said Berkovitz. "That's all there is to it."

"Oh, Nathan!" exclaimed the girl, protestingly.

"Abie's all right," said Nathan. "He won't tell anybody."

"Sure I won't," exclaimed Abie. "Why don't you marry him, young lady? He's a nice fellow. You couldn't find a better husband in ten years."

"Y'e see, Abie, it's like this," explained the young man. "Sadie is Mr. Cohen's niece and he's her guardian. He doesn't want her to marry me because I haven't got enough money. But we love each other and I can support her. I want her to go over to Jersey with me and get married to-night but she's afraid."

Abie stuffed the last fragment of his sandwich into his mouth and slowly nodded his head as he munched it. Then, in a voice that was very soft,

"Lady," said he, "if what Nathan says is right about your loving him, don't you waste any time. Love is a great business. It's like a — like a plum. When it's ripe, that's the time to eat it. If it ain't ripe, it's sour and you got to cook it and if it's too ripe it's rotten. So when it's just ripe enough you shouldn't lose any time and if you do you'll always be sorry."

"Bully for you, Abie!" cried the young man. "I didn't think you had it in you."

"And I'll tell you what I'll do," Abie went on. "I'll go with you over to Jersey and be a witness."

"What d'ye say, Sadie?" cried Nathan, eagerly. "He'll go with us and be a witness and no one can ever say that we ran off by ourselves. Will you do it, dear?"

It is well-nigh impossible for a man to fathom a young woman's mind under such circumstances or to understand what arguments will influence them. Strange as it may seem, the presence of Abie, whom she had never seen before and his willingness to accompany them gave sudden courage to Sadie and, with moist eyes, she nodded bravely to her lover.

"Hooray!" cried Nathan. "We'll meet you downstairs by the door, Abie, in two minutes."

Abie was emerging from the coat-room, struggling into his overcoat when a short, rotund individual laid a hand upon his arm.

"I'm Mr. Cohen," said the individual. "They tell me you're a reporter. I wish you'd say in your paper that I'm giving the bride a tenement house. Did they tell you that Solomons is providing the refreshments and Reznik is furnishing the music?"

"Mr. Solomons told me so himself," said Abie, "and I'll remember about Reznik."

"Buy yourself some cigars," said Cohen, pressing a bill into Abie's hand. As Abie passed down the stairs he heard the strains of Reznik's band which announced the beginning of the ceremony.

"It's too bad to take you away from the wedding," said Nathan.

"Elopements is more important as weddings," said Abie. "I'm working on *Gordon's Weekly* now and I bet if I write the whole story about you and the young lady eloping I get a regular job with free theatre tickets."

"Oh, are you a reporter?" exclaimed the young woman, aghast.

"Don't worry, dear," said Nathan, reassuringly. "The kind of reporter Abie could be isn't going to do us any harm. Besides, it's got to come out anyhow, so why shouldn't we see that it gets into the paper straight?"

On their way to the ferry Abie stopped at a telegraph office to dispatch a message to Gordon, "collect."

> "The Cohen wedding is all right but I got something more important I couldn't tell you the details before I get back because it's a big secret Wait for me Abie"

When they reached Jersey City they made for the home of Rabbi Simpkovitch, a distant relative of Nathan. They met him descending the steps of his house, leading a small boy of six or seven years by the hand.

"Hello, Rabbi!" cried Nathan, joyfully. "It's lucky we didn't miss you. This is Miss Sadie Cohen and we want to get married right away. We're eloping."

The Rabbi extended the palms of both hands.

"How could I?" he asked, in a petulant voice. "I just get a telegram from my sister in Philadelphia that Isidore her husband got to go to San Francisco in the morning and I got to take the boy back."

"Oh, that's all right," said Nathan. "There's no hurry about that. Just marry us and then we'll see you off."

"Don't you understand?" cried the Rabbi. "He's my sister's boy and I got to go with him to Philadelphia because he's afraid to travel alone and the train leaves in fifteen minutes. Oy! Oy! And I got so much to do in the morning. Everybody thinks a rabbi can loaf all day long."

"That won't do at all, Rabbi," said Nathan. "You've just got to marry us. Can't you get anybody else to take the boy back?"

"Who should I get?" cried the Rabbi, in despair. "If I could, do you think I'm such a goose to go on a chase like this when I'm busy?"

A sudden inspiration came to Nathan.

"Here's my friend, Abie Lazinsky," he exclaimed. "He's the very man. Abie, you'll be a good fellow and take the little boy to Philadelphia, won't you?"

Abie scratched his head.

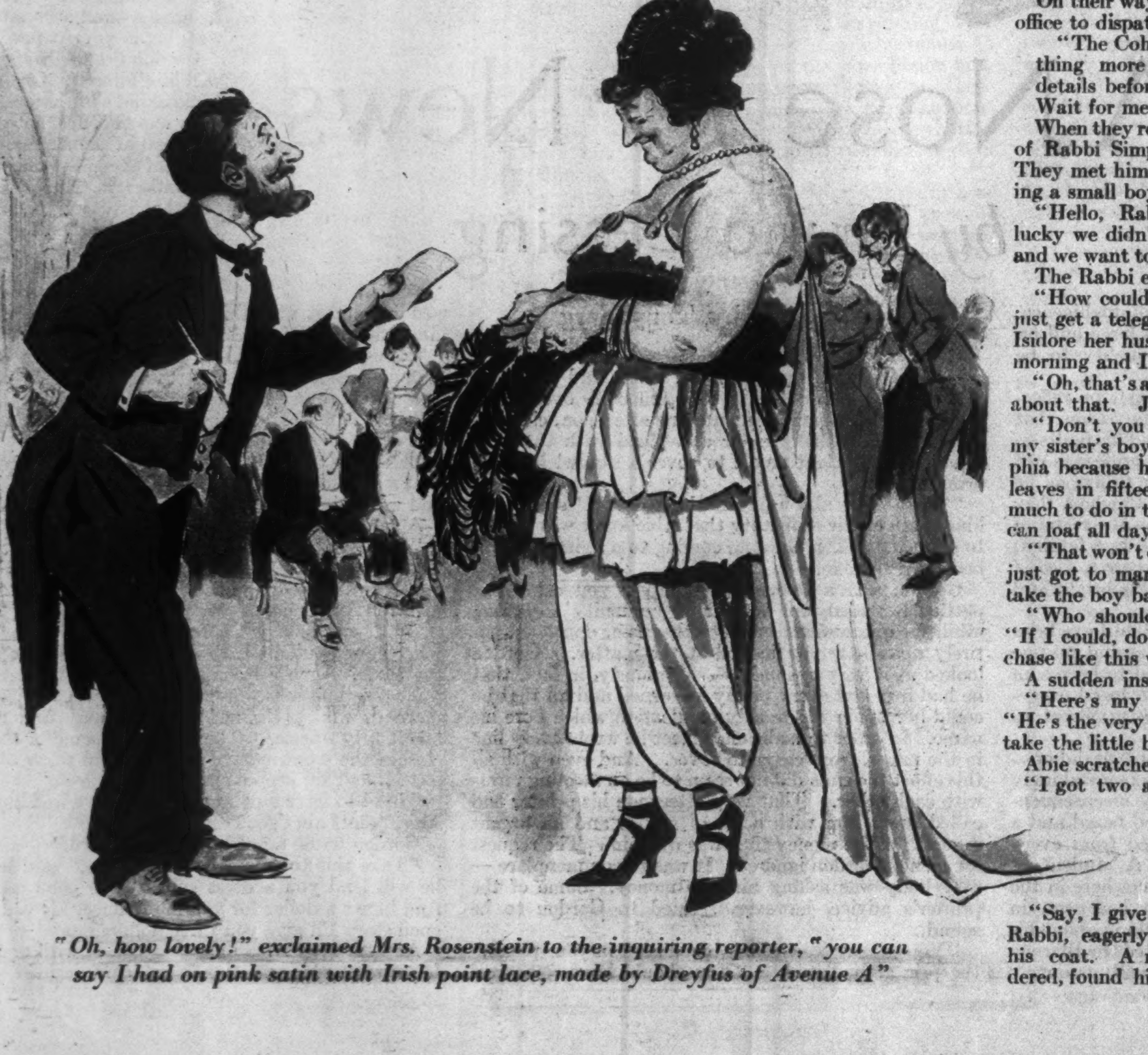
"I got two articles to write for the paper and — "

"Oh, write them some other time," said Nathan. "The Rabbi will give you five dollars for your trouble. And I'll make it five more. "How's that?"

"Ten dollars?" cried Abie.

"Say, I give you ten dollars by myself," said the Rabbi, eagerly, drawing a thick pocket-book from his coat. A moment later Abie, somewhat bewildered, found himself trudging

[*Continued on page 46*]



"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Rosenstein to the inquiring reporter, "you can say I had on pink satin with Irish point lace, made by Dreyfus of Avenue A"

George W. Lederer's Reminiscences

As set forth by George Jean Nathan

Back of the Scenes of Press-Agency

SEVERAL months ago, on a day burdened with world-shaking news, every important newspaper in the city of New York made room upon its front page for the story of a Turk, registered at a hotel in Central Park West, who, according to the account, had rushed to America from Constantinople to find a young girl who had mysteriously disappeared from the Sultan's harem. Clemenceau, Lloyd George, the condition of President Wilson, the Red Terror, the uprisings in Germany, the *débâcle* in the Senate — all were peremptorily shunted to one side to make room for this. For, as the editors appreciated, it was the type of story that appeals to Americans much more richly than the more sober news of the day all compact. Three days after the newspapers printed the story, the editors learned that they had been bamboozled by a theatrical press-agent. The story was a "plant" for a moving picture bearing the classic name, "The Virgin of Stamboul."

Twenty years before this almost to a day, every important newspaper in the city of New York made room upon its front page for the story of three beautiful girls, and one in particular, whose lives were hanging in the balance from having eaten poisoned chocolates sent to them by some mysterious unknown. Eugene V. Debs, the new outline of policy by President McKinley, the South African troubles, serious race riots in Georgia, the renewed agitation for a merchant marine — all were peremptorily shunted to one side to make room for this. For, as the editors appreciated, it was the type of story that appeals to Americans much more richly than the more sober news of the day all compact. Three days after the newspapers printed the story, the editors learned that they had been bamboozled by a theatrical press-agent. The story was a "plant" for a musical show bearing the classic name, "The Casino Girl."

The business of theatrical press-agency is an eternal struggle between the reluctance and scepticism of the newspaper editor and the inventiveness and ingenuity of the press-agent; and it is to the credit of the latter that the records of the last two decades have uniformly returned him victor by a large margin. The Anna Held milk-baths, the temporary changing of Mabel Taliaferro's name to merely Nell, the heralding of Polaire as the ugliest woman in the world, the police lines at the advance box-office sale for Maude Adams, the tan-bark spread in West Forty-second Street so that no traffic noise might disturb Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the fainting of women at the presentation of Clyde Fitch's "The City," the announcement of Ethel Barrymore's numerous engagements to titled Englishmen, the Gabys Deslys' King of Portugal hoax — these are but a few of his innumerable triumphs. For, to paraphrase P. T. Barnum — there's a newspaper editor born every minute.

Theatrical press-agency as we have come to know it in more recent years may be said first to have shown signs of blossoming to purple flower in the heyday of our friend Lederer. There were, true enough, press-agents of a high flavor before that era, but the modern six-cylinder press-agent first came to life when Lederer came to life. For it was Lederer who devised the strategy that press-agents follow to this day; it was he who worked out the ground-plan of the great hocus-pocus that the theatrical publicity man of the present time places his faith upon. It matters not that the old circus methods have to-day, at least for the time being, passed out of theatrical press-agency, that the press-agency now often takes on a suaver and stricter air. At bottom, the generalship that oozed the story of the poisoned candy into the gazettes twenty years ago and the generalship that oozed the story of the Turk into the same gazettes only a few months ago, are twins.

It occurred to me that a peep behind the scenes of press-agency in the days of its birth might not be lacking in salt. I accordingly bade our friend Lederer deliver.

"Press-agency," he began, glancing at his watch and observing that as it was already ten p. m. and as he had to catch a train to Philadelphia at nine the next morning, he would have only eleven hours to explain himself; "press-agency," he continued, "was responsible for at least three-quarters of my theatrical successes."

I permitted a realistic look of indignant disbelief to traverse my features.

"You are too modest, good sir!" I gasped.

"Modest your grandmother!" returned our friend. "I am boasting. The producer who is not properly proud of the results of his press-agency is a liar. A man owes his election to the Presidency to press-agency; a great war is won as much by press-agency as by bullets; why should a theatrical manager affect not to admit and admire its power to make him?"

"But you don't mean to say that a good press-agent can work with no material behind him?"

"Certainly not, jackass," — our friend, by way of apology, here handed me a princely-looking cheroot — "one can't make bricks without straw."

"Or," I concordantly ventured, having lighted it and sampled a whiff, "cigars."

"But give a lively press-agent some decent material to work with," our friend went on, heedless of my hot one, "give him a map of the battle-field with the position of the enemy clearly indicated, and the results are noble ones: For example, 'The Belle of New York,' was intrinsically a very good show, but shrewd press-agency made the publics of America and England believe that it was twice as good, and twice as well worth seeing, as it actually was. Belasco is a whip-hand at this sort of thing in these days. When he announces that Puccini is to make an opera out of 'The Son-Daughter,' the public promptly reads a doubled value into the play and rushes to see it. I used to do much the same thing in a different manner. I'd announce that the plot of 'The Belle of New York' had exercised such an appeal over this or that celebrated French or Italian dramatist that he was even then contracting for the rights to the libretto in order to make a straight play out of it. What if the story was doubted, even snickered at? A snicker is just as good publicity as a frown. Every time you make a man laugh—whether the laugh is on you or not — you add a prospective ticket-buyer to your box-office line."

"Yes, sir," I said. "Go on."

"Again," our Lederer pursued, "you will recall that I have already told you that much of the beauty-reputation of many of my famous Casino girls was created by crafty press-agency. However, I was not concrete when I told you. Here are some of the inside stories of how the thing worked. Take the first example, that of Geraldine Fair. Here was a moderately pretty girl, but by no manner of means a rip-snorter. A girl is often as pretty as her ankles are slender. The Fair girl's ankles were not slender.

[*Continued on page 62*]

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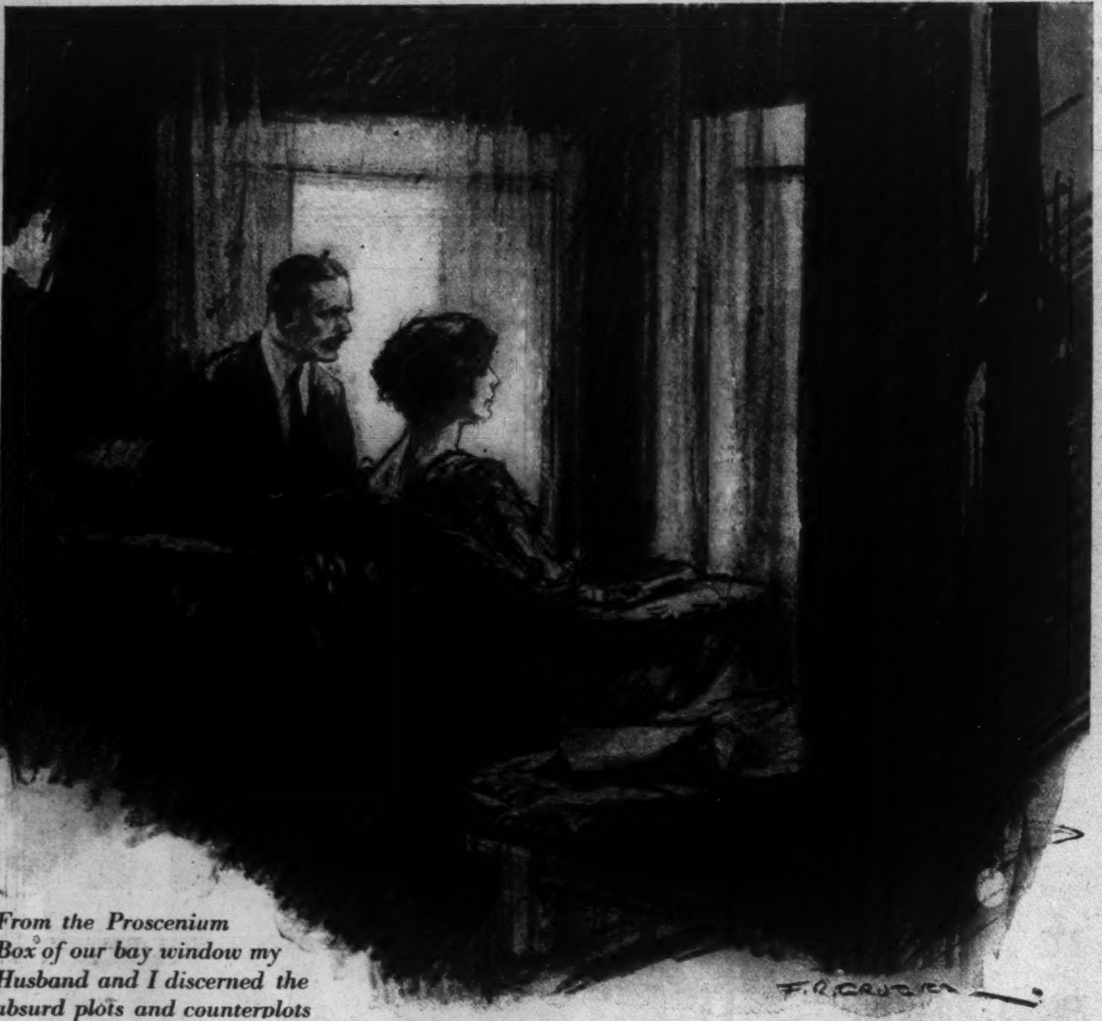
Madge Lessing

Louise Hepner



From the Proscenium Box of our bay window my Husband and I discerned the absurd plots and counterplots being hatched

Rainy

As Charming a Story as "Molly Make-Believe"

WHO is Ann Woltor, the beautiful woman with a past and a broken tooth? Who is Allan John, the intriguing, unexpected guest who arrived delightfully intoxicated? And who is the sweet "May Girl," May Davies? All were present at the house party of Mr. and Mrs. Delville — a house party staged as a play called "Rainy Week" — "a play that could never dream it was a play" — and acted by seven invited guests and the unexpected one — "actors who never even remotely suspect that they are actors."

Ann Woltor (or is her name Stolter?), embarrassed by a question as to her broken tooth, sought to flee, but the host brought her back. Has the host known her before? Perhaps he has. For he divulges this much to his wife after he has brought Ann back. Fifteen years before he had seen a picture called "The Woman with the Broken Tooth." The face in that picture was the face of Ann Woltor or Stolter. Allan John startles the household by blowing a whistle at midnight, but the mystery surrounding him is no nearer solution.

The lovable May Girl is loved by all the party. If she has any preference it is for Allan John, but there are breakers ahead here, for the discovery is made by telephone that she is to marry Dr. Brawne, a man twice her age. The fourth act begins:

SLEEP is a funny thing! Really comical I mean! A Magician's Trick! "Now you have it — and now you don't!"

Certainly I had very little of it the night of Dr. Brawne's telephone conversation. I was too surprised.

Yet staring up through those long wakeful hours into the jetty black heights of my bedroom ceiling it didn't seem to be so much the conversation itself as the perfectly irrelevant events succeeding that conversation that kept hurtling back so into my visual consciousness — The blueness of the May Girl's eyes! The brightness of her hair! — Rollins's necktie! The perfectly wanton hideousness of Rollins's necktie! — The Bang — *Bang — Bang* — of a storm-tortured shutter way off in the ell somewhere!

Fumbling back from the shadowy telephone-stand into the brightly-lighted upper hall with the single desire to find my Husband and confide to him as expeditiously as possible this news which had so amazed me, I had stumbled instead upon the May Girl herself, climbing somewhat listlessly up the stairs toward bed. Rollins was close behind her carrying her book and a filmy sky-blue scarf. George Keets followed with a pitcher of water.

"Oh, it isn't 'Good Night,' dear, is it?" I questioned.

"Yes," said the May Girl. "I'm — pretty tired." She certainly looked it.

Rollins quite evidently was in despair. He was not to accomplish his 'kiss' after all, it would seem. All the long day, I judged, he had been whipping up his cheeky courage to meet some magic opportunity of the evening. And now, it appeared, there wasn't going to be any evening! Even the last precious moment indeed was to be ruined by George Keets's perfidious intrusion!

It was the Bride's voice though that rang down the actual curtain on Rollins's 'Perfect Day.'

"Oh, Miss Davies! — Miss Davies!" called the Bride. "You mustn't forget to return your ring, you know!"

"Why, no, so I mustn't," rallied the May Girl.

Twice I heard Rollins swallow very hard. Any antique was sacred to him, but a family antique. Oh, ye gods!

"K — K — Keep the ring!" stammered Rollins. It was the nearest point to real heroism surely that funny little Rollins would ever attain.

"Oh, no, indeed," protested the May Girl. Very definitely she snapped the silken threads, removed the clumsy bauble from her finger, and solemnly handed it back to Rollins. "But — But it's a beautiful ring!" she hastened chivalrously to assure him. "I'll — I'll keep the orchids!" she assented with real dimples.

On Rollins's sweating face the symptoms of acute collapse showed suddenly. With a glare that would have annihilated a less robust soul than George Keets's he turned and laid bare his horrid secret to an unfeeling Public.

"I'd rather you kept the *ring*," sweated Rollins. "The — The orchids have got to go back! — I only hired the orchids! — That is I — I bribed the Gardener. They've got to be back by eleven o'clock to-night. For some sort of a — a party."

"To-night?" I gasped. "In all this storm? Why, what if the May Girl had refused to — to ——?"

In Rollins's small, blinking eyes, Romance and Thrift battled together in terrible combat.

"I gotta go back," mumbled Rollins. "He's got my watch!"

"Oh, for goodness sake, you mustn't risk losing your watch!" laughed the May Girl.

George Keets didn't laugh. He hooted! I had never heard him hoot before, and ribald as the sound seemed emanating from his distinctly austere lips, the mechanical construction of that hoot was in some way strangely becoming to him.

The May Girl quite frankly though was afraid he had hurt Rollins's feelings. Returning swiftly from her bedroom with the lovely exotics bunched cautiously in one hand she turned an extravagantly tender smile on Rollins's unhappy face.

"Just — Just one of them," she apologized, "is crushed a little. I know you told me to be awfully careful of them. I'm very sorry. But truly," she smiled, "it's been — perfectly wonderful — just to have them for a day! Thank you! — Thank you a whole lot, I mean! And for the day itself — it's — it's been very — pleasant," she lied gallantly.

Snatching the orchids almost roughly from her hand Rollins gave another glare at George Keets and started for his own room. With his fingers on the door handle he turned and glared back at the May Girl herself. "Pleasant?" he scoffed. "*Pleasant?*" And crossing the threshold he slammed the door hard behind him.

Never have I seen anything more boorish!

"Why — Why, how tired he must be," exclaimed the May Girl.

"Tired?" hooted George Keets. He was still hooting when he joined the Bride and Bridegroom in the library.

It must have been fifteen minutes later that, returning from an investigation of the banging blind, I ran into Rollins stealing surreptitiously to the May Girl's door. Quite unconsciously, doubtless, but with most rapacious effect, his sparse hair was rumpled in innumerable directions, and the stealthy boy-pirate hunch to his shoulders added the last touch of melodrama to the scene. Rollins as a gay Lothario was certainly a new idea. I could have screamed with joy. But while I debated the ethics of screaming for joy only, the May Girl herself as though in reply to his crafty knock opened her door and stared frankly down at him with a funny, flushed sort of astonishment. She was in her great boyish blanket-wrapper, with her gauzy gold hair wafting like a bright breeze across her neck and shoulders, and the radiance of her I think would have startled any man. But it knocked the breath out of Rollins.

"P-p-pleasant!" gasped Rollins, quite abruptly. "It was a — a *Miracle!*"

"— Miracle?" puzzled the May Girl.

"WALL-PAPERS!" babbled Rollins. "Suppose it had been true?" he besought her. "To-day, I mean? Our Betrothal?" With total unexpectedness he began to flutter a handful of wall-paper samples under the May Girl's astonished nose. "I've got a little flat you know in town," prattled Rollins. "Just one room and bath. It's pretty dingy. But for a long time now I've been planning to have it all repapered. And if you'd choose the wall-paper for it,— it would be pleasant to think of during — during the years!" babbled Rollins.

"*What?*" puzzled the May Girl. Then quite suddenly she reached out and took the papers from Rollins's hand and bent her lovely head over them in perfectly solemn contemplation. "Why — why the pretty gray one with the white gulls and the flash of blue!" she decided almost at once, looked up for an instant, smiled straight into Rollins's fatuous eyes, and was gone again behind the impregnable fastness of her closed door, leaving Rollins gasping like a fool, his shoulders drooping, his limp hands clutching the sheet of white gulls with all the absurd manner of an amateur Prima Donna just on the verge of bursting into song!

And all of a sudden starting to laugh I found myself crying instead. It was the expression in Rollins's eyes, I think. The one "off-guard" expression perhaps of Rollins's life! A scorching flame of self-revelation, as it were, that consumed even as it illuminated, leaving only gray ashes and perplexity. Not just the look it was of a Little-Man-Almost-Old-who-had-Never-Had-a-Chance-to-Play. But the look of a Little-Man-

Week

by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

Almost-Old who sensed suddenly for the first time that he never *would* have a chance to play! That Fate denying him the glint of wealth, the flash of romance, the scar even of tragedy, had stamped him merely with the indelible sign of a Person-Who-Wasn't—*Meant-to-be-Liked!*

Truly I was very glad to steal back into my dark room for a moment before trotting down-stairs again to join all those others who were essentially intended for Liking and Loving, so eminently fitted,—whether they refused or accepted it,—for the full normal gamut of human experience.

On my way down it was only human, of course, to stop in the May Girl's room. Rollins or no Rollins, it was the May Girl's problem that seemed to me the only really maddening one of the moment. What in Creation was Life planning to proffer the May Girl?—Dr. Brawne?—Dr. Brawne?—It wasn't just a question of Dr. Brawne! But a question of the May Girl herself!

She was still in her blanket-wrapper when I entered the room, but had hopped into bed, and sat bolt-upright rocking vaguely, with her knees gathered to her chin in the circle of her slender arms.

"What seems to be the matter?" I questioned.

"That's what I don't know," she dimpled almost instantly. "But I seem to be worrying about—something."

"Worrying?" I puzzled.

"Well,—maybe it's about the Pom Dog," suggested the May Girl helpfully. "His mouth is so very—very tiny. Do you think he had enough supper?"

"Oh, I'm sure he had enough supper," I hastened to reassure her.

Very reflectively she narrowed her eyes to review the further field of her possible worries.

"That cat—that your Husband said he sent away just before I came for fear I'd bring some—some contradictory animals,—are you quite sure that he's got a good home?" she worried.

"Oh, the best in the world," I said. "A Maternity Hospital!"

"Kittens?" brightened the May Girl for a single instant only. "Oh, you really mean kittens? Then surely there's nothing to worry about in that direction!"

"Nothing but—kittens," I conceded.

"Then it *must* be Allan John," said the May Girl. "His feet! Of course, I can't exactly help feeling pretty responsible for Allan John. Are you sure,—are you quite sure, I mean, that he hasn't been sitting round with wet feet all the evening? He isn't exactly the croupy type, of course, but—" With a sudden irrelevant gesture she unclasped her knees, and shot her feet straight out in front of her. "Whatever in the world," she cried out, "am I going to do with Allan John when it comes time to go home? Now gold-fish," she reflected, "in a real emergency,—can always be tucked away in the bath-tub. And once when I brought home a Japanese Baby," she giggled in spite of herself, "they made me keep it in my own room. But——"

"But I've got a worry of my own," I interrupted. "It's about your fainting. It scared me dreadfully. I've just been telephoning to Dr. Brawne about it."

Across the May Girl's supple body a curious tightness settled suddenly.

"You—told—Dr. Brawne—that I—fainted?" she said. "You—you oughtn't to have done that!" It was only too evident that she was displeased.

"BUT we were worried," I repeated. "We had to tell him. We didn't like to take the responsibility."

With her childish hands spread flatly as a brace on either side of her she seemed to retreat for a moment into the gold veil of her hair. Then very resolutely her face came peering out again.

"And just what did Dr. Brawne—tell *you?*" asked the May Girl.

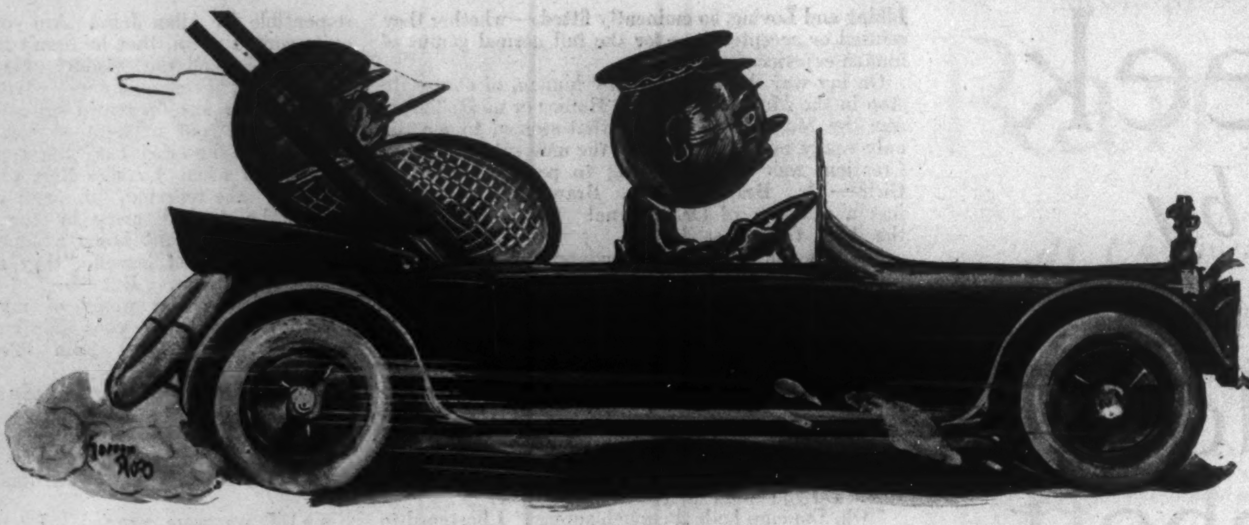
"Why, something very romantic," I admitted. "The somewhat astonishing news, in fact, that you were engaged—to him."

"Oh, but you know, I'm *not!*" protested the May Girl with unmistakable emphasis. "No!—No!"

"And that he was hoping to be married next September. On the 15th to be perfectly exact," I confided.

"Well,—very likely I *shall* [*Continued on page* 47]

"If I'm to be married in September, without being engaged, I thought I'd better pick up what experience I could on my own hook!"



Money Or Us

by

Garet Garrett

Cartoon by Gordon Ross

Now it is to ask:—

Shall people serve money — or shall money serve people?

Shall the conditions of getting born, growing up, marrying and giving in marriage, living, working and dying, and all going to and fro upon the earth, be accidentally governed by the rate at which minute particles of gold are recovered from the rocks and transferred to bank vaults? — or shall the token of value which we name money be made subservient to human needs?

If you think these questions dramatized for a literary purpose we are not surprised. But we are obliged at once to establish our ground. Therefore, we produce an involuntary witness of the highest authority. We quote from the recent report of the British Committee on Currency and Foreign Exchange After the War a paragraph which is meant to be understood only by financial minds. Without some interpretation it is almost impenetrable to any other kind of mind.

This Committee is by way of explaining how under normal conditions Great Britain was used to protect her gold standard — that is, how she maintained a certain ratio of gold metal to the volume of paper money and check book currency in circulation. If the volume of paper money and check book currency began increasing too fast, or if for some reason other countries began drawing gold away from Great Britain, then the Bank of England raised its discount rate. This means that it raised the rate of interest to the borrowers of credit, charging them perhaps 5½ per cent., instead of 5. If you are unfamiliar with banking terms, no matter. The point lies elsewhere. We need not stop here to explain how the Bank of England raises the rate of interest, nor the technique of power by which, having done so, it compels everybody to pay the higher rate. What we are interested in is the chain of consequences. The Committee explains what happens — explains it for the understanding of financial minds — in the following words:

> " . . . The raising of the Bank's discount rate and the steps taken to make it effective in the market necessarily led to a general rise of interest rates and a restriction of credit. New enterprises were therefore postponed and the demand for construction materials and other capital goods was lessened. The consequent slackening of employment also diminished the demand for consumable goods, while holders of stocks of commodities carried largely with borrowed money, being confronted with an increase of interest charges, if not with actual difficulty in renewing loans, and with the prospect of falling prices, tended to press their goods in a weak market. The result was a decline in general prices in the home market which, by checking imports and stimulating exports, corrected the adverse trade balance which was the primary cause of the difficulty."

Now let us break this tight financial statement into its elements of fact and look at them in our own unfinancial way.

The Bank of England finds its gold reserve getting low. Everything else is going merrily. People are busy and expectant and prosperous. Only the gold reserve is going wrong — and that is awful. So, the Bank of England raises its discount rate, and these six things immediately happen, namely:

First: New enterprises are postponed. Why? Not because they are undesirable. Not because there is already enterprise enough. No. Only because the Bank of England's gold reserve is low.

Second: The demand for construction materials falls off. Why? Because new enterprises are postponed, and new enterprises are postponed because the Bank of England is fretting about its gold reserve.

Third: There is a slackening of employment, or, in one direct word, unemployment. Why? Because the makers of construction materials have had to slow down because new enterprises are postponed; because the decimal mark at the end of the weekly statement of the Bank of England shows a low ratio of gold in its vaults to the amount of paper money and check book currency going around.

Fourth: Holders of commodities are obliged to sacrifice their wares for two reasons. One reason is that the money they borrow at the bank on their merchandise stocks is suddenly made to be dear. The other reason is that because so many workers are unemployed — owing to the falling off in the demand for construction materials; owing to the postponement of new enterprise; owing to the rise in the interest rate; owing to the Bank of England's worry about gold — people cannot buy as much as usual. Wherefore, there is depression in the retail trade.

Fifth: Prices having fallen in the home markets, exports are stimulated. This means that the goods which the British people cannot buy, since they are unemployed, are sold at reduced prices to foreign countries. This creates what we call a favorable balance of international trade; and when the foreign countries begin to pay for the goods which the unemployed British people could not enjoy, then gold comes pouring into the Bank of England, its reserves are built up, the decimal mark at the end of its weekly statement is again as it should be, and,

Sixth: The Gold Standard Is Triumphant.

It is nothing that industry has been retarded, that people have been unemployed, that goods, which the workers who produced them could not afford to buy have been sold abroad for gold.

If this is not the case of people being subject to money, instead of money being subject to the needs of people, what would you call it?

In all this wise and solemn report of the British Committee on Currency and Foreign Exchange After the War there is not the ghost of an attempt to relate the volume of English money to the amount of wealth existing, or producing, or needful to be produced in the future. The one and only consideration is how to preserve the gold standard — how to relate the volume of paper money and check book currency to as much of the world's miraculous stock of gold as Great Britain may be able to capture and keep her hands upon. That parcel of gold, whatever it happens to be, will determine the value of existing wealth, the conditions of trade, the latitude of new enterprise, and also the state of employment, — for if it be necessary for the sake of preserving the gold standard that there shall occur a "slackening of employment," and in consequence a "diminished demand for consumable goods" on the part of the people, then that will have to happen. Finance knows no other way.

We have cited the English document mainly for the reason that it supplies the perfect text. To do so, however, is appropriate for another reason. British finance is resolved at any price to uphold the gold standard and is taking the lead in that fatuity. This will mean, of course, a terrific deflation of money, a great fall in prices, much unemployment and all the evils of readjustment inseparable from that old-fashioned remedy.

What the English are doing we are doing also. We are co-keepers of the money fetich. For example:

During all of 1919 the inflation of paper money and check book currency continued in this country, as in war time. A good deal of it was unnecessary. Most of the additional money created in that year was absorbed by speculators, to nobody's benefit save that of speculators. In consequence of this uninterrupted creation of new money, prices went higher and higher, to everybody's woe. And yet there was no harsh outcry against continuing inflation. The gold reserves of the Federal Reserve Banks stood high. That was all that finance required.

In 1920 our gold began to run away. Other countries made large inroads upon our gold reserves, which began suddenly to fall. Immediately there was a furious demand for measures to be taken. As week by week the gold reserves fell Wall Street grew more and more excited, and then our Federal Reserve Banks, like the Bank of England, began to raise their discount rates, making money dearer to all borrowers; and at the same time these Federal Reserve Banks, which are controlled by the Government, called upon private bankers to reduce loans and restrict credits.

Reflect for a moment on the implications of this situation.

Although the currency already was greatly inflated and prices in consequence were abnormally high, yet throughout the year 1919 speculators in commodities and securities could borrow all the cheap money they wanted to put prices higher still; and they could do so because there was plenty of gold in the bank vaults. For that reason and no other.

But in 1920 there is no longer plenty of gold. Therefore, interest rates are raised, and credit at the bank is made dearer to everybody and inaccessible to some, because less credit is needed in the conduct of business generally, not because prices are too high, not because speculators have borrowed too much, but because the gold reserve has fallen. For that reason and no other.

The present money dilemma is world-wide. It is the same wherever modern finance is practised.

During the War all the belligerent nations abandoned the gold standard, printed money in fantastic, unlimited amounts, and spent it for war purposes. That wild money now is in the hands of the [*Continued on page 60*]

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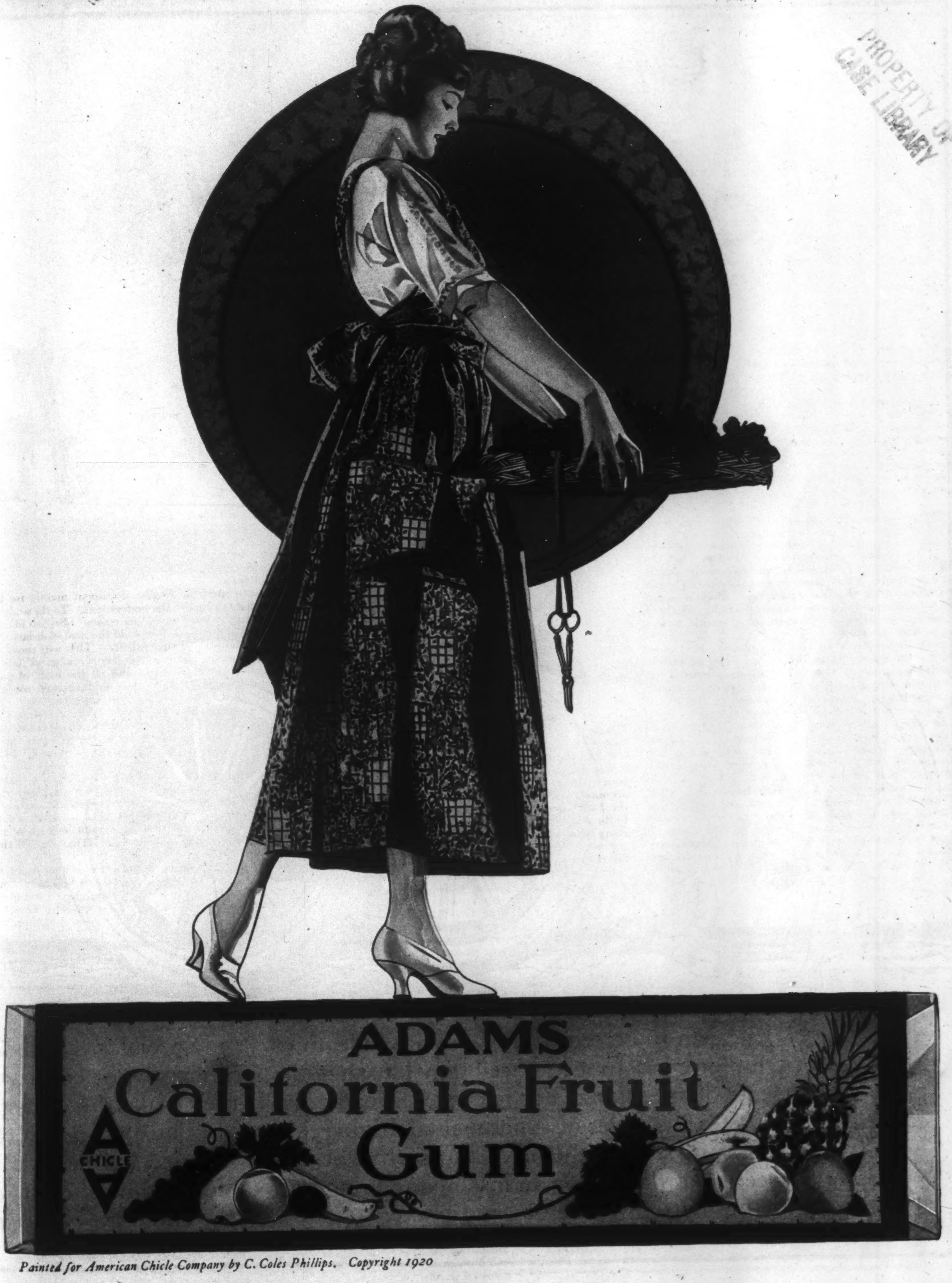
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California Fruit
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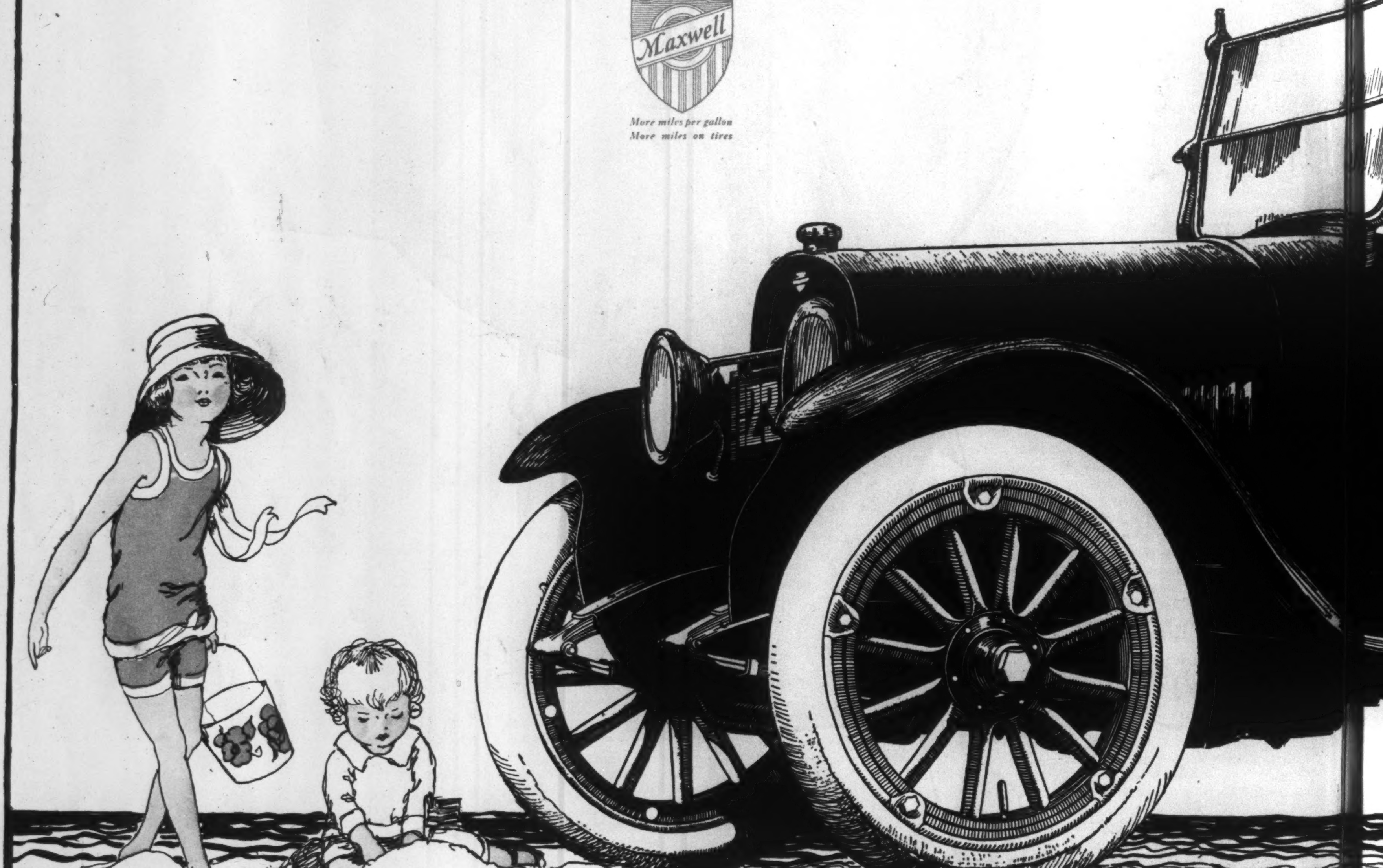

BRAKES seem to be one of the overlooked features of a motor car. In a Maxwell they have had the extreme of attention. For instance, a road engineer, in about 500,000 miles of experimental driving, has constantly tested and studied them. That is why you can check the speed of a Maxwell in an instant and bring it to a standstill either by foot brake or hand brake.

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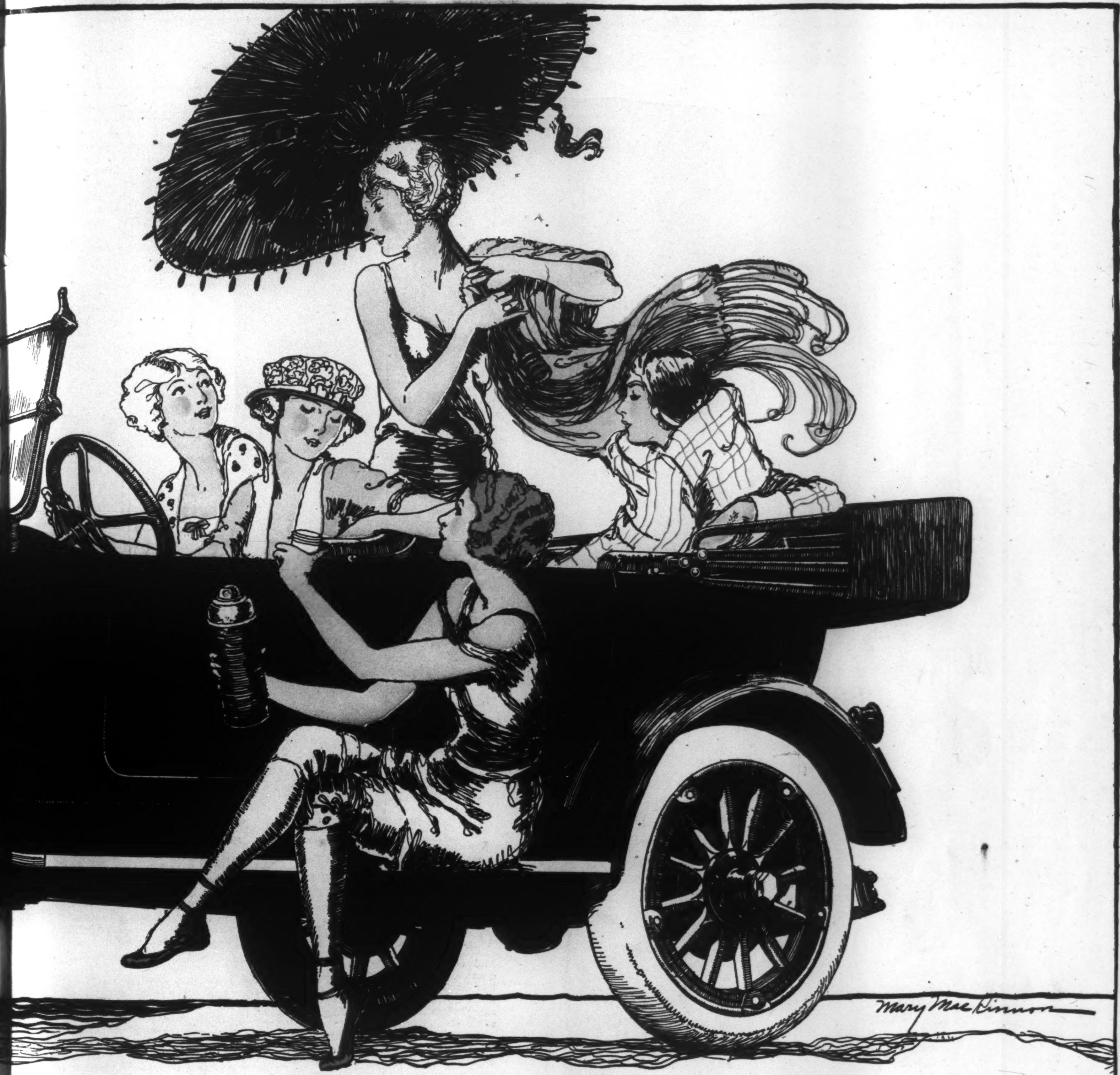
These are steels made



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They equal, pound for pound, the steels in any car built. But no car has steels just like them.

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Ne trouvez-vous pas que les zéphirs qui murmurent dans les jardins d'été odorants ne sont guère plus calmants que mon Talc Djer-Kiss?

—Kerkoff, Paris

Translation: Do you not find that breezes whispering in fragrant summer gardens are no more soothing than my Talc Djer-Kiss?

This so Parisian TALC

Madame, Mademoiselle, there is a rare fragrance, a refinement, a soothing coolness in Djer-Kiss Talc, which bring welcome relief to the hot skin in summer—whether used after the bath or to add its finishing touch to the *toilette* so dainty.

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ROUGE LIP STICK CREAM
Made in America with
Djer-Kiss Concentré from France

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1920

X-Raying the Red Philosophy

— *Continued from page 25*

last three years. Its officers have had time to think only of keeping out of jail. There is an air of decline about all its headquarters. Its morale is shattered. It hasn't won a single strike since Lawrence. So much for the ostensible I. W. W., the Haywood I. W. W., the dual-union I. W. W.

But I. W. W-ism isn't a pale thing. It is a red-veined, raucous, ubiquitously evident thing. It has made great inroads in the A. F. of L. It is at the helm of a score of independent unions. It calls itself "One Big Unionism," "Syndicalism," "Shop Stewardism," and "Sovietism," but its spokesmen, like Charley Dickerson, are all graduates of the old-time I. W. W. gang. They may camouflage themselves as "One Big Unionism," but they are still I. W. W.'s. It is to these men that the leadership of I. W. W-ism has fallen from Haywood's shaking fingers. It is this nation-wide, boring-from-within I. W. W-ism that has become America's great menace. How has this come about?

I wouldn't say that there has been any conscious change on the part of the I. W. W.'s. The change has been largely accidental. Many of the organization I. W. W.'s, like Haywood, are not participating in it at all. They are fanatically loyal to the three letters in their name and to their traditional tactics. Others in the I. W. W. are coöperating with the outside "Wobblies." Still others, and these the most numerous of all, have left the I. W. W. entirely in order to be freer to work to capture other organizations.

The change has been in the nature of a growth. War and suppression burst upon them and forced many iron-clad "Wobblies" of the old-time gang to find new methods. When they revised their methods, they found that the harvest was astoundingly great, and so they have continued enthusiastically — "borers-from-within."

Take Seattle, for instance. It was in the Seattle general strike of 1919 that this distinction between the I. W. W. and I. W. W-ism was spectacularly blazoned. The I. W. W. problem had been an old one in Seattle. For years Seattle had been the stronghold of the I. W. W. organization. Time and again the "Wobblies" had flaunted themselves on the streets. When the War came the authorities decided at last to wipe them out.

Accordingly, every I. W. W. headquarters and every I. W. W. activity was suppressed. The most obstreperous of the leaders were jailed, I. W. W. meetings were proscribed, the lid went on tight.

And yet the War was not two months ended when the city of Seattle flamed into an I. W. W. insurrection that staggered the nation. A general strike throttled industry, trampled down authority, gagged the press, deadlocked the police and, for a time, so completely mastered Seattle that made-to-order Soviets were preparing to move into the city hall. The name I. W. W. wasn't used by the strikers. They called themselves the One Big Union.

TWO fisted Ole Hanson, who was mayor of Seattle, wasn't taken in by the camouflage. In a dramatic coup he broke the strike and the Soviet dream of the I. W. W.'s melted dismally away.

How did it happen? Boring-from-within. The authorities had suppressed the I. W. W. organization. There was no question of that. But they hadn't suppressed I. W. W-ism. The proscribed "Wobblies" merely scattered. They conformed to the law, dropped the label I. W. W. and dubbed themselves One Big Unionism. But, mark you they didn't drop their I. W. W-ism. Under the camouflage of their new name, they distributed themselves through all the A. F. of L. unions, built up "Red" *blocs* in each local, poured out a continual propaganda and finally captured the unions, one by one. They talked rank I. W. W-ism and passed it off as good orthodox A. F. of L-ism. Under the shield of Sam Gompers' name they preached the revolutionary gospel of Bill Haywood. Soon they had the powerful. Seattle A. F. of L. committed to such I. W. W. tenets as the One Big Union, the expropriation of capitalism and the general strike. From such propaganda, to the actual general strike, was but a step.

Such is the new I. W. W-ism. It is tactics such as these that are putting a living menace into the the old I. W. W. name — raising such ultra-Reds as Charley Dickerson to positions of power in the trade unions. No longer are the "Wobblies" fighting the A. F. of L. They are learning to use it for their revolutionary purposes.

I was in Butte during the general strike of 1919, and I saw these boring-from-within tactics in operation. Butte is a one-industry city. All its crafts converge around the copper mines. I. W. W-ism has been strong in Butte for years; indeed, Butte is the birthplace of the Old Western Federation of Miners, which was the parent of the I. W. W. This I. W. W. faction succeeded in driving the A. F. of L. miners' union out of Butte in 1914 in a wild night of mob frenzy in which they dynamited the A. F. of L. headquarters and attempted the lives of the A. F. of L. officers. After driving out the A. F. of L., the I. W. W. couldn't get any further. The miners simply wouldn't join the I. W. W. In 1917 in that spectacular war-time strike in which Frank Little perished, the miners even organized a huge independent miners' union built on I. W. W. lines, but they wouldn't join the I. W. W. itself. After years of agitation the "Wobblies" were as far from controlling the Butte situation as when they started.

THEN there came to Butte a man who is probably the ablest tactician in the I. W. W., A. S. Embree. Taking charge of the organization, Embree realized that a different plan must be followed if the I. W. W. corpse was ever to be galvanized. The Butte workers seemed to be ready to adopt the doctrine of One Big Union; it was only the actual name, I. W. W., that they shrank from. The method, then, must be boring-from-within. Under Embree's leadership, the I. W. W. under various names stealthily penetrated the rival labor bodies of Butte.

When I came into Butte the fruit of this new plan had already been born. The city was tied up completely by a general strike and, although the I. W. W. membership was but a handful compared to the total number of strikers involved, Embree and the I. W. W dominated the situation at every point.

They were clever enough not to call it an I. W. W. strike. It was a strike of the Soldiers, Sailors and Workers Council. Under the camouflage of that name the I. W. W. had gained a control which fifteen years of direct agitation had never gained for them. This Soldiers, Sailors and Workers Council was a delegate body. Some thirty A. F. of L. and independent labor organizations were represented in it, in addition to the I. W. W., and they were represented fairly in proportion to their membership. Yet the little I. W. W. controlled the council with an iron grip.

On my first visit to the council the situation was revealed to me at a glance. In the chair I recognized Fellow Worker A., but when the roll was called, Fellow Worker A. responded as a delegate, not of the I. W. W., but of the Brotherhood of Carpenters. Near me, I saw Fellow Workers B. and C. When Fellow Worker D. arose to make a motion the chairman announced "the delegate from the Butte Mine Workers' Union," and there was Fellow Worker X. voicing the sentiments of the Machinists' Union and Fellow Worker Y. speaking in rich Irish brogue for the Butte Sinn Fein Club. Such a surprising unanimity of opinion was never seen outside of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado."

Embree's talk was simple. As if by previous arrangement, all the motions were offered by these supposed delegates of other unions. Embree, for the I. W. W., would rise and deferentially support them and they would go through without a dissenting voice.

These motions all reeked of I. W. W-ism. Every move of the strike was made in rigid conformity with the Hoyle of the I. W. W. Had the strike been as frankly I. W. W-led as the Lawrence strike or the Paterson affair, it could not have followed the groove of I. W. W. procedure any more religiously.

The I. W. W. had brought about this situation by scattering its agents through all the labor bodies of Butte and building up "Wobbly" machines. It is not difficult to capture a labor union. A dozen strong men acting as a unit in every business meeting arranging in advance to nominate each other for every office and committeeship will soon find the majority innocently following them. The majority in labor bodies is never organized or cohesive. It sways unthinkingly behind any group who seem to have a mind and a program, and who make a showing of strength.

In Butte the I. W. W. element had easily captured most of the unions, had put through the project of organizing a Soldiers, Sailors and Workers Council, and had then had themselves elected delegates to that council. Under this council camouflage the I. W. W. leaders had made themselves masters of the prestige, membership and treasuries of two-thirds of the A. F. of L. unions of Butte. Could an out-and-out I. W. W-ism have gained them any more advantages?

All this had been done with a total I. W. W. membership of not more than five hundred, and half of these were Finnish. They had captured ten thousand workers and had bent these ten thousand to an unquestioning obedience. Such was the victory that Embree won in Butte. And it became the model for the one big union movement which is now taking hold in all the labor organizations.

There was much talk of I. W. W. influence in the recent Steel Strike at Gary. The press sensed the presence of I. W. W-ism and the authorities endeavored to locate it, to put their fingers on it, but throughout the long strike, the I. W. W. continued dominant, but invisible. The facts of that "influence" are as follows:

There had long been a group of I. W. W. supporters in Gary who had made several abortive attempts to organize an open I. W. W. union. However, when the A. F. of L. came into Gary in 1918 with its big war chest and began to build up a successful steel workers' union this group changed their tactics. They threw themselves into the A. F. of L., formed a controlling personal machine in the new union, and had themselves elected to all the important offices. Under the immunity of their A. F. of L. name they were able to prosecute their I. W. W. agitation as never before, although they now called it "One Big Unionism."

WHEN the great strike broke out, Gary faced the anomalous situation of 18,000 A. F. of L. card members being led by an executive committee, the majority of whose members were ardent supporters of the I. W. W. The chairman of the strike, despite his denial before the Congressional Investigation Committee, was a delegate and organizer of the I. W. W., at the same time that he was leading the A. F. of L. strike. Throughout the strike this Executive Committee was in close touch with the General Office of the I. W. W.

The Gary situation was duplicated at other points. There was one instance where an I. W. W. spellbinder, sent direct from the I. W. W. General Office, was put on the list of strike speakers through the connivance of I. W. W. agents in the A. F. of L. The Department of Justice was barking up the wrong tree when it attributed the extreme tendencies of the Steel Strike to the Communist Party. The extremism in the strike was the work of I. W. W.'s, ramifying in an underground league through all the strike centers. The surprising extent of this I. W. W. influence in the steel strike has never yet been disclosed. Should Mr. Foster write a complete history of the Steel Strike (which he will not) it would reveal the I. W. W. as one of its most insidious factors. And Foster himself, at the head of the strike, with his Syndicalism, was also an exponent of an I. W. W-ism of his own.

Other instances could be multiplied, but the happenings in Seattle, the general strike in Butte, the episode in Gary, give the key to the situation. The possibilities of this new "One Big Unionism" — this boring-from-within — are unlimited. It is not a thing which, like the old I. W. W. organization, can be isolated and suppressed; it is a fluid thing — apparently a mere sentiment in the atmosphere — a propaganda passing from mouth to mouth in the trade union gathering places.

We can't give figures of its actual strength, but to say that the one big union movement numbers hundreds of thousands already, is to put it conservatively. In the A. F. of L. it is either capturing whole organizations or leading large minorities into secession and building up chains of independent unions, all based upon I. W. W-ism.

The most spectacular demonstration of the strength of One Big Unionism is to be found in the three general strikes which have successively paralyzed the country — the steel strike, the coal strike and the outlaw railway strike. We need not go into these for every newspaper reader has followed them. Enough to say that they have been but shadows, which have shown the havoc that I. W. W-ism can really cause when its power becomes still greater.

But take other A. F. of L. bodies. Whole internationals of the old safe and sane A. F. of L. are now toying with this I. W. W. thing. The International Association of Machinists, one of the most powerful internationals in the A. F. of L., with a membership that increased during the War from 80,000 to 370,000, is seething with sedition. Bolshevik resolutions are constantly before it. In a recent controversy in Detroit, it was revealed that its lodge president there and six of the leading members were also members of the I. W. W. Its largest lodge in Chicago is a steady contributor to I. W. W. funds, and its luxurious Chicago headquarters is a scene of constant radical activities. An ex-I. W. W. man acting as business agent in Bridgeport recently led the Bridgeport lodge into secession from the I. A. of M. Immediately, fifty lodges, scattered over the country, seconded a referendum upholding the Bridgeport secessionists. Indeed, so far has the I. A. of M. drifted toward the "Left" that it depends upon its Socialist party element as its conservative bulwark. The only way the officials of the union prevent the international from falling completely into the hands of the One Big Unionism is by expelling the latter as fast as they become numerous.

Other A. F. of L. internationalists are having the same experience. Gompers-ism is fighting for its life in the Federation — fighting on a thousand scattered fronts, in the halls of local unions, in the elections of Central Labor Councils. The issue has not yet come to a decisive head.

The growth of "One Big Unionism," outside of the A. F. of L., is not so well known to the general public, but One Big Unionism is also expressing itself in a menacing independent unionist movement. Already there has grown up a battery of anti-A. F. of L. unions, founded on the I. W. W. model and masked under innocuous names.

In Detroit and Cleveland, I. W. W. men are now operating under the name of Auto Workers' Union and are winning thousands of recruits. In Cleveland the organization is led by the ex-editor of the I. W. W. organ, — *Solidarity.* In New York the whole I. A. of M. district, with six lodges, recently seceded from the I. A. of M. on account of One Big Unionism, and organized as the Amalgamated Metal Workers. Another large organization of seceders already in existence, is the Brotherhood of Metal Workers. In Canada we have the One Big Union, a seceding body that carried three-fourths of its Canadian members out of the A. F. of L. a year ago. This One Big Union is now spreading into Montana and Washington and is capturing A. F. of L. unions daily.

In the Ghettos of the east we have the powerful Amalgamated Clothing workers' organization with its 200,000 members, stanchly A. F. of L., and always veering nearer to I. W. W-ism; we have the newly formed Amalgamated Textile Workers led by ex-preachers who are agitating through the mill towns, lashing the polyglot textile operatives into revolutionary fury by their one big union argument and there are the Hotel and Restaurant Workers, the United Shoe Workers, the International Carpenters and innumerable minor unions which have broken with the A. F. of L.

THE I. W. W. peril lies in the A. F. of L. and in the outlaw independent unions; in the invisible One Big Unionism which is sweeping through both; in the General Strikes that are shaking the country; in the spirit of hate and violence that is gripping labor's mind. Here and not in the I. W. W. itself is the stronghold of I. W. W-ism.

Charley Dickerson was right. It is the borer-from-within in the I. W. W. who has taken this defeated, discredited thing — I. W. W-ism — and has made it a living revolutionary propaganda. They have gained for it a tremendous following, they are attempting tremendous enterprises, and if we do not awake to the seriousness of the situation, tomorrow may see them winning tremendous successes. Then what will confront us?

This brings us to the real problem. What is this I. W. W-ism? What are these incendiary beliefs that are wiring themselves upon the minds of so many workers? What is the I. W. W. philosophy? We all have a hazy conception of it from newspaper reading. The grisly, bearded figure that the cartoonists draw as typical of the I. W. W., is probably as accurate an impression as most of us have. We know that the I. W. W.'s are radical — radical in the worst sense, but just what their beliefs are few of us know. What there is in I. W. W-ism to recommend it to A. F. of L. workers we do not know.

THE other day I happened into a group of small boys, playing hooky from school. They were flushed and noisy with the excitement of it. They were full of a sort of jaunty defiance. Deep down they realized uncomfortably that they weren't doing the right thing. They weren't doing the right thing for themselves; they weren't doing the right thing for their school, or for the community they were a part of. But they weren't allowing these thoughts in their minds. To-day they had snatched a holiday. To-day they were beyond the teacher, and the hard benches and the grind of lessons. To-day they could play. And so they played — furiously — uproariously. To-morrow they would pay the fiddler.

And that is what I. W. W-ism is. The Wobblies are the bad boys of industry. They are playing hooky in life's school. And worse — they have made a philosophy of it, and they preach it as a labor creed. Is it any wonder that they have found recruits and that this comfortable creed of slackerism has met a response from the shiftless, the will-less and the lawless of the working class — a response of a mighty following?

The magic of I. W. W-ism doesn't lie in its grandiose plan of a one big union. It doesn't lie in the Marxian abracadabra which it passes off as its philosophy. It lies in its spirit of lawlessness. It lies in its silly promise to expropriate capitalism and share up the capitalist wealth.

In industry I. W. W-ism is the philosophy of slacker workers. In every group of working-men there is an inevitable percentage of shirkers and brawlers. Every union of the A. F. of L. has them. In every factory they are noisily in evidence. They are grown-up boys. They detest law, restraint and the discipline of work. They are inflammable material and any demagogue can kindle them into violence. Without the discretion of any philosophy, they are instinctively saboteurs in times of order; they are the vanguard in times of strike. It is out of this material that the I. W. W. builds itself.

What I. W. W-ism does is to unite these men by bringing them a philosophy. It rings the changes upon their grievances, real or fancied. It preaches to them the very welcome program of being lazy. It panders to their class hatred. It proclaims license from law. It promises them the fabulous booty of capitalism. And it dignifies its program by wrapping it in a plausible Marxian philosophy.

Of course, they are in the minority. The vicious are always in the minority. That is why civilization has always been able to totter upward in spite of its deadheads and barnacles; the sheer power of the industrious majority has dragged the slackers upward with it. Those who have worked have worked a little harder, and carried the wastrels, but then there has never been such a thing as a philosophy of slackerism.

This is the deadly danger of I. W. W-ism — why the reality is likely to be even worse than our conception. I. W. W-ism is reaching into the industries, into the unions, into the cesspool slums of cities, picking out the deadheads. It is uniting them into an organization, it is intoxicating them with the doctrine that laziness or inefficiency or sabotage is a glorious revolutionary gesture; it is filling their weak minds with dreams of power and hopes of days of workless plenty. It is throwing a glamor around their laziness, making a philosophy of their viciousness.

Now Shirkerism, as practised by the individual lazy man, is a social loss, but it is not a social cataclysm. The thrift of the majority can be depended upon to liquidate it. But Shirkerism practised methodically by organized shirkers; Shirkerism practised fanatically by hundreds of thousands of men who are obsessed with Marxian determinism; Shirkerism which carries with it such a glamor of solidarity and class feeling that even the industrious majority are swamped and corrupted by it — such Shirkerism, if allowed to continue to grow, would eventually prostrate our industrial life. It would bring down our industries like a house of cards. The teachings of I. W. W-ism, if allowed to continue unchecked, inevitably would lead to national and economic ruin.

In reality it isn't radicalism — radicalism in the decent sense — that ails the country. It is Shirkerism.

Every gain that I. W. W-ism makes in the trade unions is a blow at the industriousness and the skill of labor. I. W. W-ism in control of the unions means the end of sane, healthy unionism — the unionism that taught that worker and boss were jointly interested in the efficiency of industry, and that disputes should be settled by conciliation.

Instead, it commits the unions to the poisonous doctrine that "the working class and the employing class have nothing in common." It is whispering to labor that, in order to hit the boss, they must also hit the factory. It is inducing labor to shorten hours to absurdity, to reduce output to the point of actual loss, to waste raw material, to turn out inferior goods, to reject efficiency systems, to replace foremen by shop committees, to argue and to dispute and to tie up production at every opportunity by guerilla strikes. It is advocating the "intermittent strike" and the "strike on the job" and the "general sympathetic strike." It preaches that contracts and promises to the boss are but "scraps of paper."

We have seen that I. W. W-ism is the philosophy of the slacker — it is also the philosophy of the law-breaker and the yegg. I say this notwithstanding the protestations of the Wobblies that they are law-abiding. I. W. W-ism is a philosophy which has sprung from the criminal yeggmen of the West.

The author of "Skinner's Dress Suit"
has hit the center of the target again.

The Ladies and Joe O'Brien

by Henry Irving Dodge

In the September McClure's

Haywood's evidence ought to be convincing on this point. It was Haywood himself who roared in Cooper Union, in the heyday of his Lawrence Strike victory, "I am not a law-abiding citizen." The declaration was taken up by I. W. W. members throughout the country as a slogan. It was printed boastfully in the I. W. W. press. By their own words the highest leaders of the I. W. W. proclaimed their lawlessness.

And there is that other slogan that Wobblies have delighted to repeat, the jury speech of the late Jack Whyte — "To hell with your courts, we know what justice is." This speech was printed as an official document of the organization. It is related of another very well-known I. W. W. organizer that when tried in Kansas City for a violation of the law, he refused to speak until sentence was about to be passed. Then, leaning forward with a leer upon his features, he spat a mouthful of tobacco juice full in the face of the judge. It was a characteristic act. The I. W. W. exults to spit at the law.

There is an impression in certain circles that the I. W. W. is a victimized and shamefully treated organization, that the law is continually persecuting it, that the real I. W. W. is a clean-handed, law-abiding labor union being punished because of its revolutionary principles. The I. W. W. itself has purposely spread this impression in its propaganda, but it is false; the real I. W. W. leaders themselves do not believe it.

I recall an incident that I witnessed — an incident that vividly illustrates the real I. W. W. attitude. It was a day last November. The news of the Centralia murders had just reached the I. W. W. General Office building. It was a dramatic moment, a moment in which men reveal their true emotions, their innermost thoughts. There was little question of the guilt of the Centralia Wobblies. Even Haywood was constrained to give an interview to the press that same day expressing the hope that the I. W. W. prisoners would be punished if found guilty. Here in their own private office, however, off-stage so to speak, the national leaders of the organization gave expression to their true feelings.

"We've got three more of the parasites," gloated one industrial union secretary as he drank in the newspaper headlines.

"This is the greatest thing the I. W. W. has ever done," declared an I. W. W. lecturer. Grunts of approval came from all over the office. Within ten minutes the leaders had gathered in formal meeting and were planning ways and means of raising funds to defend the murderers.

Such is the invariable I. W. W. attitude toward crime. So long as the crime is committed by a "Wobbly" — by one of the gang — his fellow workers glory in the crime and laud the criminal.

There was the Joe Hill case. Joe Hill was convicted in Utah in November, 1915, for the murder of a grocer who caught him robbing his store. He was identified by two witnesses and, while denying his guilt, steadfastly refused to offer an alibi or to give any account of his whereabouts on the night of the crime. In the face of his silence, there was no possible result but conviction. He was executed by a firing squad.

This was a case of banditry pure and simple; there was no connection between a midnight robbery and the cause of Social Revolution. But Joe Hill was a member of the I. W. W. and the whole I. W. W. rose in his defense. The convicted bandit was martyrized; his picture was hung in every Wobbly hall; songs were written about him, protest meetings were held throughout the country and the day of his execution is now observed every year by every I. W. W. branch.

This man, even by the furthest stretch of imagination, cannot be looked upon otherwise than as the victim of his own private misdeeds. As a member of the I. W. W. he should have been expelled for his act, and yet the I. W. W. canonized him.

It is illuminating to recall that the originators of I. W. W-ism were semi-criminal "yeggs." Who are the "yeggmen"? They are found among the submerged everywhere, but their chief habitat is the West. They are not professional criminals but they are violent haters of the law; they drift into crime periodically. They are modern Ismaelites; their hand is against every man's, and every man's hand is against them. Occasionally, the "yeggman" is a migratory worker; occasionally he is a tin horn gambler; occasionally he is a "hi-jack," but always he is a roamer — shiftless, dissipated, embittered. It was such men as these founded the I. W. W. and the leading officials of the organization to-day are "ex-yeggmen."

IN the western branches of the I. W. W., the yegg element is especially prominent. Perhaps this explains the violent opposition which the citizens of the West have offered the Wobblies. In the Agricultural Workers' Union, for instance, the largest of the I. W. W. industrial unions, many of the branches are openly controlled by hi-jacks. The hi-jack is a freight train bandit; he rides the freight trains in armed gangs and holds up returning harvesters and robs them of their stakes. Wobbly card holders, however, are never held up, for the hi-jacks are themselves "fellow-workers." Some of them vary their banditry by going out as I. W. W. organizers. During the last harvest season two of the members of the national executive board of this union were notorious hi-jacks.

I recall a member who was secretary of the I. W. W. for a time in Kansas City. He was a man skilled in chemicals, and his activity in the I. W. W. was only his side line. In his real profession he was what the criminal world calls a "pete man" — a safe blower. He would disappear for mysterious periods of time and return with bulging pockets. Another I. W. W. organizer whom I knew was an I. W. W. only in the winter (when men wore overcoats, as he explained to me). In the summer he was a pickpocket.

One has only to examine the I. W. W. bulletins of the last few years to get an idea of the number of criminals in the organization. There are continual allusions to fellow worker this or fellow worker that, arrested for some crime — highway robbery, housebreaking, confidence games or even murder. Unt very recently nearly all these cases wer defended by I. W. W. organization lawyers. In every case the old cry of "frame-up" was raised, but the real guilt was usually unmistakable.

I remember an experience of my own which is to the point. Two of us were waylaid on a side street in Cleveland late at night. We had thrown up our hands promptly enough at the command of the three bandits and they were flashing their electric torch over our faces. One of them suddenly cried out, "They're fellow workers!" "Show your cards," demanded the leader of the party. They inspected the cards carefully to see that our dues were paid up, and then, "You're all right, boes. We're just out expropriating a little capitalist wealth." Two years later one of the men came to me in an I. W. W. headquarters and reminded me of the meeting.

The Unknown Committee in the McKees' Rocks Strike of 1909, which issued the order for the death of three Constabulary troops and executed it, may or may not have been an I. W. W. committee, but can it be denied that it was an I. W. W. strike? The list is a long one. Wherever the I. W. W. has come into a community, there lawlessness and disorder have followed. Everett, Centralia, Fresno, Butte, Bisbee, Spokane — all give grim testimony to the yegg history of I. W. W-ism. And how could anything but violence follow I. W. W-ism? The two leading commandments in the I. W. W. decalogue are (1st) *Might Makes Right*, and (2nd) *The End Justifies the Means.*

"The working class, may it ever be right, but right or wrong, the working class!" spouted Haywood in one of his latest speeches. And so the I. W. W. has always been — glorifying its MacNamaras, heroizing its Hills, memorializing its Wesley Everetts. All for the greater glory of the working class!

And it is this wastrel philosophy, this I. W. W-ism of yeggmen, that is now being planted in the American Federation of Labor and "bored" into every independent union. Unaware of its origin, American workers are accepting this I. W. W-ism, deluded by its seeming idealism. Little by little, this jungle creed is insinuating itself into their minds and polluting them. It is playing upon their weakness, and encouraging their vices; it is demoralizing civilization.

It is obvious that something must be done. Our hope lies in American loyalty. There is a limit beyond which I. W. W-ism cannot go, and that limit, in my opinion, has been almost reached; it is the limit of American loyalty. With all their aggressiveness and craft the "borers-from-within" have never been able to infect the essentially American element of labor. It was this element that saved the day in the Steel Strike; it is this element in the American Federation of Labor that is impervious to the Reds.

It is because American labor is not organized and aroused to meet this menace that the Yegg philosophers seem to gain sometimes. I remember an instance of dramatic loyalty in one of the western coal mine strikes. The miners had gone out over some grievances, had quarreled with their officials, and had been expelled from the union. I.W.W. organizers sought to influence them to take out red cards; their speakers at special meetings of the disgruntled miners launched torrents of abuse against the Gompers union. The miners were struck by the suddenness of it. For a moment they were wavering on the point of joining the I. W. W.

Then an elongated, bony, overalled figure, with a square-cut jaw, stood up in the rear of the hall. He pointed to a flag which was draped on the wall.

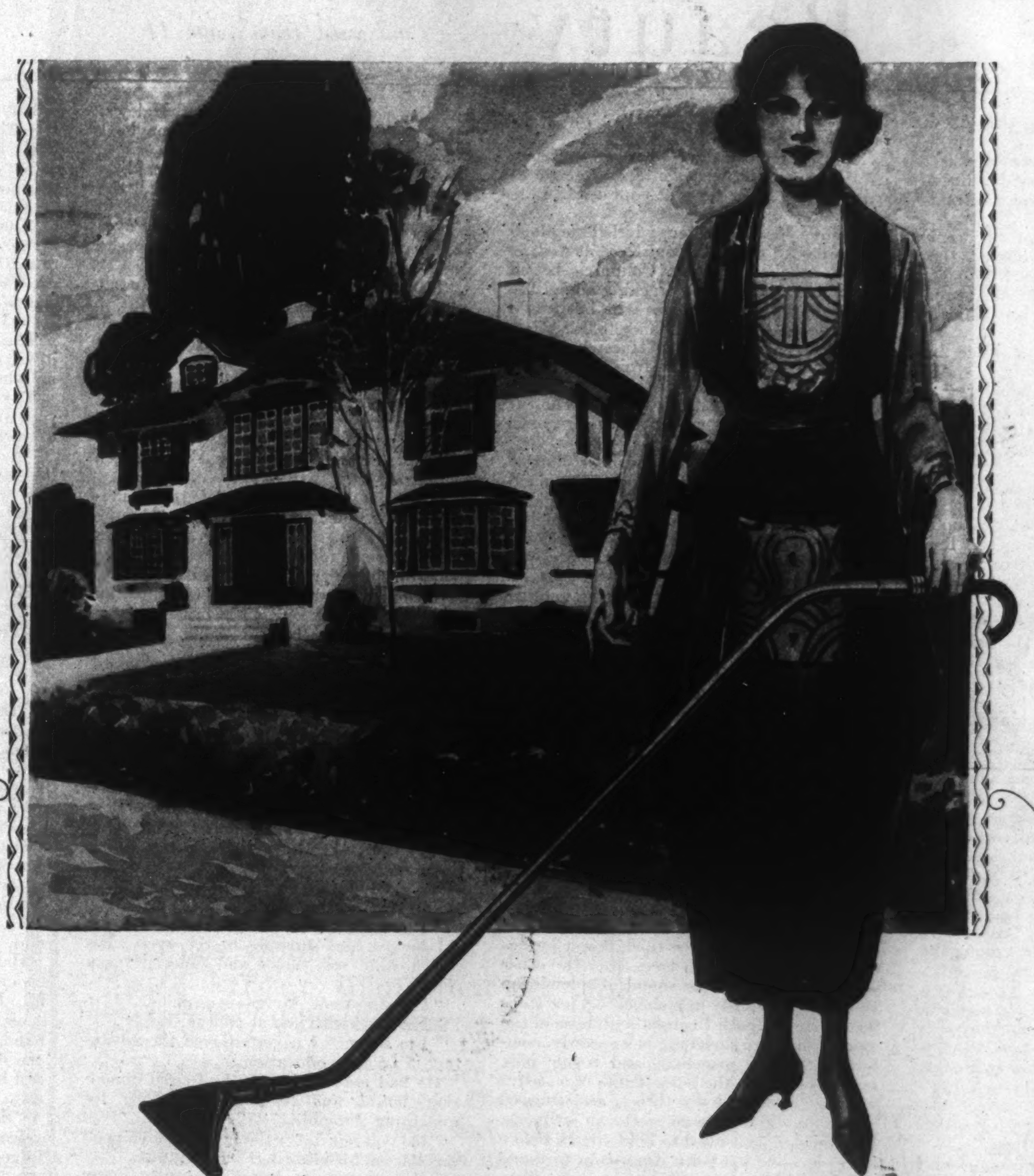
"Brothers," he shouted, "are you Americans?"

"Yes!" came back the roar.

"Very well," he rejoined, "but Bill Haywood is not. Remember the War!" And, with a pause, "We've got a good grievance against Sam Gompers, I'll admit. But I for one have got no grievance against the good old U. S. A. My boy fought for it. And may my hand wither if it ever signs an application to join a gang that are plotting revolution against my country. And that's final."

He sat down. There was a moment of silence. Then, almost unanimously, a motion was presented and thundered through to exclude the I. W. W. from the hall. In a week, their differences adjusted, the striking miners were back in the A. F. of L.

Such is the real spirit of healthy-minded American workers — the spirit that always has and always will make the country safe.



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Beauty

—— *Continued from page 11*

in league with the perfumed drug that filled the air.

"But why the umbrella?" I persisted.

"To keep off the moonlight," he explained quite without humor. "That woman's afraid it will bewitch her."

Bewitched by the island moon! I gazed into the black shadows which squared the whiteness of the road. And then I thought of the business which had brought me there.

"Do you know an American here named Haley?" I asked.

"Haley?" Mr. Carnot sat a while in thought. "In business here?"

"I don't know. He was a doctor — a fairly well-known surgeon — and I've been sent to see him in a family matter."

"No doctor here by that name," he announced without hesitation.

"He's given up his practise, I should say. Fact is, he disappeared —"

"Oh-h-h-h!" Mr. Carnot held this note a long time. "When they get into *that* line of course it's pretty hard to place them — by name."

"Ked Haley isn't the sort who would change his name," I stoutly maintained.

"How do you know?" I saw the patch of white that was his face and fancied that it wore a smile.

"I know Ked Haley."

"And, if you'll pardon me, I think I know San Marcos."

The idea of truthful Ked's changing his character and sneaking behind an alias was too ridiculous to consider, yet it was the only hypothesis upon which Mr. Carnot would work. He proved most helpful, once this suspicion was admitted to his mind. In a few terse sentences he dismissed Ked Haley from the ranks of respectability.

"If you want to find your friend," he finally handed down his opinion, "I'm awfully afraid you'll have to beat about among the hill-billies and the beach-combers."

"For Ked Haley?"

"I know." He stopped me by laying a kindly hand on my knee. "San Marcos is full of stories. What did he look like?"

"Tall man, rather raw-boned, very powerful. Light brown hair, inclined to curl — he always wore it very short —heavy features, but clean cut. Keen grey eyes that looked straight through you. Here — "

I brought out a youthful portrait which I had cut from a college annual. Mr. Carnot clicked on the porch light and examined it. It showed Haley in football pads, just as a camera had caught him one afternoon as he talked on the side lines.

"THAT picture's over twenty years old." I explained. "He had grown solider and more stooped when I saw him last, but you'd recognize him from the snapshot."

My host shook his head.

"There's a fellow named Captain Tom living with a native woman down by the dock; there's California Jack — still in jail for chicken stealing — nobody like this picture. Quite a hive of 'em, taken altogether. He might easily be here and I know nothing about it. They hide like night-birds, some of these chaps. But just leave it to me and I'll have him for you — if he's here."

I didn't leave it to Mr. Carnot — not entirely. It would have been as well had I done so. I spent a week rummaging through cocoanut groves or peering into feeble and sinister faces along those rows of two-room, paper-thin houses which, with their pink sides, purple roofs and blue doors, give the effect of a street of palmists' booths outside a state fair. I interviewed fat, half-clad idlers who slouched among the goats in vacant lots where naked boys shrieked Spanish as they slid from base to base in an island version of American baseball. Scarred roustabouts growled at me through their rope-shaped cigars and denied the name of Haley.

It was on the Tuesday before my sailing date that André Carnot telephoned me.

"I'm sending my car for you," explained the soul of efficiency. "If you'll come to my office I'll have something for you."

Mr. Carnot in his office at the Banca Americana smiled over a surface of polished mahogany and wasted no time.

"There's a little town called Rincon about forty miles up the *Camino Real*. My chauffeur will take you as far as the old road. You'll need a horse there. I've made arrangements for that."

"You've found Haley?" I asked, puzzled.

"His name's Brown," he replied enigmatically. "It's a fair guess at your description, anyhow."

Carnot's yellow chauffeur whirled me along the royal road which a Spanish *conquestadore*, not so long after the days of Columbus, hewed out of solid rock, whips cracking across the shoulders of enslaved Caribs who buttressed the grades with stone and concrete, for which the modern motorist is sincerely much obliged. Under a bread-fruit tree well among the mountains a *peon* with two American horses stood in waiting. The car stopped and I was turned over to my guide.

IT was a terrible road up which we plunged a-horseback. We scrambled past numerous miserable hamlets of palm-thatched huts where women, in crazy hammocks, smoked long cigars, and men planned cock-fights under the shade of lush banana palms. Scrawny children gazed at us with lack-luster eyes.

My guide paused in the midst of another such settlement and began calling into vacancy. A thin yellow face appeared at a door and then ensued one of those Spanish discussions which sounded like the beating of quarrelsome eggs in a wooden bowl. I caught the name Brown constantly repeated amidst the frothing syllables. Women and children swarmed from under the untidy thatch and a dozen naked arms gesticulated toward the hillside and the house behind the palms.

It was the best house in the village, a fine house according to the hill standard. It had a roof of curved tiles and a porch of many colors, brilliant as a parrot.

Leaving my guide at the entrance to the little estate I walked up a sanded pathway edged with whitewashed stones. To one side I noticed a clump of low thick flower bushes under an ancient palm tree, from the other side of which came the sound of a low deep voice reciting slowly in Spanish. A few steps farther up the path I caught a glimpse of the man's tall figure slouching in a sprawly, comfortable-looking armchair, and beside him, seated on a mat, the feline figure of a native woman. I cleared my throat, embarrassed at my intrusion upon so pretty an intimacy, but the man continued to hold a book before his eyes while his voice droned on in liquid syllables incomprehensible to me. Suddenly the woman looked up and laughed; she was teasing him, I conjectured, about his childish pronunciation. It was a delicate little face that she turned up to him, eyes like black stars, cheeks like apricots, fine hair primly arranged and showing purple lights, a sensual little mouth flashing with white teeth. The man lowered his book and smiled back at her. I got all this in one of those flashes which can reveal the history of a world.

She saw me and came to her feet with a little cry. What a quaint trifle she was with her full skirts of printed calico, her tight waist ruffled at neck and wrists, her white cotton stockings and tawdry satin slippers! The man turned his bushy head slowly, got sight of me and scrambled clumsily to his feet. Shoddy calico pajamas fell shroud-like round his skinny form as he stood up and permitted me to gaze and gaze.

Who had I here? Grey eyes deep sunk between bones over which yellowish skin was pulled tight as a drum-head, a scraggly beard touched with grey, a neglected crop of curly hair falling bushily over his collar. I might have been looking upon the eccentric uncle of the Ked Haley with whom I had shared my room during the four bravest years of youth.

"Looking for somebody?" he asked, in an unfriendly voice which came hollow through his beard.

"My name's Stevenson," I began floundering helplessly.

"Yes?"

He looked me in the eye just an instant and made no sign of recognition. Those eyes were not Ked Haley's; I was almost convinced that I had made a mistake.

"Look here," I spurted out, suddenly losing patience, "you know me well enough. I've come here looking for you — "

The quaint little woman, who had retreated a little to one side, interrupted with a question in Spanish, but he hushed her roughly.

"What sort of game is this?" he drawled, and the voice was certainly not Haley's. "If you'll tell me what you want maybe I can do something for you."

"I want Dr. Keddleston Haley," I said, as clearly as I knew how. "I've come all the way from New York to — "

Instinctive pity caused me to glance over at the pretty native woman and hope she would go.

"Talk on," he commanded. "She doesn't understand English."

"Your wife sent me here," I explained, lowering my voice.

"My what?"

"Your wife in New York."

"Proceed with your dream!" he sneered, and the grimace, showing his long yellow teeth, made him look ghastly ill. "What does my — er — wife in New York happen to want?"

"She sent me as her legal representative —" I seemed to be telling it to the unresponsive hills. "She wants you to know that she's sorry for whatever part she played in your misunderstanding. She is anxious to have you come back to her and take up your work at the place where it was broken off."

"Is that all?" The miserable sick smile was still on his face.

"That is substantially the message she sent."

"Well, Mr. — I'm afraid I've forgotten your name — "

"Stevenson —"

"Mr. Stevenson, I'm sorry you've come so far out of your way on a false scent. I don't know of any Dr. Haley on this island. Possibly there is such a man practising medicine at the port. I believe there *was* a Haley there, or some such name."

His attitude, as he stood, book in hand, plainly invited my departure.

"Then you don't remember me?"

I looked him squarely in the eyes. His return stare was blank and innocent as a child's.

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Stevenson."

"I roomed with you at college."

"I'm sorry. I never enjoyed the advantage of a college education."

He had me walking in the fourth dimension, but I was grasping desperately for something tangible.

"Do you remember the night you whipped big Barnes for cheating?" I asked.

"You seem to be using up a great many proper names, Mr. Stevenson," he drawled, and the unfriendly look was now undeniable. "I'm sorry I can't help you. If you'll excuse me — I'm taking a Spanish lesson."

I paused an instant upon the forlorn hope of awakening him to recognition.

"At least I can tell your wife that I saw you, Ked Haley."

"My name is Brown, if you don't mind."

This was hopeless. Therefore I went my befuddled way.

I returned to the Carnot house in time to dress for dinner. My kindly host had the air of one who had accomplished everything, and it was late in the evening before he took the trouble to ask,

"Find the man you were looking for?"

"No," I was obliged to tell him.

"What? Not Haley at all?"

"Quite another person."

My boat sailed next day at noon. André Carnot was down to see me off. We were shaking hands at the end of the corridor when a skeleton of a man jammed his shabby suitcase against my legs as he brushed rudely by.

"YOU'RE going to have a merry roommate, I see!" smiled Carnot.

I looked again. Shambling into my stateroom I recognized the grey ghost of Dr. Keddleston Haley.

The ship had scarcely got herself out of the painted harbor and to sea than I returned to my stateroom to find that the man had taken to bed — my bed. I had been particular to engage the lower berth; but as I saw the unkempt head, hollow-eyed and colorless, lying on my pillow, I lacked the heart to remind him of his mistake. I laid my hand on a bony shoulder and he opened his eyes to stare blankly.

"All in, Ked?" I asked as I might have done in college days.

"What are you talking about?" he asked faintly, staring like a man already dead.

This was no ordinary case of seasickness, I concluded. The man looked to be dying. Early in the evening I brought in the ship's doctor. After enduring the routine from thermometer to stethoscope the patient wried his face to a yellow grin and muttered,

"Don't bother with a diagnosis, doctor. Pernicious anemia. Some pompous ass is probably reading a paper right now, informing the Medical Society that hookworm is a simple problem if treated vigorously. Hello? How in hell did *you* get here?"

This last profanity was addressed to me, for it was evident that Haley had not recognized me when I aroused him in the afternoon.

The doctor was rubbing the patient's arm with alcohol on a patch of cotton. At sight of the hypodermic needle Haley smiled again.

"A quarter of a grain, doctor," he chuckled, " — about one stanza of the Rubaiyat."

It was in that statement that he acknowledged his identity.

"There's a smart chap gone wrong," said the doctor when we conferred outside the stateroom. "Why in the world should a white man let himself get into such a state?"

"His diagnosis was right, I fancy."

"Perfectly. He couldn't have chosen a worse time of year to jump out of the tropics. New York's all under ice."

THAT was cheering. Ked Haley's condition was neither better nor worse during our days of Northern coursing through the soft seas. When we were traveling flush with the frozen edge of a Continent and the waters were showing bleakly grey I sent a wireless to Mrs. Haley saying that I was bringing her husband home. One early morning — we were twelve hours out of New York harbor — the ship's doctor stopped me as I was coming up from breakfast.

"I think your friend wants to see you," he said, and passed on.

Haley was propped up against the wall and his eyes burned like living coals when I came in. He opened his mouth to speak, but no sound came. He clutched desperately at my hand, and then his look seemed to clear. For the first time I saw the eyes of Ked Haley as I had known them when he walked among men.

"Sit down, Sammy," he said at last in a voice which was startlingly calm. "Let's forget this nonsense. Now listen to me."

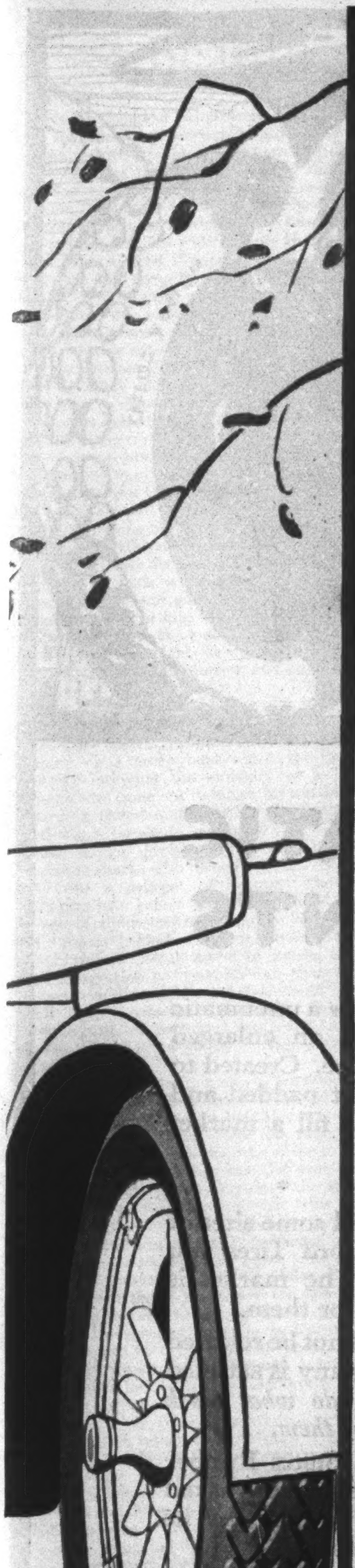
When I came on deck at last the wind was cutting like a steel wire. Swaddled to my ears in a fur coat I stood against the rail considering the life of Ked Haley, trying to understand it and to justify him.

One crucial morning, two years before, he went into his office and turned his practise over to his associate. His nerves had failed, he said, and he no longer trusted himself in the operating room. He hadn't had a vacation for five years; the ugliness of New York's winter was driving him insane; he was mad to get away from snow and slushy sidewalks; he wanted to set foot in the tropics and strengthen his heart with the feeling that beauty still lived in the world.

Beauty! For such a dream he had cut the rope which held him to respectable society, to the solid, prosperous world he had conquered. Beauty! He had never found it in his married life. He had rummaged fruitlessly among artificial things, cunningly created by man — pictures, porcelains, carpets, fashioned to give charm to lives that harsh winter and civilization had made charmless. Overwork and driving ambition — ambition driven to exhaustion — had much to do with Ked Haley's disappearance.

He left New York gadding himself with a bitter truth which stung as sharply as the blizzard raging in from the Jersey shore. He had never loved his wife — at least he could have loved any of a dozen women just as well. He looked with hatred back upon the ice-bound port to which, he thought then, he must soon return. It had rewarded him with the ashes of success for his ability to mend sick bodies and pitch them back into the ant-like struggle. His intention upon setting out had been capricious. Only a change of scene, a chance for a while to forget the ugliness of modernity. . . .

"I never thought it would be so beautiful," he told me this afternoon, huddled feverishly in a corner of his berth and clinging to my hand like a frightened child. [*Continued on page 45*]



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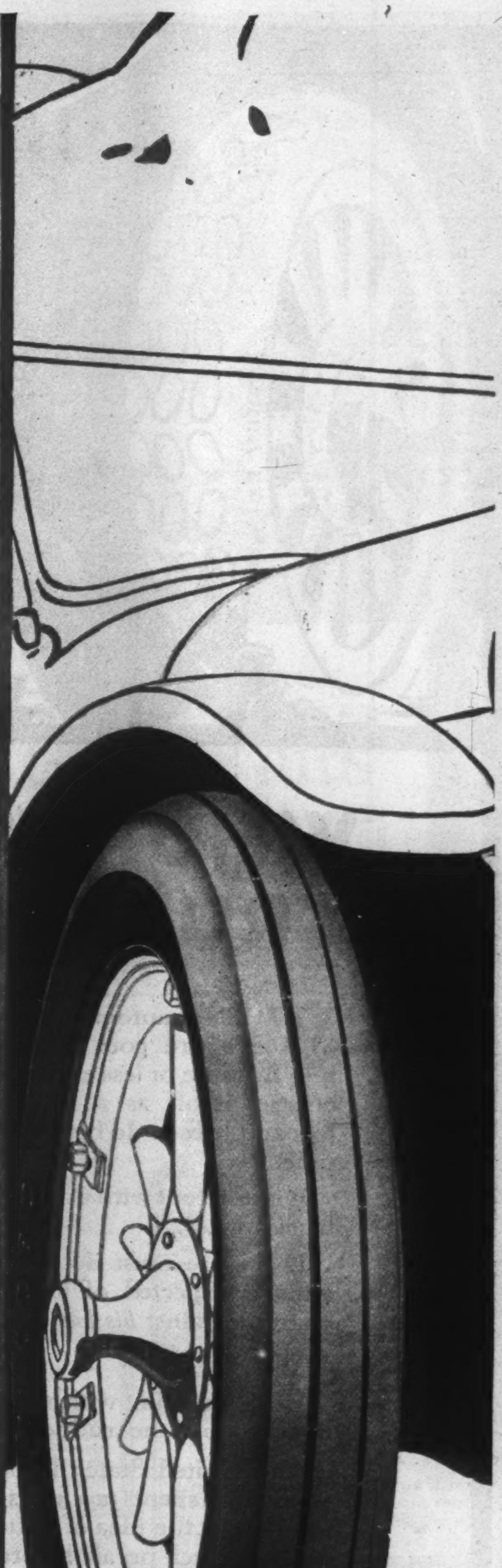

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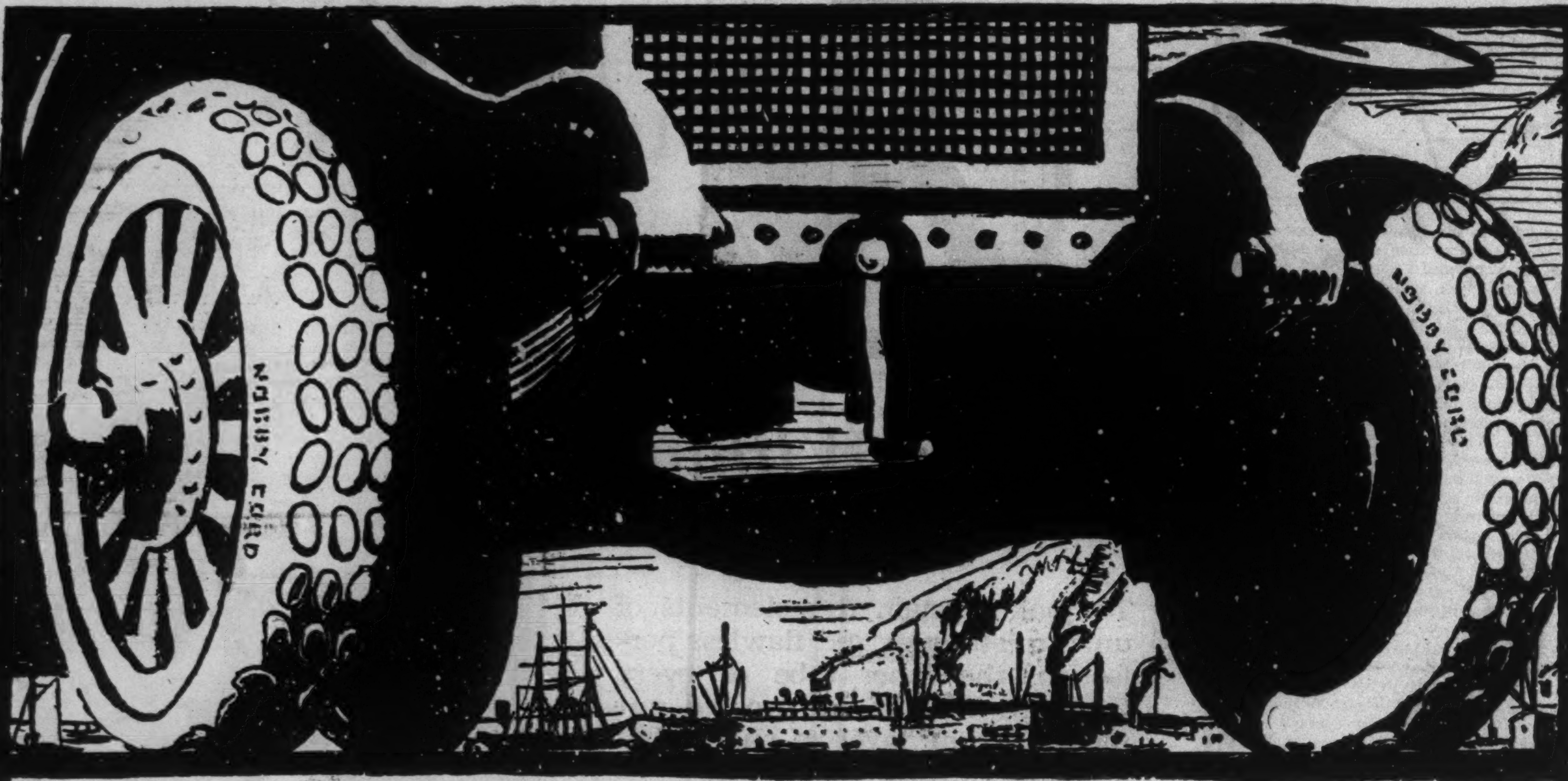

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U.S. Pneumatic Truck Tires

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Beauty

Continued from page 42

The first sight of San Marcos, rising out of the sea, then that bewitching glimpse of the sapphire port, a painted town marching down the hills, the jagged knolls in the distance waving cannibal plumes against arrow-beams of sun; it all came to Ked Haley like a benediction to melt the hardness of his heart. He knew from the first wide glimpse that it was the thing he had always wanted. It was love, he could never leave it. It was like the aspect of a woman whose every gesture is perfection; one looks upon her and wonders why other women should walk the earth.

Ked Haley entered San Marcos with a lie. He who had made blunt truth-telling a fetish, and a clumsy one at times, found it convenient here to change his name. This small deception caused him not the slightest qualm. To be forever trying to explain himself seemed an effort too much in this Paradise whose only obligation was to be beautiful. Paradise cared not a rap what he did or said so long as he became a part of it.

There was no need to worry about money. He had brought sufficient with him to keep him indefinitely according to the island standard. He made a deposit in an obscure Spanish bank and gave himself over to the pleasures of drifting. He would be going home soon. For the first month or so he lied to himself every night; he would hunt up the steamship offices to-morrow and engage his passage.

But to-morrow would find him lost in a cocoanut grove, squatting still as an idol, eyes fixed upon the wonder of the sea; or reclining on a green bank above the dunes, sleepily enjoying the curiosity of a little *iguana* who came out to pouch his wattles; or charging naked and shouting down to the surf where he would splash for hours in the warm indigo, protected by coral barriers from the sharks who lurked beyond. Every day was a pageant of beauty. The sun breaking into golden glory in the East, the swoon of midday when humanity lay flat as hot stones behind shady jalousies. Then would come sunset, a skyful of molten color, a conflagration so heavenly tall that even the eastern sky would catch fire, would burst into flowery reflections, the color of peach, of amethyst, of tea-rose; and below it all the sea would lie, a gently moving sheet of mother-of-pearl.

A modernist up to then, a worshiper of sanitation, it took Ked Haley no time at all to drift into the ways of the beach-comber. He struck hands with the queer folk along the wharves. He never lacked the silver to pay for a bottle of gin, therefore the wine-shop gangs sang his praises far into the tropic night. They were a monkeyish tribe who took words for deeds and would sit together, as long as the drinks held out, telling glorious lies about places they had never seen, feats they had never performed. Haley never contradicted them; they gave the flavor of Sinbad to this remote wonder-place. Entering into the spirit of the game he learned to match boasts with the worst of them. In a few short weeks he had become a famous after-dinner liar; dull grey facts got a man nowhere in San Marcos.

After a while Haley stopped fooling himself about his return to New York — it was too much trouble to be always trumping up excuses. He had sufficient capital to buy himself a hut in the hills. He could raise chickens and live on what he had left — until that was gone. He dreamed over this plan for some time, but took no action. Action seemed to disturb the perfect arrangement of Paradise.

Under the old terra-cotta fort by the harbor entrance there was a cave-like hole, the ruin of what had once been a dungeon. Here, Haley heard, the Spanish rulers once kept heretics confined until the day when they should be burned in public and furnish a holy entertainment for San Marcos. Loitering along the walls one morning he peered into this haunted cave and was amused to see that a native family had taken abode there. Far in the stony depths he could see hammocks swung across the corners, and there was a table littered with cooking utensils and a battered chair or two. Somewhere inside a baby was crying and the pleasant voice of a woman crooned in *patois*.

Having nothing in the world to do, Haley loitered to glut an idle curiosity. Presently a young woman came out, slender and light-stepping as a cat. She wore a ruffled skirt of pink print, of a shade never seen in the North. Over her shoulders she had thrown a scarf of dull orange. Her skin was like the flush on a ripe apricot, her eyes brilliant black and merry, her hair Madonna-like in its simplicity of line. To her features there was that fineness and distinction of modeling one often sees in the race where Carib is crossed with Spaniard.

She was on her way to market, busy with her own careless thoughts. She looked neither to right nor to left, but the spying Haley could all but feel her breath as she brushed his ambush among the leaves. Upon the instant he thought again of a palm-thatch among the hills, of dreamy days and perfumed nights, Paradise and Eve.

Carnival time came to the island a little later. Rich planters, prosperous Americans, all the quality went *en masque* to the *Theatro Municipal* and displayed themselves in decorous grandeur. To a noisy circus tent upon the beach the riff-raff came in rented costumes to imitate the great, and go them a little better. The place was called the *Salon Eva* and was famous for a native band which played accompaniments to a wild-eyed virtuoso. This man was truly wonderful. By running a chicken-bone pick over holes in a giant gourd he produced rilling, liquid sounds which drove the dancers to ecstasies.

Haley and his Sinbad gang went to the *Salon Eva*. He paid for their costumes which they rented from a dirty Portuguese on a dirty side street. The women wore masks. The chicken-bone pick went wilder and wilder over its perforated gourd. The dancing was, perhaps, a shade more candid than that you may see any night in the average American country club. In rows of camp-chairs along the sides of the tent, fat and elderly natives smoked cigars or sucked wild oranges as they gloated stolidly.

In her flowery costume — no less bizarre than the one she daily wore in and out of her cavern under the old fort — Haley recognized the girl who had passed him on her way a-marketing. There was no mistaking the simple beauty of her hair, the proud lines of her little neck. He danced with her time and again. Late in the evening, he snatched away her mask and, despite her pretended rage, was rejoiced to know that his guess had been right.

WHEN the wreck of Ked Haley, lying doubled up in the lower berth of my state-room, had come to the story of Carmelita Gomez, the borrowed strength which my hand-clasp seemed to give him ebbed away into nothing. His eyes closed. I saw the cruelty of it and was struggling to lay him back on his pillows when he wrung my fingers more fiercely than before.

"Sit still!" he whispered and presently was gazing at me from the deep sockets of his eyes.

"She was adorable! I found in her something I had always wanted and didn't know I wanted — just as I found San Marcos. I was wild about her, Sammy, from the minute I saw her, the hour I married her — "

"Married her!" I broke in, shocked by the thought of that deliberate crime.

Haley gave me one of his ghastly grins.

"What difference did it make? Mrs. Haley and Mrs. Brown — utter strangers. I might have taken her without a license — but I wanted her always, Sammy. If you'd known how I felt. A renegade Swedish parson did the job. Carmelita hadn't any religion, except — "

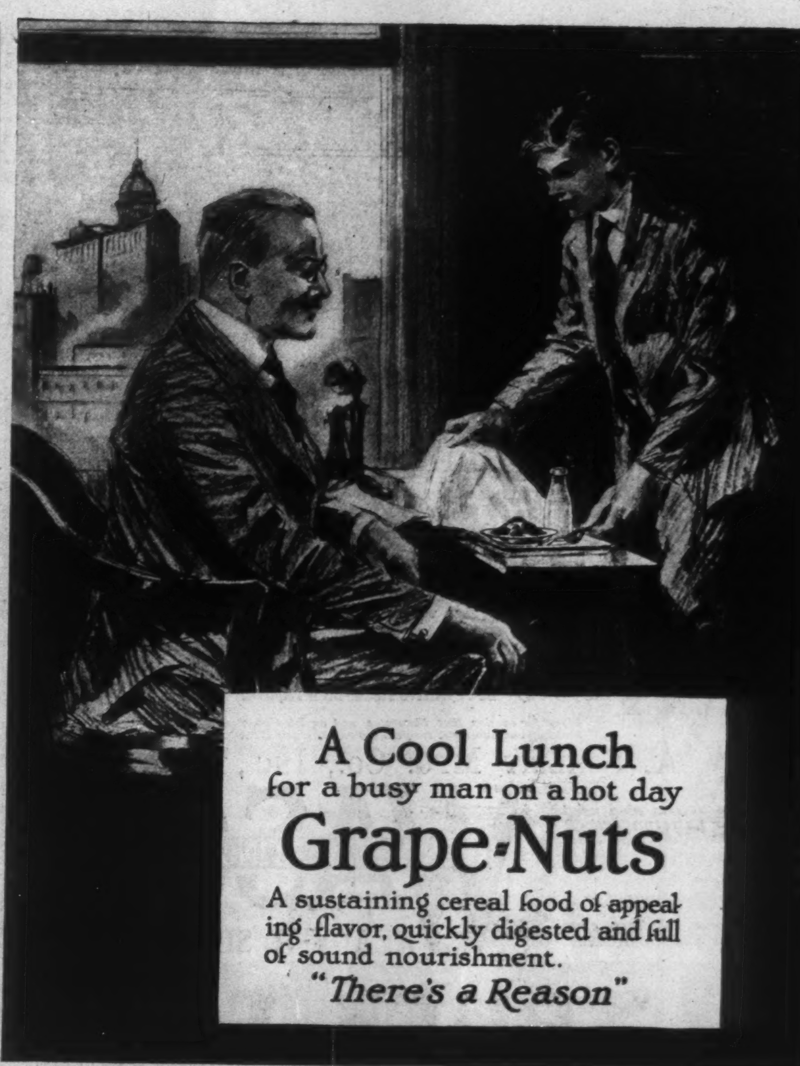
He paused again.

"Except what?" I was obliged to question.

"Love," he said, and then, "I sometimes wondered about that baby in the cave under the fort. But San Marcos never worries any more than it tells the truth when a lie would be pleasanter."

Ked Haley had been living with her well over a year on the day when I appeared to him like a specter out of the past.

It was a year of drugged sweetness. These tropic people never seem to sleep. Under their canopy, looking out upon the Southern Cross, they could hear always the pad-padding of naked feet, the low, mysterious laughter of nocturnal wanderers. Far away in some sugar *central* the factory whistle would blow hourly blasts hoarse as fog warnings, bullocks would low, lovers would sing quaintly under the stars. A tree which blooms at dusk and which the Spaniards call the "Lady of the Night" filled the slow winds with heavenly perfume.



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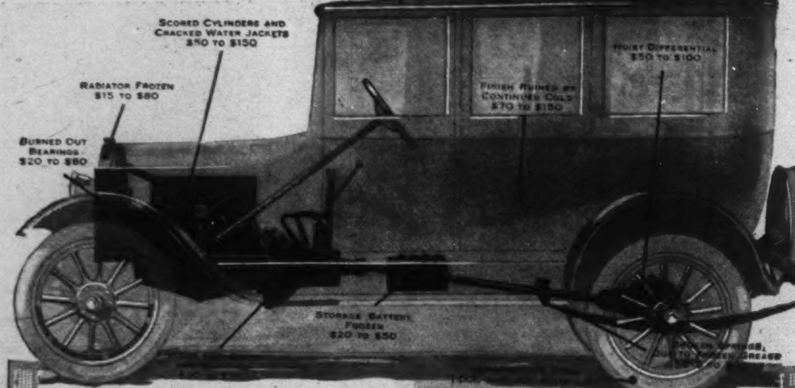

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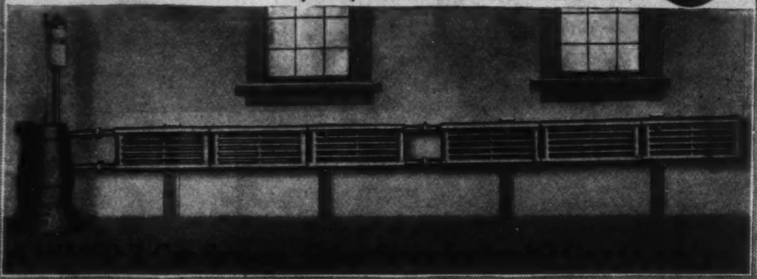

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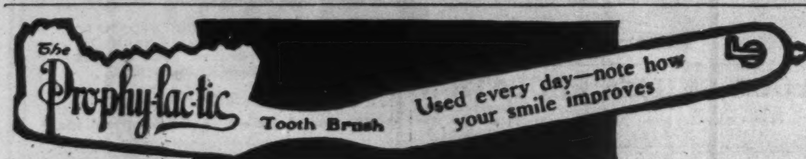

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Haley struck a bargain in real estate and got the bungalow in which I had seen him with his Carmelita. From his veranda, sipping rum-drenched grapefruit in the early morning, Haley could look down on the valley below and behold miles upon miles of smokeless, heatless forest-fire, raging through the hollows, climbing the hills, devouring nothing. It was the flamboyant in bloom. The shafts of the *palma real*, like columns of bright green metal brilliantly polished, held their plumed tops forever waving seaward.

Always the sea! Frequently Haley and his wife would jolt slowly by bullock-cart down to the shore, there to splash and shout long afternoons among the coral-locked tides. Jewels would drip from the tawny silk of her shoulders as her slender arms wove in and out under the sparkling ultramarine. Flocks of pelicans would wing heavily to rest their pouches among purple rocks and solemnly contemplate the scene of human happiness.

And I, Samuel Stevenson of Stevenson, Stevenson Son and Arbuckle, Attorneys, New York City, had stepped into Paradise like another angel with the flaming sword—or like another serpent, shall I say?

Physically San Marcos never agreed with Ked Haley. Had he set his mind to it he might have cured himself, but he had lost the inclination to set his mind to anything. He had made sporadic attempts to right his health, but the languor that was killing him prevented his carrying out any continuous program. His symptoms were seldom disagreeable. Hookworm, as he assured me whimsically, seemed to be a part of the picture just as his soul had become a part of the picture. Carmelita had done her gentle best to warn him of his condition, but she was of a fatalistic breed and sustained effort was quite impossible to her. Why bother? Most of the hillmen were anemic and, in so far as Haley could see, they endured it to a great age and died painlessly.

Lying in my stateroom on the deck below, Ked Haley, his face as bloodless as a grey rag, had recited to me the last chapter of his romance.

"The minute I turned my head I recognized you," he said, "and I wanted to kill you. It would have been better that way, maybe. But I did the easiest thing. I lied. I didn't know you, I said; I didn't know any Dr. Haley; I didn't have any wife in New York. Queer what that island does to you! I couldn't take you seriously for long. As soon as you were gone I went back to my chair and thought I'd heard the last of Ked Haley."

"And why hadn't you?" I asked.

"Carmelita," he whispered, staring vaguely with eyes that were glazed with drugs and weakness. "She wouldn't let me."

"You said she didn't understand English."

"I thought she didn't. They're always keeping something back, these San Marcistas. I went right on reading, but she suddenly asked,

"'What are you going to do about your other wife?'

"'Oh, she's dead,' I told her, thinking as quickly as I could.

"'I heard what the man said. You needn't lie to me any more,' she said. 'We've had our year together, my little man.'

"That was the first quarrel we'd ever had, but it was enough to finish everything. It seemed to open something in my mind. I could see what San Marcos had done to me—I couldn't play square even up to the island standard. I had thrown away my ethics like an old shirt the minute I entered the port. The truth hadn't been in me since I came to Paradise. It's that lukewarm drug called beauty—there's no frost in it. We northern people have to have ice in our veins or we won't keep."

"Did you leave her?" I asked, my pity still for the lovely little brown woman I had seen at his side.

"No. She left me. She packed that very night and went away in a crazy little buckboard behind a skeleton of a pony. She kissed me before she left and said she would always be fond of me.

"'But who'll take care of you?' I asked her.

"'My husband,' she said. 'He's been away for a long time, but he came back last week. He's a good man—and he knows my people.'"

I got Ked Haley stretched out at last, his bushy head upon a pillow. Across his chest he had folded his fingers with their long blue nails. He looked already dead. As I was going out I heard him wandering on,

"The truth depends upon where you're standing when you're speaking. What's truth to a butterfly isn't truth to the Great Glacier. And then there's beauty. It seems to depend on lighting and location and all that rot. That flowering tree, the Lady of the Night. . . . It blooms at dusk. Flowers ought to be closing then, oughtn't they? . . . Wonderful perfume— heavy—makes you drunk. God put it there to give the air a pretty flavor over a mess of bad sanitation."

The ship's doctor came to the second deck and interrupted my meditations upon the madness of Ked Haley.

"Tropical people, especially when they're in his condition, oughtn't to go North at this time of year. If they knew the first principles of medicine they wouldn't do it. Why, the whole Atlantic coast is under a blizzard. New York harbor's a mass of ice. That poor devil down there is committing suicide."

Ked Haley died while our ship was lying in quarantine within sight of the Statue of Liberty. As soon as the busy tugs had taken us in tow and we were moving toward our wharf I began cudgeling my brains for a sufficiently plausible lie to tell Mrs. Haley.

A Nose for News

[*Continued from page 30*]

toward the railroad station, clasping a tiny hand in his, with fifteen dollars added to his evening's gains.

The train had hardly left the station when Abie borrowed some sheets of paper from the train conductor and began to compose his account of the elopement. He became absorbed in his work and oblivious of his surroundings. Unconsciously he repeated each word aloud as he wrote it, and, coming suddenly to a perplexing halt, he looked up to find the faces of all the passengers around him turned toward him with amused smiles. Abie's good-natured, answering smile won instant sympathy.

"How you spell 'Jersey'?" he asked. "With a z?"

"S-e-y!" exclaimed half a dozen voices.

"Much obliged," he said. "I'm a reporter for *Gordon's Weekly* and I got to write about an elopement. How could I send a telegram to Mr. Gordon?"

"I'm getting off at Trenton," said a man sitting in front of him. "I'll send it from the station."

"Much obliged," said Abie. He wrote the telegram, prefixing it with the word "collect."

> "The Rabbi what married the people I telegraphed about asked me to take a little boy to Philadelphia because his father is going to San Francisco in the morning So soon I get back I give you the story about elopment Abie"

By the time the train reached Philadelphia, Abie had written nearly five hundred words, but the course of his narrative had not yet reached the point where Nathan and Sadie had decided to elope. The Rabbi's nephew was sleeping so soundly that there remained nothing for Abie to do but take him up in his arms.

It was not until he had left the station and found himself upon the edge of an open square that it suddenly occurred to Abie that the Rabbi had given him no address. There was nothing to do but arouse the boy from his slumber.

"Where do you live?" asked Abie, shaking him, gently.

"In the big house," said the boy, sleepily.

"What street?" persisted Abie.

"I dunno," answered the boy. "The big house. By Cohen's."

Abie laid the matter before a policeman who could offer no other solution than that he should take the boy to the nearest station house. Here Abie told his story

"What's the name of the fellow that gave you the kid?" asked the police officer.

"How should I know?" asked Abie. "I just got introduced once and I couldn't think of the name. Maybe it's Imskovitch. Maybe it ain't."

"It's clear as mud," said the officer, scratching his ear.

"I guess," he continued, "you and the

kid better make yourselves comfortable in the back room."

In the back room Abie seated himself at a table and plunged into his article.

When he had finished his narrative—it was almost four o'clock—he stretched himself out in his chair and fell asleep. Some five hours later he was awakened by a tumult that had suddenly burst upon the room. The boy's parents had arrived. When Abie had told his story the parents insisted that he accompany them to their home for breakfast.

"You see," explained the father, "I got to go to San Francisco this afternoon. I got a cousin out there what's got a lot of money and just because her daughter married a man what she didn't like, the old lady says she's going to leave every penny she got to my little boy."

"Look here," said Abie, "could you stop for a minute by a telegraph station on the way to your house? I won't take a minute."

At the telegraph office Abie sent another message to Gordon.

"Never mind about the elopement
I got it all written But I just heard
about a better article It's about a big
fortune and I'm on the track Will be
back to-day Abie"

During breakfast Abie learned the full story of the wealthy cousin, and the splendid possibilities that had suddenly opened up for Bernard. He failed to tell his host that he was connected with *Gordon's Weekly*. As they shook hands on parting Abie felt the grateful friction of a bill being pressed into his grasp.

Throughout the homeward trip he wrote the story of little Bernard's sudden accession to wealth.

The individual who sat in Gordon's chair with his feet on Gordon's desk, gazed with yawning indifference at the figure clad in a dress suit that entered the office.

"Ain't Mr. Gordon in?" asked the visitor. The man surveyed him from head to foot.

"You must be Abie Lazinsky. Ain't it?"

Abie nodded, proudly.

"I guess Mr. Gordon is waiting for me."

"If he is," was the reply, "he didn't say anything about it. I'm the deputy city marshal. Gordon went bankrupt this morning and I'm in charge here. But he gave me a message for you when you came."

The marshal drew a paper from his pocket and consulted some notes.

"He wants you to take the dress suit back where you got it right away. If you don't do it he's going to have you arrested. When he sees you he is going to punch your nose. He also wanted me to tell you that you're the biggest *gonif* in New York and a loafer and a—let's see—oh, yes!—a crook. I guess that's all he had to say."

For a moment Abie stared at the marshal. Then, thrusting his hand into his pocket he felt the consoling softness of his accumulated roll of bills. A great smile of satisfaction illumined his countenance.

"I should worry," he exclaimed. "When you see him tell him I give up the job."

Rainy Week—*Continued from page 33*

marry him," admitted the May Girl somewhat bafflingly. "But I'm not engaged to him now! Why, even my Grandmother thinks I'm much too young to be engaged to him now! Why, he's most fifty years old!" she affirmed with widely dilating eyes. "—And I?—I've scarcely been off my Grandmother's place until this last winter! But if I'm grown-up enough by September, they say,—I'll be eighteen and a half by September," she explained painstakingly, "so that's why I wanted to get engaged as much as I could this week!" she interrupted herself with quite merciless irrelevance. "If I've got to be married in September—without ever having been engaged or courted at all—I just thought I'd better go to work and pick up what experience I could—on my own hook!"

"Dr. Brawne will make you a very distinguished husband," I stammered, "but are you sure you love him?"

"I love everybody!"

"Yes, dogs, of course," I conceded, "and rabbits—and horses and—"

"And kittens," she supplemented.

"Your Mother is—not living?" I asked.

"My Father is dead. But my Mother is in Egypt." Her lovely face was suddenly all excitement. "My Mother ran away!"

"Oh! An elopement, you mean?" I laughed. "Ran away with your father."

"Ran away *from* my Father," said the May Girl. "And from me. I was four years old. None of us have ever seen her since. It was with one of Dr. Brawne's friends that she ran away. That's why Dr. Brawne has always felt responsible for me."

"Oh, dear, this is very sad," I winced.

"N-o," said the May Girl simply. "Maybe it was bad—but I'm almost sure it's never been sad. Dr. Brawne hears from her sometimes. Mother's always been very happy, I think. But everybody somehow seems to be in an awful hurry to get me settled."

"Why?" I asked, and could have bitten my tongue out for my impertinence.

"Why—because I'm so tall, I suppose," said the May Girl. "And not so very specially bright. Oh, not *nearly* as bright as I am tall!" she hastened to assure me with her pretty nose all crinkled up for the sheer emphasis of her regret. "Life's rather hard, you know, on tall women," she confided sagely. "Always trying to take a tuck in them somewhere! Mother was tall, and Father, they say, was always trying to make her look smaller—especially in Public! Pulling her opinions out from under her! Belittling all her lovely fancies and ideas! Not that he meant to be hateful, I suppose. But he just couldn't help it. It was just the natural male instinct of wanting to be the Everythinger—himself!"

"What do—*you* know of 'the natural male instinct'?" I laughed out.

"Oh—lots," smiled the May Girl. "I have an Uncle And my Grandmother keeps two hired men. And for almost six months now I've been at the Art School. And there are twenty-seven boys at the Art School. There's Jerry and Paul and—"

"Yes, but your Father and Mother—?" I pondered. "Just how—?"

"Oh, it was when they were walking downtown one day past a great big mirror," explained the May Girl brightly. "And Mother saw that she was getting *round-shouldered* trying to keep down to Father's level,—it was then that she began to run away! To run away in her mind! I heard Grandmother and Dr. Brawne talking about it only last Summer. But I?" she affirmed with some pride, "oh, I've known about being tall ever since I first had starch enough in my knees to stand up! While I stayed in my crib I don't suppose I noticed it specially. But just as soon as I was big enough to go to school—Why, even at the very first," she glowed, "some perfectly idiotic visitor would always pipe up and say, 'Ask that—tall child there! The one with the yellow hair!' And everyone would be as vexed as possible because I failed! It isn't my head, you know, that's tall," protested the May Girl with feeling, "it's just my neck and legs!"

"You certainly are entrancingly graceful," I smiled. How anybody as inexpressibly lovely as the May Girl could be so oblivious of the fact was astonishing!

But neither smile nor compliment seemed to allay to the slightest degree the turmoil that was surging in the youngster's mind.

"Why, even at the Art School," she protested, "it's just as bad! Especially with the boys! Being so tall—and with yellow hair besides—you just can't possibly be as important as you are conspicuous! And yet every individual boy seems obliged to find out for himself just exactly how important you are! But no matter what he finds," she shrugged with a gesture of ultimate despair, "it always ends by everybody getting mad!"

"Mad?" I questioned.

"Yes,—very mad," said the May Girl. "Either he's mad because he finds you're not nearly as nice as you are conspicuous, or else, liking you most to death, he simply can't stand it that any one as nice as he *thinks* you are is able to outplay him at tennis or—That's why I like animals best—and Hurt Things!" she interrupted herself with characteristic impetuosity. "Animals and Hurt Things don't care how rangy your arms are as long as they're loving! Why if you were as tall as a tree," she argued, "little deserted birds in nests would simply be glad that you could reach them that much sooner! But men? Why, even your nice Mr. Keets," she cried; "even your nice Mr. Keets, with his fussy old Archæology, couldn't even play at Being Engaged without talking down at

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me! Tall as he is, too! And funny little old Mr. Rollins," she flushed. "Little old Mr. Rollins really liked me, I think, but he — he'd torture me if he thought it would make him feel any burlier!"

"And Claude Kennilworth," I questioned.

The shiver across the May Girl's shoulders looked more like a thrill than a distaste.

"Oh, Claude Kennilworth," she acknowledged ingenuously. "He's begun already to try to 'put me in my place'! 'Altogether too independent' is what he thinks I am. But what he means is 'altogether too tall'!" Once again the little shiver flashed across her shoulders. "He's so—so awfully temperamental! Goodness knows what fireworks he'll introduce to-morrow! I can hardly wait!"

"IS—is Dr. Brawne—tall?" I asked a bit abruptly.

"N — o," admitted the May Girl. "He's quite short! But — but his years are so tall!" she cried out triumphantly. "He's so tall in his attainments! I've thought it all out, — oh, very — very carefully. And if I've got to be married — I'm almost — perfectly — positive that Dr. Brawne — will be quite too amused at having so young a wife to bully me very much about anything that goes with the youngness!"

"Oh — h," I said.

"Yes, — exactly," mused the May Girl.

With a heart and an apprehension just about as gray and as heavy as lead I rose and started for the door.

"But, May Girl?" I besought her in a single almost hysterical desire to rouse her from her innocence and her ignorance. "Among all this great array of men and boys that you know — the Uncle, — yes, even the hired men," I laughed, "and those boys at the Art School — whom do you really like the best?"

So far her eyes journeyed off into the distance and back again I thought that she had not heard me. Then quite abruptly she answered me. And her voice was all boy-chorister again.

"The best? — why, Allan John!" she said.

Taken all in all there were several things said and done that evening that would have kept any normal hostess awake, I think.

The third morning dawned rainier than the second! Infinitely rainier than the first!

It gave everybody's Coming-Down-Stairs Expression a curiously comical twist as though Dame Nature herself had been caught off-guard somehow in a moment of dishabille that, though inexpressibly funny, couldn't exactly be referred to. Yet even though everybody rushed at once to the fireplace instead of to the breakfast table nobody held us responsible for the weather.

"By the way, where is Mr. Rollins this morning?" questioned the Bride from her frowning survey of the storm-swept beach.

"Mr. Rollins," confided my Husband, "has a slight headache this morning."

"Why, that's too bad," sympathized Ann Woltor.

"No, it isn't a bad one at all," contradicted my Husband. "Just the very mildest one possible — under the circumstances. It was very late when he got in last night. And very wet." From under his lowered eyes a single glance of greeting shot out at me.

"Now, there you are again!" cried George Keets. "Flirting! You married people! Something that any one else would turn out as mere information, — you go and load up with some mysterious and unfathomable significance! Glances pass! Your Wife flushes!"

"Mysterious?" shrugged my Husband. "Unfathomable? Why it's clear as crystal. The Madam says 'Let there be a headache—' and there *is* a headache!"

As Allan John joined the group at the fireplace everybody began talking weather again. From the chuckle of the birch-logs to the splash on the window-pane the little groups shifted and changed. Everybody seemed to be waiting for something. On the neglected breakfast table even the gay upstanding hemispheres of grapefruit rolled over on their beds of ice to take another nap.

In a great flutter of white and laughter the May Girl herself came prancing over the threshold. It wasn't just the fact of being in white that made her look so astonishingly festal; she was almost always in white. Nor yet the fact of laughter. But most astonishingly festal she certainly looked, nevertheless. Maybe it was the especially new and chic little twist which she had given her hair. Maybe it was the absurdly coquettish dab of black court-plaster which she had affixed to one dimply cheek.

"Oh, if I'm going to be engaged to-day to a Real Artist, I've certainly got to take some extra pains with my personal appearance. Why, I've hardly slept all night," she confided ingenuously, "I was so excited!"

"Yes, won't it be interesting," whispered the Bride to George Keets, "to see what Mr. Kennilworth will really do? He's so awfully temperamental! And so — so inexcusably beautiful. Now up-stairs — all day yesterday, — wouldn't it — ?"

"Yes, wouldn't it be interesting," glowed Ann Woltor quite unexpectedly, "if he'd made her something really wonderful? Something that would last, I mean, after the game was over? Even just a toy, — something that would outlast Time itself. Something that even when she was old she could point to and say, 'Claude Kennilworth made that for me when — we were young.'"

"Why — Ann Woltor!" I stammered. "Do you feel that way about him? Does — does he make you feel that way, too?"

"I think — he would make — any one feel that way — too," intercepted Allan John quite amazingly. In three days surely it was the only voluntary statement he had made and everybody turned suddenly to stare at him. But it was only too evident from the persistent haggardness of his expression that he had no slightest intention in the world of pursuing his unexpected volubility.

"And it isn't just his good looks either!" resumed the Bride.

"Oh, something — very different," mused Ann Woltor. "The queer little sense he gives you of — of wires humming! As though he were being rather specially recharged all the time from the Main Battery!"

"The 'Main Battery,'" puzzled the Bridegroom, "being — ?"

"Why — God, of course!" said the Bride with a vague sort of surprise.

"When women talk mechanics and religion in the same breath," laughed the Bridegroom, "it certainly —"

"I was talking neither mechanics nor religion," affirmed the Bride with the faintest possible tinge of asperity.

"Oh, any one can see," admitted the Bridegroom, "that Kennilworth is a clever chap."

"Clever as the deuce!" acquiesced Keets.

With an impatient tap of her foot the May Girl turned suddenly back from the window.

"Yes! But where *is* he?" she laughed.

"That's what I say!" cried my Husband. "We've waited quite long enough for him!"

"Dallying up-stairs probably to put a dab of black court-plaster on *his* cheeks!" observed George Keets drily.

With one accord everybody but the May Girl rushed impulsively to the breakfast table.

"Seems as though — somebody ought to wait," dimpled the May Girl.

"OH, nonsense!" asserted everybody. A little bit reluctantly she came at last to her place. Her face was faintly troubled.

"On — on an Engagement morning," she persisted, "it certainly seems as though — somebody ought to wait."

In the hallway just outside a light step sounded suddenly. It was really astonishing with what an air of real excitement and expectancy everybody glanced up.

But the step in the hall proved only the step of a Maid.

"The young gentleman up-stairs sent a message," said the Maid. "Most particular he was that I give it exact. 'It being so rainy again,' he says, 'and there not being anything specially interesting on the — the docket as far as he knows, he'll stay in bed — thank you.'"

For an instant it seemed as though everybody at the table except Allan John jerked back from his plate with knife, fork, or spoon, brandished half-way in mid-air. There was no jerk left in Allan John, I imagine. It was Allan John's color that changed. A dull flush of red where once just gray shadows had lain.

"So he'll stay in bed, thank you," repeated the Maid sing-songishly.

"*What?*" gasped my Husband.

"W-w-what?" stammered the May Girl.

"Well — of all the — nerve!" muttered Paul Brenswick.

"Why — why, how extraordinary," murmured Ann Woltor.

"*There's* your 'artistic temperament' for you, all right!" laughed the Bride a bit hectically. "Peeved is it because he thought Miss Davies — ?"

"Don't you think you're just a bit behind the times in your interpretation of the phrase 'artistic temperament?'" interrupted George Keets abruptly. "Except in special neurasthenic cases it is no longer the fashion I believe to lay Bad Manners to the Artistic Temperament itself but rather to the Humble Environment from which most Artistic Temperaments are supposed to have sprung."

"Eh? What's that?" laughed the Bride.

Very deliberately George Keets lit a fresh cigarette. "No one person, you know, can have everything," he observed with the thinnest of all his thin-lipped smiles. "Three generations of plowing — isn't it, to raise one Artist? Oh, Mr. Kennilworth's social eccentricities — I assure you — are due infinitely more to the soil than to the soul."

"Oh, can your statistics!" implored my Husband a bit sharply, "and pass Miss Davies the sugar!"

"And some coffee!" proffered Brenswick.

"And this heavenly cereal!" urged the Bride.

"Oh, now I remember," winced the May Girl suddenly. "He said, 'she'll wait all right' — but, of course, it does seem just a little — wee bit — f-f-funny! Even if you don't care a — a rap," she struggled heroically through a glint of tears. "Even if you don't care a rap, — sometimes it's just a little bit hard to say a word like f-f-funny!"

"Damned hard," agreed my Husband and Paul Brenswick and George Keets all in a single breath.

The subsequent conversation fortunately was not limited altogether to expletives. Never, I'm sure, have I entertained a more vivacious not to say hilarious company at breakfast. Nobody seemed contented just to keep dimples in the May Girl's face. Everybody insisted upon giggles.

Personally I think it was a mistake. It brought Rollins down-stairs just as everybody was leaving the table in what had up to that moment been considered perfectly re-established and invulnerable glee. Everybody, of course, except poor Allan John.

In the soft pussy-footed flop of his felt slippers none of us heard Rollins coming. But I — I saw him! And such a Rollins! Heavily swathed in his old plaid ulster with a wet towel bound around his brow, he loomed cautiously on the scene bearing an empty coffee cup, and from the parted portières affirmed with one breath how astonished he was to find us still at breakfast, while with the next he confided equally fatuously, "I thought I heard merry voices!"

It was on Claude Kennilworth's *absence* that his maddening mind fixed itself instantly.

"What ho! the — Engagement?" he demanded abruptly.

"There isn't any engagement," said my Husband with a vicious stab at the fire.

From his speculative scrutiny of the storm outside, George Keets swung round with what was intended to be a warning frown.

"Mr. Kennilworth has — defaulted," he murmured.

"Defaulted?" grinned Rollins. Then with perfectly unprecedented perspicacity his roving glance snatched up suddenly the unmistakable tremor of the May Girl's chin. "Oh, what nonsense!" he said. "There are plenty of other eligible men in the party!"

"Oh, but you see — there are not!" laughed Paul Brenswick. "Mr. Delville and I are married — and our wives won't let us."

"Oh, nonsense!" grinned Rollins. Once again his roving glance swept the company.

Everybody saw what was coming, turned hot, turned cold, shut his eyes, opened them again, — but was powerless to avert.

"Why, what's the matter with trying Allan John?" grinned Rollins.

The thing was inexcusable! Brutal! Blundering! But when everybody turned to scan poor Allan John's face, — there was no Allan John to be scanned. Somewhere through a door or a window, — somehow between one blink of the eye and another, — Allan John had slipped from the room.

"Why — why, Mr. Rollins!" gasped everybody all at once.

"Maybe — maybe — he didn't hear it — after all!" rallied the Bride.

"MAYBE he just saw it coming," suggested the Bridegroom.

"And dodged in the nick of time," said George Keets.

"To save not only himself but ourselves," frowned my Husband, "from an almost irretrievable awkwardness."

"Why, just the minute before it happened," deprecated Ann Woltor, "I was thinking suddenly how much better he looked, how his color had improved."

"The top of his cheeks," said the May Girl, "were really quite red." Her own cheeks at the moment were distinctly pale. "Where do you suppose he's gone to? Don't you think that — somebody ought to go and find him?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, leave him alone!" cried Paul Brenswick.

"Leave him alone," acquiesced all the other men.

In the moment's nervous reaction and let-down that ensued it was really a relief to hear George Keets cry out with such poignant amazement from his stand at the window.

"Why, what in the world is that red roof out on the rocks?" he cried.

In the same impulse both my Husband and myself ran quickly to his side.

"Oh, that's all right!" laughed my Husband. "Why, that's just the 'Bungalow on the Rocks,'" he explained.

"My Husband's study and work-room," I exemplified. "'Forbidden-Ground' is its real name! Nobody is ever allowed to go there without an invitation from — Himself!"

"Why — but it wasn't there yesterday!" asserted George Keets.

"Oh, yes, it was!" laughed my Husband.

"It was not!" said George Keets.

The unexpected primitiveness of the contradiction delighted us so that neither of us took the slightest offense.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," George Keets recovered himself almost instantly. "But do you mean to tell me — that right before our eyes — that vivid scarlet roof was looming there yesterday against the gray rocks and sea — and none of us saw it?"

"Saw what?" called Paul Brenswick, and came striding to the window.

"Gad!" he cried. "Victoria! Come here, quick!" he called.

With frank curiosity the Bride joined the group. "Why!" she laughed. "Why, it never in the world was there yesterday!"

A trifle self-consciously Ann Woltor joined the group. "Bungalow?" she questioned. "A Bungalow out on the rocks?"

"NO, of course not!" triumphed George Keets. "It was not there yesterday!"

"Oh, but it *must* have been!" dimpled the May Girl. "If Mr. and Mrs. Delville say so!"

"It — was — not there — yesterday," puzzled George Keets.

With her cheeks quite rosy again the May Girl began to clap her hands.

"Oh, I don't care whether it was there yesterday or not! It's there to-day! Let's go and explore it! And if it's magic so much the better!"

Without another word everybody made a bolt for the hat-rack and the big oak settle, snatched up anybody's oil-skin clothes, — and dashed off through the rain to investigate the Phenomenon at closer range.

Truly the thing was almost too easy to be really righteous! Just a huge rock-colored tarpaulin stripped at will from a red-tiled roof and behold, *Mystery* looms on an otherwise drab-colored day! And a Mystery at a house party? Well, — whoever may stand proven as the Mother of Invention, — *Curiosity, you* know just as well as I do, is the Father of many sprightly little Adventures!

Within ten minutes from the Proscenium Box of our big bay-window, my Husband and I could easily discern the absurd little plots and counterplots that were being hatched.

It was the Bride and George Keets who seemed to be thinking, pointing, gesticulating, in the only perfect harmony. Even at this distance, and swathed as they were in hastily-adjusted oil-skins, a curiously academic sort of dignity stamped their every movement. Nothing but sheer intellectual determination to *prove* that their minds were normal would ever tempt either one of them to violate a Host's "No Trespass" sign!

Paul Brenswick, with one yellow elbow crooked to shield the rain from his eyes, stood estimating so many probable feet of this, so many probable feet of that.

More like a young colt than anything else, — like a young colt running for its pasture-bars, — the May Girl dashed vainly up and down the edge of the cliff. Nothing academic, nothing of an engineer — about *any* young colt! If the May Girl reached "the Bungalow on the Rocks" it would be *just because she wanted to!*

Ann Woltor's reaction was the only one that really puzzled me. Drawn back a little from the others, she stood there watching with a perfectly inexplainable interest the long white blossomy curve of foam and spray which marked the darkly submerged ledge of rock that connected the red-tiled bungalow with the beach just below her. Ann Woltor *knew* that the Bungalow was there! Had spent at least nine hours in it on the previous day! Lunched in it! Proved its inherent prosiness! Yet even I puzzled as she crept out from the shelter of her big boulder to the very edge of the cliff, and leaned way out, still staring at the wave-tormented ledge.

From the hyacinth-scented shadows just behind me I heard a sudden little laugh.

"I'll wager you a new mink muff," said my Husband, "that Ann Woltor gets there first!"

[*To be continued*]

Are men like me enrolling with the Alexander Hamilton Institute?

SOME TYPICAL ENROLMENTS RECEIVED IN ONE DAY

(Note the diversity of salary, age, position)

F. W. K.,	Manager, Sash, Blind and Door Works; age 40; salary, $6000
S. G. B.,	Salesman, with a large drug company; age 27; salary, $1500
W. L. M.,	Office Manager, Rubber Company; age 30; salary, $2500
E. V. M.,	Asst. Production Manager, Candy Co.; age 27; salary, $4000
L. M.,	Advertising Manager, Steel Company; age 24; salary $3,000
E. D. C.,	Engineer; age 37; salary $4200
F. B. S.,	Vice-President, Food Product Mfg.; age 32; salary, $12,000

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A man like you has investigated

THE answer to that question can be given with absolute certainty. A man just like you—in your line of business, about your age, and receiving almost the same income—has at some time investigated the Modern Business Course and Service and decided that it represents for him the surest path of business progress.

Does that seem like an extreme statement? Run down the list at the top of this page. It represents just a few enrolments, just as they were received at the office of the Institute.

Note that all these men are of different ages, in different businesses and receiving different incomes. In the records of the Institute are thousands of such names, representing the men who have enrolled during the past ten years.

Every age from 23 to 60 is represented among those names; every degree of income, from $1,200 a year to more than $100,000 a year; every important industry, from the Standard Oil Company, which has 801, and the U. S. Steel Corporation, which has 545 of its men enrolled, to local concerns of small personnel with only 2 or 3 men enrolled.

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How can one training fit so many businesses?

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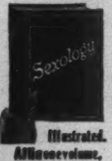

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The Top of the Ladder

[*Continued from page 22*]

them, not even the Weldons. Amy's breach of the code had been too flagrant. Lebanon was growing, however, and the growth, bringing in new people and new standards, swept away the barrier that kept Fergus and his wife apart from the life of the town. Women who had not known Frank Masters or the Weldons were loathe to cut off the wife of a man who might help the aspirations of their own husbands. They brought Amy back from Coventry, a humbled Amy whose hauteur in her meetings with her one-time friends seemed artificial and defensive. They held out sturdily, audibly wondering where Clare was. The Ferguses had no children. "It's her punishment," said these older women, reading the longing in Amy's eyes.

As the years unrolled, we began to hear of Eleanor. Alice Williams read an item about her in a musical journal. Some one saw a billboard in Munich advertising a concert by Eleanor Marks. Step by step she came from the hinterland of obscurity. Finally she played in London after years of trial on the continent, and London discovered her a great artist and a great woman. She came to New York, and the New York newspapers, finding her association with Lebanon, draped effective stories about her childhood. It was not until the appearance of a notice in the local newspaper, however, that she became a prophet due for honor in her own country. Eleanor Marks, artist, was merely a figure for town curiosity, but Eleanor Marks, coming back as the guest of Bernard Harden's sister, was a power in the reckoning.

Beatrice Harden issued invitations to a concert Eleanor would give at the Woman's club. They included Amy Fergus. Every woman in Lebanon who knew the story and who had the talisman came in the hope of seeing how Amy and Eleanor would meet each other.

The room was packed when Eleanor Marks came to the platform. The years had been kind to her, I saw, softening her into that beauty which she had promised when she had fallen in love with Fergus. They had developed, too, her certainty of herself, and there was in her attitude a satiric tinge of stooping for conquest, but she thrust aside all pose as she started to play.

When she began with the Liszt Ballade I knew that she had not forgotten. Not her mastery of technique but the memory of the red-walled room in the shack engulfed me. So rapt was I in recollection that when Amy Fergus came in I saw her only with my outer and duller consciousness until Eleanor missed a measure and paused, self-conscious for the instant. She swung back into the rhythm as the other woman slipped among the crowd standing at the back of the room.

She arose from her final encore with a smile that brightened in the warmth of our applause. Triumph shone in it then, and bitterness. She knew her power and her weapons. It seemed to me, as the crowd thinned, leaving only those of us who waited to speak to her, that she was watching for the heel of Achilles ere she loosed the arrow from her bow. Her eyes went over us and found Amy Fergus near a window. She stared at her until, like a bird drawn by a snake, Amy moved forward just as Beatrice Harden and a blonde girl of some sixteen years came from the wings of the platform. To the girl Eleanor's smile went winging as she drew her to her side. "I want you all," she said, with that touch of the grand manner, "to meet my foster-child. She is Clare Masters."

IT WAS acting, to be sure, and she carried it off with an artistry that covered the bleak silence of the rest of us; but nothing could cover Amy Fergus's welter of emotions. Amazement, dismay, venom, fear, yearning, recorded their passion on her face. I thought that she was going to cry out, but just then, with a gracious nod that included her, too, Eleanor Marks put one arm through Beatrice Harden's and another through Clare Masters' and left the music room.

By twos and threes the other women moved away. Amy Fergus came near to me and after a long time she spoke. "I knew she had Clare," she said. "It was his revenge. He wrote me that — that he believed she would be a better mother to Clare than I could be, and he willed her the guardianship. It wasn't legal but I couldn't fight, not against her. He knew that. But, oh, how could she bring her here?"

For the first time Amy seemed to me not the bright plumaged bird of romance she had seemed through the years of her ostracism, but a middle-aged, ordinary, rather pitiful woman. Suddenly I realized that I had been contrasting her with Eleanor Marks. "Clare is very pretty, isn't she?" her voice trembled.

"More than pretty," I told her, and in the telling knew what Eleanor had done for the girl. If she had stayed with her mother Clare Masters would have been an ordinary, good-looking girl with a half-baked manner. Instead, as Eleanor Marks's ward, she was lovely as old porcelain, exquisite as a Greuze portrait. No wonder Amy resented Eleanor's return with this flower of her hostage. Clare was more than her father's revenge upon her mother. She was Eleanor's revenge upon Fergus, upon Lebanon, for she was the child whom Fergus wanted. It was as if Eleanor said, "See what you might have had, were you not blind! She is the child of Amy's flesh, but she is the child of my spirit." Eleanor knew that she had said it by Clare's presence. She had measured all Clare's effect before she presented her. "I must see her again," Amy said. There were hectic spots in her cheeks.

SHE telephoned to me that night. "Will you come up to Harden's with me?" she pleaded. "I must go, and I — I really can't go alone. Please!" So urgent was her voice that I consented, although I regretted my weakness before she came.

Bernard Harden came to us in the hall of the Tuscan villa which he had built at the summit of the hill. He seemed to me gentler than he had been when he had come to Lebanon, and blithe with a boyish joyousness his youth had lacked. He gave us almost cordial welcome, as if to soften the message he bore. "I don't like to seem rude, Mrs. Fergus," he said, "but Eleanor —— "

"She won't see me? She won't let me see Clare?"

"Not that." He hurried on. "She wants to talk with you, but she also wants to talk to Fergus."

"I'll telephone him," she said.

His eyes followed her consideringly as she moved away to the telephone booth. "Are you surprised that Eleanor came here?" he asked me, his eyes twinkling. "It really isn't so startling. I went to Munich years ago to see her, and I've seen her occasionally since then. What do you think of her now?" The repressed chuckle in his tone indicated a possessive pride.

"She hasn't changed as much as I expected," I parried. "Oh, the shell, yes. She's magnificent. But she's the same Eleanor Marks who never forgot a grudge until she'd paid it back."

"I wonder," he said. "You're getting sorry for Amy, aren't you? But don't forget the years that Eleanor suffered. Did you know that she worked as a chambermaid in a New York hotel, to make money enough to pay Clare's passage and her own? That she slaved, for the lessons she knew she needed? And all the time kept Clare sweet and fine and out of all the struggle? And that she has gone up the steps of fame on her hands and knees? Oh, it sounds splendid to say that she sprang into glory one night at Akbert Hall, but that's rot! The reality's infinitely finer. Here's a girl out of our Patch, given a raw deal by me — shoved out of the place that she would have called paradise by the fickleness of a man and the faithlessness of a woman, and what does she do with her life? Makes it into something big and fine and courageous! And see what she's done for the girl! It takes a great artist to make a fine human product, just as it takes a great artist to play Beethoven's sonatas. And Eleanor is a great artist, an artist in life."

So unexpected was this phase of Bernard Harden that I could say nothing, although I puzzled what it presaged. How much did he know of Eleanor's intentions? How much was he concerned in them?

Amy quietly entered then. "He will be here." Harden left us, taking the message to Eleanor, and came back presently. "She will come when he arrives," he told us.

In the interval he sought to make small talk, but Amy was too overwrought by emotion to respond, and he turned to me. But he, too, seemed listening for a summons. It came in the purr of a motor and he hurried to bring in Fergus.

I had not happened to see Grant Fergus for many years, and the change in him surprised me more than had my observation of Amy. It was not only that he had sunk into a soggy middle age, but rather that he was unhappy. I had thought of him as satisfied with the woman for whom he had wronged both a man and another woman, but the glance he gave to Amy seemed to presage a mutual suffering rather than a mutual sympathy. "If you'll wait," Harden said, and left us.

"She won't let me see Clare until she's talked with us," Amy was explaining.

"I see," he said tonelessly.

"Would you think," Amy went on, half-sobbing, "that she'd wait all these years? Wouldn't you think that she'd forget us?"

"How could she," he asked quietly, "when she had Clare for reminder every day?"

"That was what he —" She stopped suddenly, held by a sound outside the room, and braced herself. "She's —" she whispered, and Eleanor Marks came.

Harden held back the curtain for her, and she turned to him before she spoke to Amy. "I want you to stay, Bernard," she said. I arose to go. "I want you, too," she said, and came to me. "You saw the beginning of this, and might as well see the ending." She turned to Amy. "Before I can even let you see Clare," she said, without greeting, "there are some points we must decide." She did not look at Fergus until then, but she turned to him with a coolness that had evidently been striven for before it had been attained. I heard him draw in his breath, and I realized that this was the first time he had seen Eleanor since his desertion of her. Was he contrasting her magnificence, her beauty, her poise, with Amy's commonplaceness? If he were not making the contrast, Amy surely was. Her eyes glowed angrily as she watched Eleanor, and she almost spat out her words. "Clare is my child," she said. "You have no right to keep her from me."

"DO you want Clare to decide?" Eleanor asked her.

"I want you to decide," Amy countered.

"To give her to you?" Eleanor toyed with her jeweled chain. "Is that justice? She is your child, yes. You gave her life. Not much else, though. Her traits are her father's, but even they are but the foundation on which I have built. And now you want her because of what I have done." Her foot tapped the floor. "You have known me since I was a child. You know what my childhood was. I know yours. You had everything. I had nothing, nothing but my dreams of music — and of love. I fought for the music. Then the love came —" she looked squarely at Fergus and his eyes fell beneath her gaze — "and I put my soul in pawn for it. I gave up every dream for it, and I was glad to give them up. You knew that," she turned back to Amy — "you who had a home, and a husband, and a child. You knew that I had but one thing on earth, and you took that from me. Fate gave me one of the things you threw away. I have cherished that one compensation. I have given her all the beauty my childhood did not have. You can not even guess the cost. And now you want that one thing back. Why?"

"Then you won't —" Amy began to sob.

Fergus leaned forward, summoning his courage to lock Eleanor in the eyes. "You say that Amy had everything when you had nothing," he said. "That was true. But aren't the positions reversed now? We might as well tell all the truth," he went on, "Amy knows just where I stand. She knows that there has never been a day when I have not grieved at the wrong I did you both. She knows that we have not been happy because of that wrong. I have been glad sometimes that you had Clare, since that seemed somehow to expiate our mistake. I was glad, too, that you were not altogether lonely. For I have never forgotten you, Eleanor. Amy has known that, too. That is why I say that your places have shifted. You have fame, fortune, friends, you could have love, I am sure," — did he look at Harden? — "if you would take it. You have a great art, a great achievement. You have Clare. Amy has — nothing."

Eleanor Marks never took her eyes from his white face. Amy, gray and wretched, huddled down in the chair as Eleanor shifted her scrutiny to her. Amy did not see the look of pity which crossed the other woman's face, nor could Harden, standing in the shadows by the windows, with his back to the room, have seen the swift glance Eleanor sent toward him. "After all," she said to Amy, "Clare is yours. I never realized it through all these years as I have seen it to-day. It is nothing either of you has said which made me see it. It is Lebanon. Not for anything you have done or have not done, but for something bigger than any of us, Clare shall go to you."

She arose, and Amy, rising, sought to take her hand, but she turned, holding it out to Fergus. "I am glad you have told me the truth," she said, "but I am sorry it had to be true. And I don't want you to have regrets about me, either of you. You didn't break my life. You made it, I think."

He went out, drooping, with Amy following him in a pitiful assumption of pride. I would have gone after them but Eleanor held my hand as Harden turned from the window. "Why have you done it?" he asked her.

"It is a debt I must pay — to them, and to you, and to myself. Clare was the link between me and that time which I should have outgrown years ago. I took her for revenge. It would have been revenge now if I had refused Amy. I've always known that, one day, I should give Clare back. I owed her to Lebanon."

"How's that?" he asked.

She crossed the room to where he stood, drawing back the curtains until the panorama of the town flashed its rim of steel blue arcs. "You don't see Lebanon as I see it. I came here, a peasant child, out of a miserable village in Lithuania. I have been back there. I have seen its poverty, its starvation of mind and body. My father saw that. He had heard of America, of its freedom and opportunities. My first memory is of his tears as he held me while he looked at the shore line of this country. Then he worked his way westward until we came here. It's an ugly place, isn't it?" She sighed over the huddle of houses in the patches, over the black chimneys pouring out libations of flame to the gods of force. "But to me it will always be beautiful because it has been a ladder to the stars.

"When I was here," she went on slowly, "I hated it. I used to wonder how my father could love it. I did not see until I went away that it was to me what it was to him, not a place as much as a symbol, the symbol of America. 'It's not the people,' he used to say, 'it's something back of the people.' And it is to that something I return Clare. She belongs to it. Her people helped to keep it living for my people. Call it what you will, democracy, the spirit of freedom, Americanism. It is the gate through which we come. Why shouldn't we pay toll to it?"

"You do," he said. He was watching her, not in the way he had been used to see her but with a reverence which gave him understanding of her and of the life which had been hers. Through her he must have seen the Patch, with its drab streets of dun houses, its aspirations, its struggles, its soul, as he had never seen it before, for he was not now the man to whom steel was all-important, but a man visioning for other men as he spoke. "You pay more than toll," he said. "Your father gave more than he was given."

"I have wanted you to see that, too," she said, "not for myself, but for the people down there. It's not pride in myself that makes me glad I've worked up. You understand that, don't you?" She flung the query at me as a declaration, turning the interrogation toward Harden. "It's pride in my kind, in every man who comes with the hopes my father brought. Some of them make trouble when they don't find all they hoped, but they aren't the men who see beyond the horizon. The men who see build, as my father did, through their children. And who knows what the children have in them? With a chance, half a chance, see what we can do!" She stretched out her arms till they looked like the wings of victory. "And it's for you to give us the chance. That's what I've taught Clare. She understands now what America means."

"You've taught more than Clare," he said. "I wish that we — that I might have given you more when you needed it."

"You gave me the great gift," she said. "It is the temper of steel."

They fell silent, watching the flaring torches of the town in the valley. What thoughts were theirs I could not know, but I saw the glance Eleanor gave to Harden as she turned back from looking over Lebanon. It was the look of one who, after war, sees the green fields of peace. It was not the gaze she had been wont to give to Grant Fergus in the older days. Then she had lifted her eyes to the man she loved as one who stares at a star. Now she had climbed so high on the ladder of her endeavor, come to such height in the surety of her soul that she could give no man adoration, though she could give one man truer, finer, more understanding love. The man who ruled Lebanon seemed to think it boon enough that she smiled straight at him.

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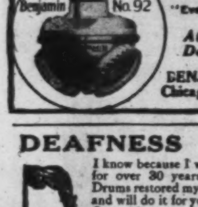

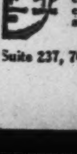

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The Motor Truck *and* The Pneumatic Tire

by Harvey S. Firestone

THE tire industry of this country has opened up new possibilities for highway transportation by giving the motor-truck increased range of operation through the production of a practical giant pneumatic truck tire.

If present developments in this particular line of motor transport equipment are any criterion, this new type of truck tire will, in certain lines of delivery operation, make two loads pass where only one passed before with no increase in the number of transport units.

The reasons for it are obvious. Every motor car owner knows that air-filled tires will give more speed, hence greater range of operation; less vibration, therefore, less depreciation, also greater gasoline and oil mileage, than solid rubber equipment. That was the universal reason for their original adoption upon all passenger and light delivery vehicles. They cost more but were more economical in the end.

An advantage of the giant pneumatic tire over solids that ought to interest the general public, especially every tax-payer and all interested in good roads, is the fact that it is much easier on the roadbeds. Its cushioning facilities are about three to one as compared with solids. This means that the impact of a solid-tired truck upon a road's surface is approximately three times as great as a pneumatic-equipped vehicle carrying the same load.

But with all these manifest advantages which the pneumatic truck tire brings, most of the tire industry advise study in the adaptation of this new equipment. Its economy has been proven only in certain fields.

The development of the giant pneumatic tire for motor-truck use enables the users of motorized transport to ship more fragile and perishable consignments with less consumption of time en route.

Their influence upon motor-truck design has just begun to be felt. During the early development of the giant pneumatics they were adapted to standard types of motor vehicles without any change in the power unit or chassis except in the wheels.

On small capacity trucks, under one ton, there has never been much question as to the selection of equipment. Pneumatic tires have always been the most practical.

As far as developments have gone to date, it is practically agreed among most authorities that the accepted field for pneumatics on motor-trucks is up to 2 tons capacity. Beyond that and up to 3½ tons capacity the advisability of pneumatic tire equipment is debatable and dependent solely upon the individual needs of the operator.

Up to date practical experiments have shown that transportation of bulky raw materials, including various forms of metal, paper, grains, chemicals and other heavy consignments that are not perishable will move most economically on solid tires either of the standard or cushion types. This is also true of trucks which operate over runs or routes where frequent stops and starts are made.

The economy of the pneumatic-equipped motor-truck depends upon the value of the time element in delivery and the character of the load. In transportation of foodstuffs and other perishables; in fragile shipments such as furniture; and in territories with particularly bad roads, the pneumatic equipment has proved its superiority to solid tires.

Summed up briefly the pneumatic-equipped trucks show increased speed and decreased maintenance cost due to greater cushioning of the power plant and chassis structure, hence lower repair bills, and saving in gasoline and oil in covering the same mileage as solid-tired trucks.

But where traffic is congested, deliveries many but close together, and much time is consumed at loading and unloading platforms, equipment of solid or cushion tires proves most economical. The cushion is a higher development of the solid, giving greater traction and easier riding facilities, due to more material and the contour of its mould.

The adaptability of solid-equipment trucks to pneumatic tires varies. Some are hardly adaptable at all. In changing over from solid to pneumatic equipment, the first thing to consider is whether the mechanical condition of the vehicle warrants the added investment. If it does then the wheels must be cut down and a new allowance made for body and fender clearance due to the larger actual diameter of the pneumatic. On 1½ and 2-ton trucks the difference in diameter between solid and pneumatic standard equipment is 6 inches and on a 3-ton model 8 inches.

Owing to difference in weight distribution on the front and rear wheels of trucks, it has not been found practical to use as large a pneumatic tire on the front wheels as on the rear. This is not only an economy but eliminates steering difficulties.

Care should be taken in a change-over also to make sure that the oiling and water-cooling systems will be adequate to meet the increased speed of the truck and that the braking ability is sufficient. The possibilities of attaching a power pump for the inflation of the pneumatics is also an important consideration.

Another factor in the operation of a truck that has been changed from solids to pneumatics is that the increased tire diameter with the same gear ratio will cause a reduction of power on hills, while stopping and starting will give greater resistance to the power plant. While there has been no definite engineering test made or data secured on this, it is assumed that the additional buoyancy of the equipment compensates in part for the loss in power. It is certain, however, that the greater diameter of the pneumatic tire on the average level road will give increased speed with the same power employed.

It is easy to draw conclusions from the above as to the approximate influence this new tire equipment would have upon motor-truck design. To obtain a more definite idea, however, it might be well to give some of the specific changes that have been advanced by automotive engineers.

These are based upon the assumption that the increased speed made possible by pneumatic equipment demands an increase in the power plant to bring the truck unit to its highest efficiency. An enlargement of the bore from 3/16 of an inch on the light models to ½-inch on the 3-ton type is considered sufficient by some.

The gear ratio in high gear is also increased and four speeds are recommended. In one company's development where the 1½-ton solid-tired model had a speed of 16 miles an hour, the pneumatic equipped vehicle is listed to develop 30 miles per hour. The speed limit on the 2-ton is changed from 14 to 27 and on the 3-ton from 12 to 24.

The question of weight-carrying factors in relation to the change from solid to pneumatic equipment seems open to argument. In one development the frame construction remains the same but the chassis weight has been slightly increased. The propulsion units have also been made stronger to balance with the slightly increased weight and size.

It should not be inferred from this discussion that pneumatic tires for trucks will revolutionize the trucking industry. Rather they should be looked upon as another advanced step in the progress of highway transportation. In the opinion of many authorities there will continue to be distinct fields for the use of truck tire equipment. There is no reason to believe that the solid tire can be replaced with economy on heavy-duty vehicles and under certain operating conditions. The cushion type of tire also has its particular field where it will be found most economical and useful and the pneumatic truck tire has demonstrated its practicability along certain lines of operation.

To build a pneumatic tire having a margin of safety sufficient to withstand the severe usage in truck service was an expensive manufacturing task requiring engineering skill, extensive experimental work, equipment and labor. But it was worth many times the expense and trouble so long as the result increased transportation facilities.

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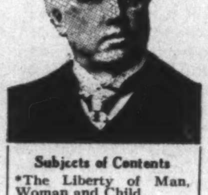

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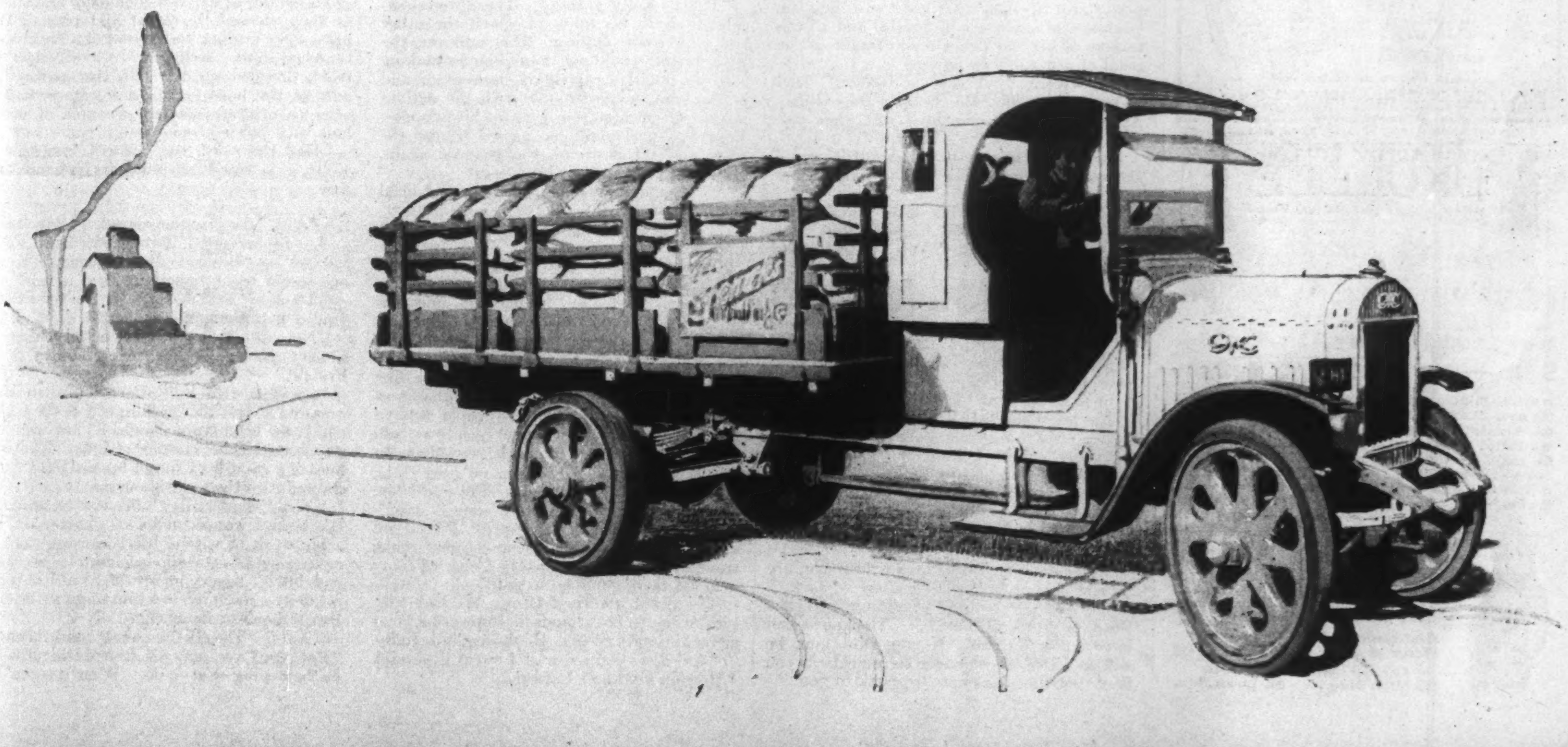

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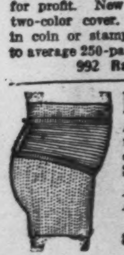

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A Hostage to Misfortune

[*Continued from page 24*]

door that opened from the compound, paused and looked at him.

"Don't be afraid," he said, soothingly.

Before Kelly could answer, there came a rapping upon the door, a flutter of light knocks and a voice spoke indistinguishably.

"Don't go to open that door, you damned traitor!" said Kelly to the missionary.

The gun covered the little man; what covered him almost as impassively was the figure of Kelly, with his keen fighter's face set and dire, the whole of him strung to the pitch of battle. But, as Kelly might have known, threats and peril are arguments only with the feeble of spirit. A single wavering or flinching on the priest's part would have doomed him; but that breed of man does not flinch. Again he smiled, and lifted a slow hand with a gesture of soothing. Then he moved to the door and reached to the great bar that held it closed. Kelly did not shoot!

The door swung open. The priest, his back to Kelly, spoke to some one outside in Portuguese. Kelly caught the words: "Yes, the Senhor is here," and the murmur of a reply. Then the priest stood aside; Kelly raised his carbine; and a woman walked into the shifting gleam of the fire.

"GOD!" The word was jerked from him as by a blow. He felt a real and physical sickness at the thought that he had been within an ace of shooting a woman. And she was alone, for the priest was closing and barring the door behind her. He lowered the weapon and stood staring.

The woman came forward with slow and nearly noiseless footsteps toward the lamp and behind her her shadow grew gigantic on wall and ceiling. He saw that she walked with that swing and spring which is the birthright of those who have the sun of the south in their veins. A hooded cloak hung about her, and when she had come to within a few paces of him, she raised deliberate arms, from which the loose sleeves fell back, and lifted the hood from her head. She stood and gazed at him.

"Barrow's girl!" exclaimed Kelly.

Her lips moved to the shape of a little unhappy smile at that. Kelly had chanced upon the right word when he had spoken of her to the priest as "gold-colored." From brow to throat, it was as though the rich hue of it glowed through the transparent skin. She had that strange pathetic beauty that blossoms on the Coast for a memory of the great days when the conquerors from Portugal carried beauty and power to all the new shores of the world, when the blood of Europe and Africa mingled to make an ephemeral race of lovely early-dying women and abject ugly men. Her lips were virginal in their purity and ripeness; her great eyes had the wisdom and innocence of youth; and all the texture of her was delicate and fragile as the petal of a new-blown flower.

"By George, but she's a beauty!" said Kelly to himself. He dropped the carbine. Aloud, he said: "I remember you when you were in Beira. Where's Barrow?"

For all her erectness and her still regard she was nervous for she had to moisten her lips to speak.

"He —— he is in his head *kraal*," she answered. She spoke English that was strange only in accent. "You will go to take him — yes?"

Kelly considered her. Behind her, the little priest had found another drinking vessel and was approaching to pour wine for her.

"Question is," said Kelly, "what have you come here for? You an' the *Reverendo* here have fixed something up between you; I want to know what the game is!"

The priest lifted the bottle and passed her the cup. She took it, thanking him with a look.

"Well?" insisted Kelly. "You've come here of your own accord; now, till I'm satisfied about you, you'll stay here. Understand?"

She lowered her head in a slow nod. "I came here to stay," she said, very quietly.

"Eh? The devil you did!"

She nodded again. "To stay till you are satisfied about us," she went on. "Jack — my husband —" she had hesitated upon the word, but spoke it bravely — "he knows you have come for him. If you want him, he will go with you — quietly an' quickly as you like; but first, he wants to speak to you."

"Well, I'm here," said Kelly. "Why don't he come along an' speak, instead o' you?"

She had held the cup of wine in her hand till now; but now she raised it and drank from it. The priest was at her elbow to take it from her when she had drained it and once more her look thanked him. The punctilio of it, with the two of them joined in a code of formal observances from which he was excluded, angered Kelly like a slight.

"I'm running this affair," he began.

"Yes," she broke in quickly. "But — the *Kafirs*, the men in the *kraals*, they will be angry if you take your six fighting-men up to the head *kraal*. There are villages all the way of your road, and for days they have been sending messages asking what they shall do. So it is better for you to leave them here and go alone to the head *kraal;* and I will stay here, so they can kill me if you do not come back. You see — yes?"

"No," answered Kelly; "I don't! I've come to get John Barrow, an' any village that stops me is liable to get shelled first and stamped flat afterward. It won't do me any good to have your throat cut by my niggers after mine has been cut by yours."

"Oh!" She uttered a sound like a smothered wail and turned toward the waiting listening priest. "*Reverendo!*" she appealed.

The priest stepped to her side at once. He raised his mild and serious face to the grim countenance of Kelly.

"You not like to go alone?" he asked. "No? Den me — I go wit' you — yais? You take da gun for arrest Senhor Barrow, an' if *Kafirs* do somet'ing to you, you shoot me — yais? — an' your *Kafirs* kill Senhora. Two lifes w'at we gives for one; dat a good beezness — yais? An' more — me, gentilman an' priest an' all, I swear for you on da Cross — swear mos' true on da Cross! — dat nobody touch you. Senhor Barrow, too — you tell 'im 'e mus' come, den 'e come, quick an' quiet. All dat I swear on da Cross!"

While he spoke, the girl was glancing eagerly from his face to the unsoftening mask of Kelly.

"You hear him?" she cried, as the priest concluded. "He'll swear to you — he'll do that!"

"But what's it all about?" demanded Kelly.

"SENHOR" — it was the priest that answered him — "to-morrow night, if you go wit' me, you will understand — yais! You will see *all* w'at it is about; but we are t'inking too it will be a so sad t'ing if two-t'ree silly young men — *Kafirs* w'at never be on da Coast — do somet'ing to bring da war to dis country. But dere is more — oh, much more! — w'at you shall see you'self."

"H'm!" Kelly grunted. There were considerations in his mind of which the other two could know nothing. His employer, the government, would not thank him for making a costly punitive expedition necessary; and at the least, active trouble with the natives might prevent him from securing his prisoner. Frowning in thought, he passed behind the table and sat down on the gin-case again. He lit his pipe and sat brooding.

After some minutes he looked up and fixed the little priest with his eye.

"Padre," he said; "where's that Cross you were goin' to swear on?"

The girl let go her hushed breath in a strong sigh. The priest was active in a moment.

"I fetch; I fetch," he babbled, and was off at a disordered run through the door.

Kelly eyed the girl where she stood yet, one slim hand raised to her bosom.

"Hostages is what they call people like you," he said abruptly. "People that you keep alive as long as other people behave themselves. But you knew you was safe enough; white men don't have women to answer for them."

Her great eyes protested. "But — I came here," she began.

"You came here!" he jeered. "Yes, you *did* come here; an' if your niggers make trouble, you'll go down to the Coast with my men an' there you'll go to jail!"

The priest returned then. He had with him, borne on both hands face upward a great silver antique Crucifix. He showed it to Kelly.

"An' now, you see w'at I swear," he said. "How on my knees I swear."

And while the girl stood and Kelly sat, watching him and listening, he propped the symbol of his faith where it would stand upright, and in his laboring English bound himself that Kelly's life should be safe and that Barrow should go with him upon his order.

"Well," said Kelly, impressed despite himself, "it seems to me you're riskin' a lot just to have your own way about things."

The start for that last day's march in the hush and chill of dawn, while a small wind spoke in the bush and, save for a pale flush low down in the east, the sky was a dome of deepest blue. From the first bend in the path that led westward, Kelly, trudging behind the priest, turned and looked back. The compound of the Mission was open to his view and there, watching their departure, her cloak gathered about her, stood the girl. She was the only figure in view at first, till presently, in the shadow of the building, there was a stir and a lean shape of a man stalked into view — the negro guard upon her. Kelly wanted to stay and laugh; but the priest was plodding on and he turned to follow.

There is no companionship when two travel together by the *Kafir* paths. They are tracks trodden through the grass by a race that goes forever in single file; the bush brushes one's elbow; the grass stands at one's boot-edge; and before there is only the back of one's companion. The priest held on at the steady pace of the practised *voet-ganger*, while the morning sun climbed the sky.

There were villages to either hand, standing well away from the path, circles and ovals of domed brown huts shut in by walls of sun-caked mud. About each of them, the inhabitants stood in throngs to gaze at the passing white men, silent spectators who stared and moved not. The few *Kafirs* they met on the way went into the bush at sight of them.

"Niggers seem pretty standoffish hereabouts," said Kelly.

"Ah!" said the priest, when he had understood the term. "Dey 'ave 'ad da word."

"And another thing," persisted Kelly. They had halted upon the summit of a rise. "I haven't seen any of 'em carryin' *assegais*. Why, down country the niggers don't think they're dressed without a sheaf of spears!"

The missionary nodded. "Only w'en dey go to 'unt," he said. "Da rest of da time, it is un-allow. Senhor Barrow 'ave forbid!"

"Well, it's good discipline, anyhow," conceded Kelly. "An' it's a darned sight more like Barrow as he used to be than anything else you've said about him."

It was toward noon that they halted to feed and rest where a small village stood beside a stream. "'Ere we fin' food," said the missionary and led the way to it.

The throng of natives stood aloof and silent as they entered the *kraal* and passed, the missionary leading, to the cool of a big straw-thatched hut. Kelly, with loud sighs of relief, dropped upon a skin that covered a part of the hard earth floor. Immediately after them there entered a couple of negro lads with bowls of cool water.

"Had the word, too, I'll bet," suggested Kelly, as he eased the sun-smart on hands and face.

"YAIS," the priest answered. "Ever'body 'ad da word. Two hundred an' t'irty villages 'ave 'ad 'im. But I bring you to dis one to eat becos sometimes dere is fish."

"Thanks," said Kelly. "I ain't specially fond o' fish, though."

"Not fish for you," corrected the missionary gently. "For me! To-day it is Friday!"

It was late in the afternoon when they breasted at last the up-hill path at the top of which the head *kraal* showed its low wall and its many circular clusters of huts. The first hues of a great fiery sunset burned over it and showed it to them in silhouette.

"Well," said Kelly, "an' now to business! It's been a wonderful bit o' country an' it's a big work he's done here, him an' you; I never saw a better-disciplined, cleaner, handier lot o' niggers in my life; an' if it depended on me, I'd leave him to go on with it. But it don't, you see."

"Ah!" The little priest smiled sadly. "But you 'ave not yet seen da biggest an' da best t'ing w'at 'e do. W'en 'e come 'ere 'e work, 'e make friends wit' da chiefs, 'e do much; but only w'en 'e do da biggest t'ing of all can 'e 'ave da power like 'e got now. But ver' soon you will see."

"Right!" said Kelly. "I'll see, then; an' in the meantime, you just remember that our contract's still on. You walk up into the *kraal* a-head o' me and straight on to John Barrow's *kia*. I got this gun jus' behind you — an' besides, don't forget that oath you swore."

The priest smiled again and led the way forward into the great *kraal*. As in other villages, the population stood aloof, thronging between the huts to stare in silence. The priest plodded at his usual pace, going with bowed shoulders and a manner of heaviness in his gait; behind him, carbine on arm, with high head and easy steps, followed Kelly. Thus they came at last to where the chief's huts stood apart in an enclosure of their own.

At the principal of them the priest bent and entered at the low door. Kelly followed him and rose upright within.

He could see in the shadow of the hut only dimly the shape of a man who lay at full-length in a deck-chair. He swung his carbine round to bear on it.

"John Barrow!" he said, crisply. "You're my prisoner. Get up out o' that!"

THE man in the chair did not move. After an instant he spoke:

"Sounds as if old Gunner Kelly had arrived," he said then.

"That's right," said Kelly. "Are you surrenderin', Barrow, or have I got to shoot you? Quick, now — which?"

"Oh, I've surrendered all right," said the other. "There ain't a weapon in the bloomin' *kia*, Kelly. What d'you want to do — handcuff me or what?"

"You'll do as you are for a bit," said Kelly. "This little carbine of mine has got a mighty light pull, though. You'll have to go back with me, Barrow. You been getting too imperial-minded up here, an' private wars ain't allowed."

"Ain't they?" The man in the chair was plainer to see now — a long thin man in white, whose face showed strangely pale, for those latitudes, under a shock of dark hair. "What wars you talkin' about?" he demanded.

"Why," replied Kelly, "some game o' yours, about last August, when your fellers went on a murderin' an' lootin' party across the N'Duma valleys. Little thing like that's slipped your mem'ry, I suppose?"

"Oh, that!" The man in the chair spoke calmly. "That wasn't a war, Kelly; but it don't matter now. What d'you feel like drinkin'? I got some whiskey here."

It was when the liquor and the cool water had been brought that the priest put in his oar. Till then he had sat with his back against the hut wall in silence.

"Senhor Kelly," he said, "is it true dat down on de Coast dey t'ink dere was a war 'ere? *Verameute*, dey t'ink dat — yais?"

"You can bet they do, *Reverendo*," answered Kelly. "They got no doubt about it. News like that flies fast an' flies straight in this country."

"Ha!" The missionary smiled, his teeth gleaming white in his shadowed face. "It is like dat our land is govern'. For, Senhor Kelly, dat was not war. It was worse."

The long man in the chair uttered a brief laugh as mirthless as a curse. "Worse!" he cried. "War's a lark to it. I should think it was worse!"

"Listen, Senhor Kelly!" The missionary's voice, with its suave and conciliatory tones, poured on as though he had not been interrupted. "Sometimes dere is hunger an' men die; but all peoples understan' dat. War — an' lions in da night — an' murder — all peoples understan' dese t'ings; it come an' it go. But sometimes — not ver' often — come somet'ing w'at peoples can't understan', w'at kill an' frightens too — an' den it is terrib? An' it is dat t'ing w'at come to us."

Kelly frowned, trying to see their faces. "What thing?" he demanded.

Barrow spoke from his chair. "Small-pox; that's what it was, Kelly. An' hell to pay!"

"But how?" Kelly was at sea. "What's small-pox got to do with raidin' an' killin' in the N'Duma valleys?"

The missionary and Barrow both began to speak together. The former gave way.

"Never seen small-pox when it broke loose in a *Kafir* country, have you, Kelly?" The man was not facing Kelly as he spoke; he remained lying back in his chair as though speaking to the empty air before him. "It's the one thing that scares the niggers into doin' something to protect themselves; an' their system's just simply quarantine. They put a guard round the infected villages an' allow the people to die by themselves; else they'd have 'em strewed all over the countryside an' there'd be no end to the thing. An' the people inside the villages, naturally, they're tryin' all the time to get out an' save their lives. Some gets killed by the guard; some kills a sentry and clears out, an' the news goes round, so that any wanderin' nigger is liable to be speared or clubbed to death at the first *kraal* he turns up in. And then one o' the guards'll catch it an' there'll be panic. See what I mean?

"Well, we had three infected villages here — 'bout a thousand people in all, and the guard was round 'em. They was good villages — plenty o' big young bucks in 'em; and a gang o' these got together and fixed it up among themselves that they'd break clear. I was runnin' supplies for the sick villages, an' I saw the break. They had their *assegais* an' their shields an' they done it in style. There was a clump of the guard cookin' their suppers behind a bit o' bush, an' first thing I saw was the escapin' men, movin' like a batterin' ram, come stampin' straight through the fires and the squattin' men, with the stabbin' *assegais* workin' like the plungers of pumps. They even had the sense not to yell — just a rush an' a crash an' they was through an' away an' headin' for the north across the N'Duma valleys. D'ye see?"

"Ye-es," answered Kelly slowly. "And the *kraals* down there tried to drive 'em off and there was trouble?"

"That's right," said Barrow. "You can't stop a bunch of men who've been hounded along by death an' terror; 't any rate, the N'Dumas couldn't. All they could do was send a squeal down-country about massacres."

"H'm!" Kelly grunted. "But what'd *you* do?" he asked.

"Me?" said Barrow. "Well, there wasn't but one thing *to* do — stop any more from breakin' out. I had to go into the villages for that; an' then, o' course, I had to stop there till it was all over. Couldn't come out an' spread the thing myself."

"God! What a thing! What a fool's risk to run — an' all for a lot o' niggers! Lucky for you you didn't catch the disease yourself! You was fairly askin' for it?"

In the shadow the little missionary laughed queerly. Barrow answered quietly:

"I got what I asked for, then. I did catch it!"

Kelly stared at the pale figure. So far he had only seen the face dimly. It showed as a pale blur on the shadow and his imagination pictured foul horrors of disfigurement.

"BUT—" he was not sure of what he wanted to say. Suddenly he saw that the little priest was on his feet, swaying, a-shudder with movement like a flag in the wind.

"Ah, Senhor! But 'e 'as not told you all," he cried. "'E say w'at 'e do; 'e save dis co'ntry; but 'e don' say da price w'at 'e pay! 'Ow much will *you* give, Senhor, for dat w'at you love da mos' in da worl'? Yo' right 'and? Yo' life? Dat is all, — yais? An' 'im, for dis poor — 'ow did you say? — dis 'lot o' niggers,' *'e* give da light of da sun, da green of da bush — yais, an' da shine of love in da face of his wife. All 'e give; for da sickness take 'im an' burn de marks on 'im; an' las' of all, da sickness fall in his eyes and he come out at las', feelin' 'is way wit' 'is 'ands — blind, Senhor, blind for alwis!"

The voice had been electric with the emotions that overcharged him. There was a moment's silence when he ceased. Then Kelly loosed an oath.

"Say, Barrow!" he cried. "Barrow — that ain't true? You ain't properly blind, are you, old man?"

And Barrow, without turning his head, answered:

"Blind, Kelly! Stone-blind!"

"Well," said Kelly, in matter-of-fact tones, "this finishes it, o' course. Nobody — *nobody* ain't goin' to arrest a blind man an' haul 'im through a thirty days' trek, not for anybody! And anyhow, it sort o' goes against the grain to hand over a white man to them Portuguese.

"So if you got no objection," went on Kelly, "I'll be up here for a few days an' look over this country o' yours. I might make a bit of a report about it when I get back."

"But —" the priest spoke urgently: "first, Senhor, you mus' go back to da Mission. Da Senhora! W'en you don' come back, yo' *Kafirs* will — "

Kelly raised a hushing hand. "No, *Reverendo*, they won't."

"But — it was agree — "

"No," said Kelly, smiling unseen. "What was your way of puttin' it? — 'Dey 'ave 'ad da word!'"

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The Strange Case of Warden Jupp

—Continued from page 28

despicably. "You know, onct you've been in stir, you're marked. The cops lay fer you."

"How did Jupp fall down on you?"

He told me, after he had made me promise not to speak of it to Jupp. I tried to get Pitz's version of it, later, but Pitz would not talk. He was a malevolent-looking foreigner with thin black hair, a limp black mustache, and a face pitted with black spots as if it had been blown full of birdshot.

My promise to Palin did not prohibit me from trying to get Jupp's account of the incidents that had brought him and Palin and Pitz together for the first time. And his version of the adventure came out naturally in conversation about the other two. His story was, for me, the final explanation of everything in him that had puzzled me. Not obviously so, you understand. For a time, his motivation, throughout, was as unreal to me as the motivation of any behavior in a fantastic dream. And like a dream, it had to be interpreted.

FOR instance, neither Palin nor Jupp explained how Jupp had allowed himself to be involved in the incidents to begin with. Jupp was then working for a grocer on lower Ninth Avenue in New York City. He was out walking the deserted streets of the waterfront after midnight. He ran into Palin accidentally, on his way home; and after a few minutes' talk, he turned back to accompany Palin to a "waterfront joint" at Palin's invitation.

Observe that Palin's psychology is clear enough. He had been padding around with Pitz, in search of a dishonest penny. They saw a man — who proved to be Jupp — coming up the empty avenue, on the opposite side of the street, alone; and Palin crossed to meet him, with the intention of either begging from him, if he was sober, or picking his pockets, if he was drunk. Pitz remained on the other side of the road, to watch. Their predestined victim was walking blindly, his head down, his overcoat collar up to his ears. Palin bumped into him, under a street light — as if accidentally — and knew he was sober by the sturdy way in which he took the impact. He stopped and turned a bewildered face to Palin. And Palin recognized him.

"Don't know me, Jimmy, uh?" he said.

Jupp did not know him — had not seen him for years.

"I thought he was some little old man," Jupp described it, "without any hair." Palin was just out of jail and his hair had not yet grown.

To Palin's eye, Jupp acted as if he were walking in his sleep. "When he saw who it was," Palin told me, "he looked round like he didn't know where he was, an' he says: 'Where did *you* come from?' I tol' him I was out takin' a little exercise, an' I ast him where he was headin' fer. He kind o' didn't hear me. Put his ear down to me like he was deaf, an' made me say it over again. I thought he was sort o' doped er somethin'. I ast him if he was workin', an' he said, 'Yes. Over at Sutler's.' I seen he was sore at Sutler by the way he talked. An' then, I ast him to come down with me to a joint an' have a drink. An' he come along."

Palin's psychology, as I say, is clear enough. But why was Jupp so worried that he was walking the streets at midnight, like a man in a daze? And why did he accept the invitation of an evident criminal to drink beer in a waterfront thieves' resort?

Palin admitted to me that he gave this invitation because he saw that Jupp was angry at his employer, the grocer; and Palin conceived the idea of tempting Jupp to "get back" at the grocer by means of some thieves' trick in which Pitz and he might share the profits. The conversation between Palin and Jupp, putting it together from both their versions — ran somewhat like this:

When Jupp said that he was working for Sutler, Palin sneered: "Gettin' rich, uh?"

"Rich!" Jupp snorted. "Did any one ever get rich working for him?"

"No," said Palin. "Ner fer anybody else. *They* get rich, but *you* don't."

Jupp suddenly plucked his hand from his pocket. "That's right, by —!" he cried, with a vehement gesture that showed he had been touched on his bruise.

Palin followed up his cue. "You've found it out, have you? *You're* swift, *you* are! I got wise to that, five years ago."

"And what's more," Jupp went on, "they don't pay you what you earn. He thinks because I'm on the square he can dock me anything he likes and I won't try to get back at him. It'd serve the old skin right if I — ".

"Sure, it would," Palin cut in eagerly. "A man's either got to work fer what he gets er take it from some one that *does*. An' these mutts don't *work* fer it — do they? — these sharks that own stores?" He jerked his head sideways at the shop-fronts. "They don't work for it, so they soak it out o' the kiyis that *do*. It makes me laugh ev'ry time I see this town. A lot o' guys slavin' to keep a lot of other guys from havin' to do anythin'. An' a lot o' cops watchin' to see that the guys that work don't take anythin' but what the *other* guys — that *don't* work — want to give 'em." He hitched up his trousers by the waist-band and cursed. "It's a bug-house game, as Pitz says."

Jupp opened his mouth — and shut it again. His mind was busy somewhere in the silence, at a distance from his tongue. It was his tongue alone that asked, at last, unexpectedly: "Where've you been?"

"I jus' got out o' Bellevue," Palin lied. "A fresh mutt ga' me a tap on the koko an' cracked it. That's where they sheared me." He ran his hand up the back of his head.

Jupp nodded, but without any aspect of comprehension.

"I been hangin' out with a gang o' fellahs down here," Palin said. "Come along down, an' have a bowl o' suds."

"How far is it?"

"Oh, jus' the docks."

Jupp looked at the empty distance blankly. In a moment, he said: "I'll go down a couple o' blocks, anyway."

This is all very well, but why was Jupp on the streets at midnight? I asked him that question, and he said he had had insomnia. What had given him insomnia? Well, worrying about Sutler. There were two clerks in Sutler's shop; some groceries had been stolen; and Sutler had taken half the value of the missing goods out of Jupp's wages, although there was no proof that either of the clerks was the thief. This, according to Jupp, had infuriated him. The other clerk was a niece of Sutler's wife. Jupp was sure that Sutler had only pretended to dock *her*.

Would that seem a convincing reason to you for Jupp's behavior? Would it, if you were trying to do a "soul-portrait" of Jupp? Here was a timid boy, used to injustice, brutally trained in honesty, and beaten as a child for associating with this very Palin whom he was now accompanying to a disreputable resort. Would Sutler's injustice have driven him to fraternize with such a jail-bird? Would mere injustice have put him out on the streets, like a man walking in his sleep, and ready to burst out with a threat to "get back" at Sutler by — by what? Obviously, by stealing from him!

NO. It came to me more and more strongly the more I thought of it. Jupp's insomnia had been the insomnia of guilt. He had already "got back" at Sutler. Suspected of stealing, and unjustly fined for stealing, he had revenged himself by taking out of Sutler's till — dollar by dollar — the amount that Sutler had fined him. That amount was twenty dollars, as I discovered from a significant discrepancy between Jupp's story and the account that Palin gave me. And I am convinced that this twenty dollars, in one-dollar bills, was clasped in Jupp's hand, in his overcoat pocket, when Palin bumped into him.

Now — if I know anything about a man like Jupp — as long as he was stealing, he would allow himself to feel no sense of guilt. None whatever. Contrary to all the moralists, he would be conscious only of the emotions of a timid soul in revolt, who throws off an oppression and is vindicated to himself as a man of spirit by that act. He would feel no shame before Sutler; he would feel only a defiant contempt for the man who had tried to take advantage of him and had overreached himself. The little roll of bills in an inner pocket would be a constant reminder of exultation; he would count them over every night with a sort of fierce joy; and he would waken to the thought of them every morning, resolutely.

But as soon as the appointed sum had been completed, and the money transferred to an outer pocket, the glow of this excitement would begin to fade. A dozen times a day, he would find it necessary to prove to himself that he had not done anything dishonest; and though he convinced himself each time, he would find to his bewilderment that he did not remain convinced. He would feel the need of getting the support of some other person's assurance of his innocence — and then he would see that everyone but himself would consider him guilty beyond argument. The law, if it found him out, would shut him up in a prison among thieves. If he told his mother she would make him return the money and declare himself ashamed and sorry for what he had done. And he was not ashamed! And he was not sorry! If the law did not prevent Sutler from taking twenty dollars from *him*, what right had it to prevent him from taking the money from Sutler? It was all a conspiracy to protect Sutler while Sutler took advantage of his power to steal from *him*.

And wandering about the streets, fighting out this endless inner argument with himself, he had run into Palin; and Palin had at once said, in effect: "Sure! You're dead right. They're all in a game against you. I understand. I been through it." And Jupp, fascinated, supported against the accusation of guilt that was hounding him, would be unable to turn away from Palin. And when Palin invited him to come to some "joint" that Jupp knew would be disreputable, he would hesitate, and look at the vacant nightmare-streets through which he had been wandering alone; and he would say: "Well, I'll go down a couple o' blocks, anyway."

THAT is my theory, at least. And it has the merit not only of accounting for the beginning of the adventure; it explains Jupp's conduct through the exciting incidents that followed; and it makes understandable the emotion in which he ended and the extraordinary spiritual effect of the whole affair on him in after-life.

In any case, they went down toward the waterfront — Jupp, mute and absent-minded, and Palin talking as if he were afraid that silence might break the charm of his influence over Jupp. Pitz was following them, on the other side of the street; but Palin, having said nothing about his confederate, could not now call him in without danger of arousing suspicion. He planned to wait until he had Jupp at a saloon-table before he gave Pitz the sign to join them.

They were nearing the waterfront when something confusing happened.

A fat man came weaving drunkenly toward them. Jupp did not notice him, but Palin edged off and passed him between Jupp and himself; and at the instant of passing — unknown to Jupp — he shouldered the staggerer from his balance and threw him against Jupp. Jupp caught him to save him from falling. Palin helped. The man struggled, was rolled around between the two, lost his hat, and had his coat twisted about him amazingly in his efforts to extricate himself. When they finally got him put to rights, they left him cursing them.

Palin began to talk again, feverishly. "You want to hear this fellah Pitz. I ain't no Anarchist, but I got a right to live without bein' worked to death by a lot o' bloated mutts that 're too fat to work fer themselves. Pitz — " He glanced behind him. "Go on down this street, Jim, to the waterfront an' turn south. I'll meet you a couple o' streets down. I want to see a fellah — "

He nodded, turned the corner, and made off before Jupp could speak.

Jupp came out of his trance to find himself deserted. He went automatically almost as far as the next corner; then, his original hesitation reasserting itself, he decided to turn north and go home. With that decision, he thrust his hands deeper into his overcoat pockets and found what proved to be — when he drew it out — a silver watch! He put his hand into his pocket again and took out — a wallet! He looked at them stupidly. He looked around him, stupidly, for Palin. He saw at a distance behind him the drunken man whom Palin and he had bumped into; and this man, under a street light, had taken off his overcoat and was searching it for something that he had lost, obviously. The significance of this sight reached Jupp's bewildered apprehension at the same moment that he saw a stranger on the opposite side of the street, watching him.

The stranger, of course, was Pitz. Palin, having "rolled the rummy" deftly, had slipped the watch and the wallet into Jupp's pocket and fled when he saw that the drunken man had missed them. And he had left Pitz to watch the innocent repository of the loot.

NOW I do not wish to split any psychological hairs, but if Jupp had not been already feeling guilty, would he not have taken the stolen things to the nearest policeman and cleared himself? — even if he had had to deny that he knew who Palin was, in order to protect *him*. Well, the thought does not seem to have occurred to Jupp at all. He tried to get away into a side street where he might drop the things into a gutter, unobserved. And, of course, he was followed by Pitz. He quickened his pace when the drunken victim raised a drunken shout behind him; and when Pitz quickened, too, Jupp supposed that Pitz was a plainclothesman who was shadowing him. He had turned north, toward home. A policeman began to sound the alarm with his nightstick; and this ringing tattoo, answered by another policeman ahead of him somewhere, stopped him. With an effort to simulate innocence, he turned to look back at the pursuit; and when Pitz overtook him, he asked faintly: "What's the matter back there?"

Pitz glared at him with a baleful contempt. "Where d'you think you're goin'?"

"Home," Jupp gasped.

"You go down where you were tol' to go," Pitz said. "Go on!"

Jupp went — down the side street toward the waterfront again — and Pitz crossed the road and followed on the opposite side. Jupp, of course, took it for granted that he was now practically under arrest. He supposed that the detective had guessed that he had a rendezvous with Palin and intended to gather them both in together.

I asked, "Why didn't you tell him the truth?"

He shook his head. "I didn't think of it."

"What *did* you think of?"

He replied queerly: "I was thinking that when I was a kid and used to go to work in a dry-goods store, my mother used to give me a bottle of hot tea to take in my lunch box, and I used to put the bottle between the blankets on a shelf, to keep it warm, like it was a boy in bed."

I could make nothing of it. He said it with a funny sort of wistfulness, his eyes fixed on nothing. I was puzzled.

"What made you think of that?"

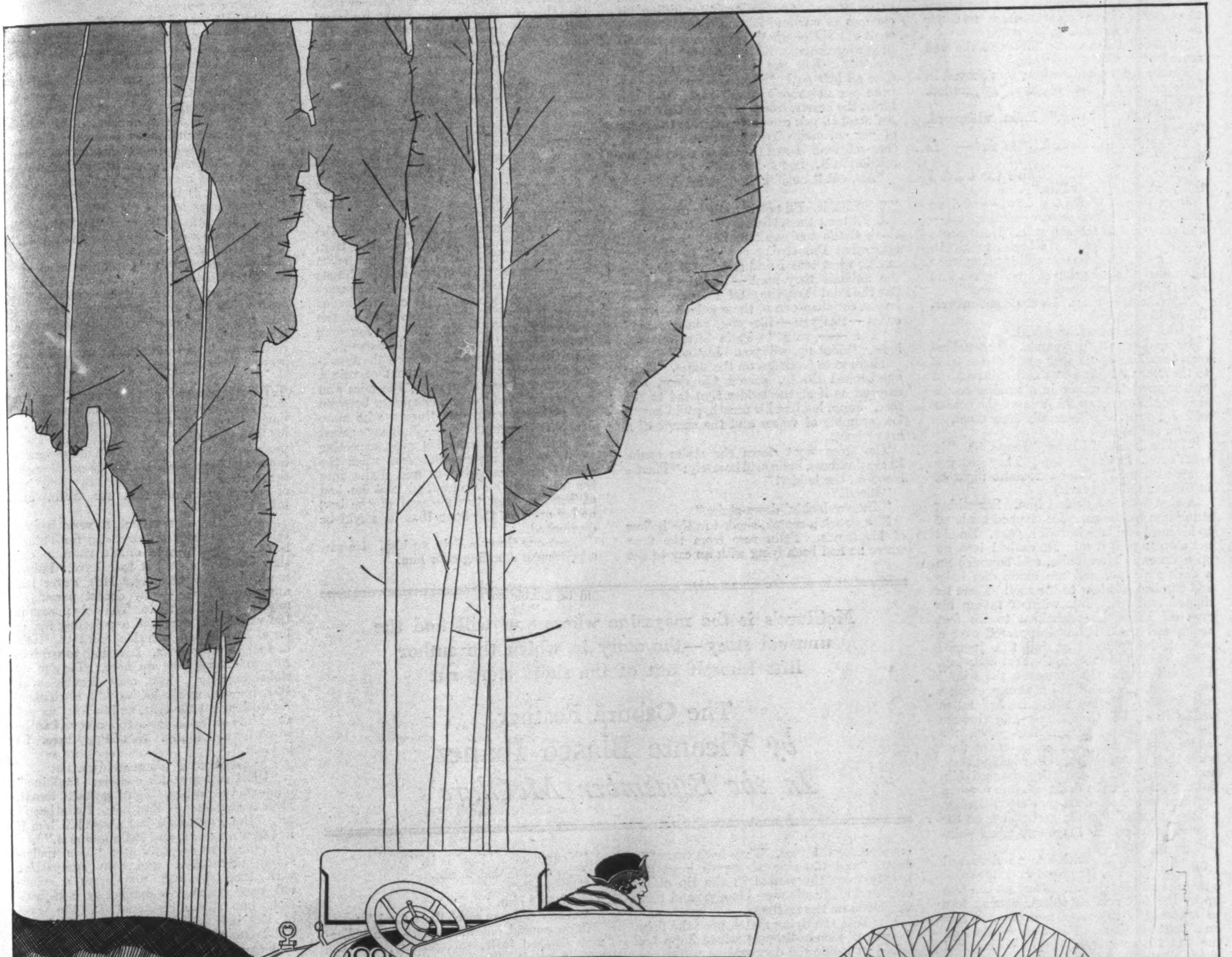
"I don't know. Maybe I was thirsty." He smiled apologetically.

I pretended that I was curious to identify the exact spot on the waterfront where this had happened. He could not remember. He recalled that he had seen a squad of street-cleaners, in white, brushing out the dust from the crevices between the cobblestones, and that the wind sent this dust smoking down the empty thoroughfare from their brooms. He recalled, too, that in the silence of the night, the throbbing of steam from the ocean liners set the air beating like a pulse. Both of these are recollections of irrelevant things unforgetably perceived, under a great strain of emotion, by a divided mind that is trying to interest itself in externals in order to escape the unendurable strain of its thoughts. What thought was Jupp trying to suppress? The thought of his guilt — I should say, undoubtedly — and of the accidental justice of his punishment.

When Pitz and he came to the waterfront Pitz had to follow directly behind him, because there was no sidewalk on the opposite side of the street — only wharfsheds. They had walked down almost to the next street-corner when Jupp heard a low hiss beside him, and Palin caught him by the elbow and drew him into a doorway. "There's a cop around the corner," he whispered.

Palin! It was Palin!

At once, in a despairing eagerness, Jupp thrust into Palin's hands the watch, the wallet and a roll of bills. (And here was the


KELLY-SPRINGFIELD
000021
KELLY-SPRINGFIELD
LFELLOWS·

"Cheer up, Eve, there'll be no more tire trouble on this trip; I got a Kelly-Springfield."

significant discrepancy that I have referred to. Jupp, in his account, never mentioned those guilty bills as separate from the single dollar that was found in the purse.)

"Hullo!" Palin said. "Where'd the wad come from? Out o' the wallet?"

Before Jupp could answer, Pitz shoved in between them. "Hol' on, now," he growled. "I'm in on this."

"All right, Pittsey," Palin whispered. "Keep yer shirt on."

"What!" Jupp choked. "Is *that* — Is *he* — ?"

"Sure," Palin said. "This's the fellah I tol' y' about. This's Pitz."

Jupp turned without a word — with no more than a blind gesture of dismissal — and retreated to the sidewalk. He was out of it! He was free! He began to giggle, hysterically. And he was still giggling when he walked into the grasp of a policeman who asked: "What were you doin' in *there?*"

Jupp shook his head. He could not answer. He could not think.

"Uh?" the policeman asked.

He had begun to tremble. The policeman took him by the arm and led him back to the doorway. And Pitz and Palin dashed out, tripped the officer in a sudden scuffle that freed Jupp, and fled around the corner with Jupp running frantically after them.

Why did he run?

"I'll be darned if I know," Jupp said. "It wasn't *me*. It was my legs. They just ran away with me." (The automatic flight of instinctive guilt, in fact!)

A shot sounded behind him. Something stung him on the ear. He clapped his hand to his head and knocked off his hat. He did not stop to pick it up. He dashed into an open doorway after Palin, and bounded up a dark staircase, and ran along dim halls and climbed a ladder to the roof. There he slipped and fell; but, without taking his eyes off Palin, he scrambled to his feet again, and when Palin disappeared over a parapet, he followed at full tilt, jumped wildly and fell five feet to the next housetop. That fall completely "knocked the wind" out of him. Pitz and Palin were opening a roof scuttle. He lay where he had fallen beside them, till they thrust him through the opening, and helped him down the ladder, and let him lie gasping on the floor while they closed the trap-door behind them and fastened it. Then they dragged him down the hall in the darkness, into a room, shut and locked the door and stood listening, panting stealthily, while he writhed on the floor at their feet, his lungs struggling painfully to get breath.

Palin prodded him with a foot and warned him to keep quiet. He groaned. Pitz struck a match and blew it out. They picked him up by the feet and shoulders, carried him to a corner of the room and dropped him on a mattress there. Footsteps creaked on the flat tin roof over them — came and went slowly — and passed over to the next house.

They waited in the darkness, a long time. Then Pitz struck a match and with it lit a candle that stood, stuck in its own grease, on the table.

The circle of candlelight fell on a disorder of books and newspapers on the table-top. It showed white on the faces of the two thieves. And Jupp, drawing deep tremulous breaths, saw that he was in a little tenement-house room, its single window covered with a dirty gray blanket.

Palin pushed aside the papers and emptied his pockets. The watch interested him for a moment only. "Good fer three bucks," he said. The wallet had a single dirty dollar in it; he added that to the roll of bills and counted them. "Twenty-one good ones," he said, stroking them down lovingly. "Seven apiece."

Pitz clawed over his share silently.

"Here's yours, Jim," Palin said.

JUPP, lying flat on his back, rolled his head from side to side. "I don't want them."

Palin took four dollars, passed three to Pitz, and grinned, moistening his lips. But Pitz did not even notice the inequality of the division. He was glaring at Jupp. "Why don't you want them?" he demanded.

"I've had enough," Jupp said to the ceiling. "No more of that for *me*."

"Now, you look-a-here!" Pitz threatened; and in a low hoarse voice, gripping the table-edge, he broke out in a long rigmarole of argument and self-justification to the amazed Jupp. He had worked out some sort of theory to the effect that all religion and all morality were merely what he called "camp laws of warfare." Man lived by killing birds, fish, beasts and plants — and eating them. And he lived by killing his enemies in war and looting them. "'Thou shalt not kill'— what? The human animals in yer own camp. Kill everythin' else that breathes. Kill yer country's enemy an' take all he's got! 'Thou shalt not steal'— from yer neighbor's tent. Steal from the birds, the beasts, from everything that lives! An' steal all you can carry off from the tents of yer enemies. Yes! Is that right? Is that religion? I say there's no right an' no religion in it. An' I defy it!"

"Aw, cut it out," Palin grumbled.

"I DEFY it. I'll not keep their camp laws. I'll treat them the way they treat everything that's too weak to fight them. I'll take what I'm strong enough to take, no matter what tent I find it in. I'll live like the animals they hunt — like the birds — like the rats! Yes, the rats! I'd sooner be an honest rat than one o' these snivelin' hypocrites — like you — like you, you coward!"

"For —— sake!" Palin blew out the light. "Shut up, will you. Listen!"

There were footsteps on the stairs. These approached slowly, passed the door, and stopped as if at the ladder that led to the roof. Jupp, holding his breath, could hear a low grumble of voices and the scrape of a heavy boot.

The steps went down the stairs again. In the darkness, Palin said hoarsely: "There's blood on the ladder!"

"Blood!"

"They're lookin' down-stairs."

Pitz struck a match, shaded in the hollow of his hands. Palin rose from the floor where he had been lying with an ear to the crack under the door. They both turned to Jupp. And the side of Jupp's head was bloody from the wound in the tip of his ear; and his hands were bloody; and there was blood on the mattress.

Pitz held the dying match near the floor. A spot of blood glistened where Jupp had lain, just inside the doorway.

"He shot me," Jupp said weakly. He could see the hatred — the desperation of disgust and anger — that lowered in their faces. Then the match went out.

"We're up the flue!" Palin said. "There's a trail to the ladder."

"It's up to *him*. He's got to take the stuff an' beat it. We can clean up this mess, an' get away with it," said Pitz.

Palin did not reply.

"Look-a-here, you," Pitz ordered. "There's a fire-escape outside that window. It's up to you. You've got to beat it out o' this."

Jupp swallowed. "No," he said, brave in the darkness. "You got me into it. You stole those things and put them in my pocket. I won't take them, and I won't run again as if I *had* taken them. I'm no thief and *you* know it."

"By — " Pitz swore, "you'll get out o' here er I'll throw y' out!"

"Hol' on now, Pittsey," Palin interposed. "Jimmy, if you stay here, you'll be caught anyway. They'll search the whole damn house. They'll see that ear. You can't hide it. The only chanct you got's to beat it down the fire-escape."

"I won't," Jupp said. "If I got to go to jail, I'll go with you two that got me into this. You can't put it off on me again. You did that once. You put those things into my pocket, and I got scared and ran. I don't make that mistake again. I'm no thief. I don't care what's right or wrong. Say what you like. But I don't run again. Never!"

He had raised his voice. And it was this that saved him. The two policemen had found blood at the threshold of the door. They knew that the thieves were hidden in the room. They pretended to go downstairs together, but one of them, creeping back, watched and listened at the door while the other went down through the basement to the yard to cover the fire-escape. The one at the door heard the argument between Jupp and his companions.

Pitz, enraged, lost all caution and threatened in loud tones. Jupp refused to be intimidated. They had put those things in his pocket, he insisted. It was a dirty, sneaking thieves' trick. They were a pair of pickpockets and they had used him as a stall without letting him know what they were doing. If he had been arrested, they would have let him go to jail alone. Well, if he had to go, now, they would go with him.

He was interrupted by a blow on the door. It was the springing of the trap. Pitz and Palin scuffled across the room with the secret noise of two startled beasts of darkness; and Jupp heard them struggling with the window. He cowered in his corner, faint with fear and loss of blood, the floor shaking under him with the hurrying feet and the battering on the door-panels.

In the confusion that followed the breaking of the door-lock — the shout of voices, the sound of breaking glass, the cries and curses of a hand-to-hand encounter between the policemen and the thieves who were caught at the window-sill — Jupp lay against the wall, his arm over his eyes, expecting the blow of a night-stick. And when the officers had dragged Pitz and Palin into the hall, and he understood that he had at least escaped the violence of the law, he lay quiet in the hope that he might be overlooked.

Some one threw a light on him. He saw a policeman standing over him.

McClure's is the magazine where you will find the
unusual story—the story in which the author
lifts himself out of the short story rut

The Caburé Feather
by Vicente Blasco Ibañez
In the September McClure's

"Your name's 'Jim,' is it?"

Jupp replied that it was.

"Jim what?"

Jupp told him.

"Where did you meet these two?"

Jupp poured out his story. The policeman listened to it, thoughtfully. In the middle of it, he said: "You work fer Sutler, don't you?"

Jupp admitted it.

"I thought I'd seen you somewheres. Go ahead."

WHEN he had finished the policeman said: "Well, you'll have to appear as a witness, anyway. Gimme yer address." As he wrote it down, he remarked: "You was lucky that bullet didn't come an inch further to the right. The next time you get into a game like this, you'd better stand an' take what's comin' to you."

"You're blamed right I will," Jupp said fervently.

"All right. Run along. We'll let you know when we want you. Better go in the saloon down't the corner an' clean that blood off."

He helped Jupp to his feet and followed him out. Jupp stumbled eagerly down the stairs. He was conscious of nothing but a sick desire to be at home in his bed.

"Where's yer hat?" the policeman asked, at the street door.

Jupp put his hand up to his bare head. "I dunno. I lost it."

"All right," the officer said — and he departed with the unemotional indifference of the man to whom this sort of thing is the routine of life.

Jupp stood a long time in the doorway. You can imagine what he was thinking. I had to imagine it. Jupp could not tell me. All he could recall of the moment was this: as he went down the street, toward the corner saloon, he passed the doorway into which he had dashed with Palin, just after he had been shot in the ear; and here, on a sidewalk grating, he saw his hat. He picked it up and put it on. "Funny thing," he said to me. "That hat looked awful good."

"How do you mean?"

"I don't know. I liked it."

Now, you may think me absurd, but — that was a derby hat. It was the visible sign of his escape from criminality and the persecutions of guilt. In putting it on, he put on respectability again and became a conventional citizen who could walk up the street without being noticed. The whole overwhelming emotion of his sense that he was free and unsuspected must have accepted the act of donning that hat as something symbolic and memorably significant. And there, to me, is the unconscious reason why he never wore any but a derby hat afterward. No other hats ever "looked good" on him, as he said. They never "felt good." He "liked a derby hat best."

He did not have to appear as a witness against Pitz and Palin in court. When he reached home that night he was shivering with a chill that made him ache as if he were on a rack. Next morning, he had the grippe. Two days later, it was pneumonia. When he recovered, Pitz and Palin were already serving their sentences.

HE did not see Palin again until — as the newly-appointed warden of his penitentiary — he walked into the prison kitchen on his first visit of inspection and found Palin washing dishes there. Palin did not recognize him. He went back to his office, thought the matter over, and — as his first act of prison reform — sent for Palin and talked with him.

Apparently, it was not a very fruitful talk. "You can't do anything for Palin," he said. "If people didn't train a dog they wouldn't expect it to behave. Palin's never had any training. He's never had any proper home — any decent parents — anything at all to tie to. The only person in the world he'd ever had any feeling for, as far as I could find, was this man Pitz. He'd had a letter from Pitz. I got him to write to Pitz and bring him on here. They're all right together. The only trouble with Pitz is — he won't let us kill a chicken. He'll let us eat the eggs, and he'll let us sell the birds when he gets too many, but he won't let us kill any. He's happy here. So is Palin."

I asked about Pitz's anarchism.

"Oh, that's just his conscience talking," Jupp said shrewdly, "fighting with himself. He has character — Pitz has. Palin hasn't any. But Pitz would just about kill him if he threw me down, and Palin knows it."

I wanted to say to Jupp: "You understand these men and you sympathize with them because you were a criminal once yourself — completely self-justified, but still a criminal in the eyes of the law. That night with Pitz and Palin made you see yourself in the first ex-con who appealed to you for help, and you went on helping them until you arrived here. You have unconsciously imbibed some of Pitz's philosophy about humanity's 'camp laws.' You have no theory about crime, because your theory is so unmoral that you daren't formulate it even in your own thoughts. You merely express it in your actions. That's why you're such a mystery!"

Naturally, I said nothing of the sort. I said: "When the Governor goes out of office, do you think you'll be able to hold the job here?"

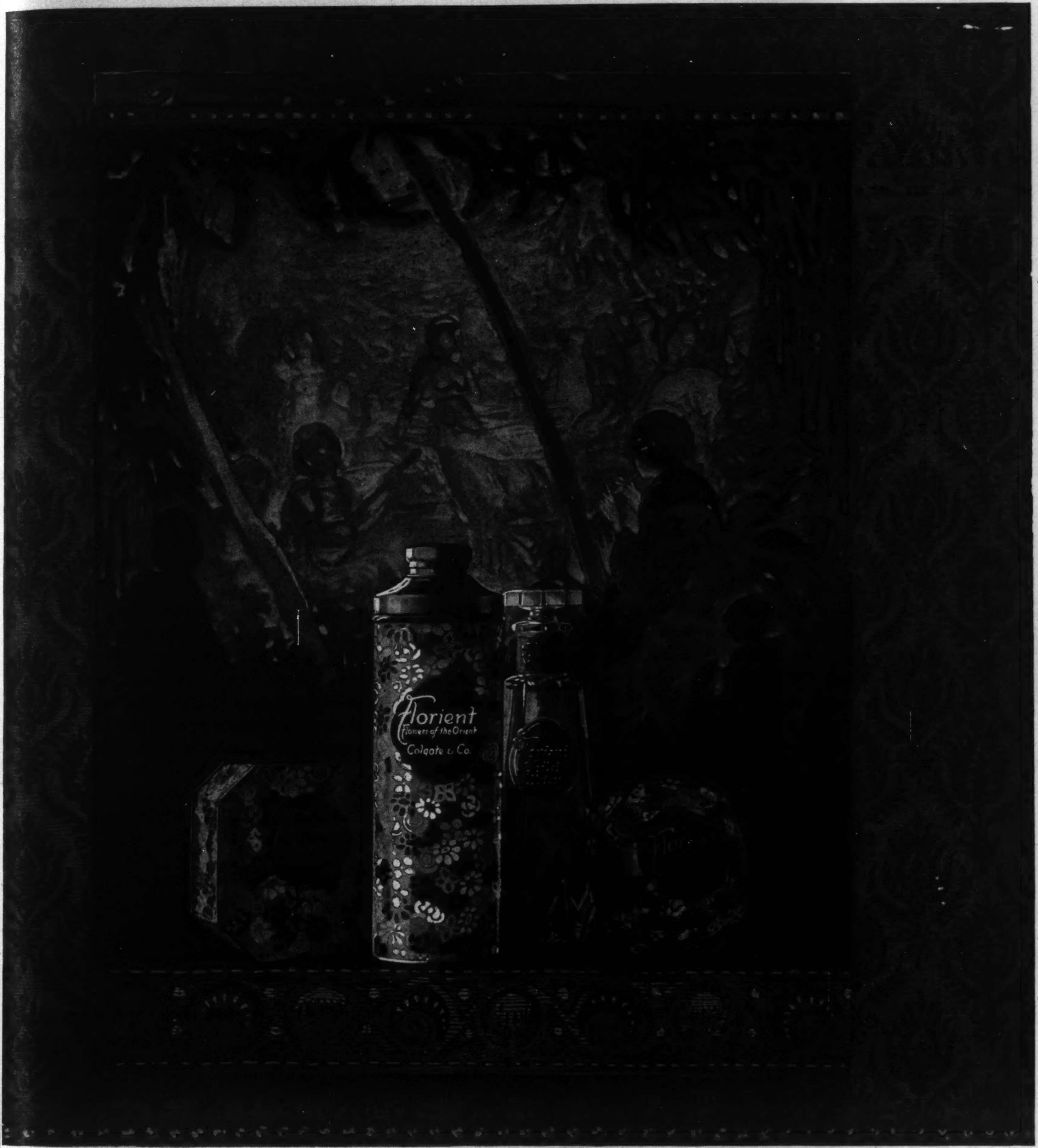
"No," he replied, "the gang'll get me."

"And all this work of yours will go for nothing?"

He thought a long while. "I do it," he said, "because I like it. Some one will always be doing the same sort of thing, for the same reason. In time, people'll learn it's the best way to run a prison. It takes time. Don't worry."

He lost his prison, as he had predicted, and he never got another. He disappeared — with Pitz and Palin — in the silence that soon afterward covered all the experiments of social and political reform in the Middle West. I heard that he had gone back into life insurance; and when Warden Osborne began his reforms in the New York State Penitentiary I sent some of the newspaper clippings of Osborne's fight to Jupp with a note of comment. It was characteristic of Jupp that he did not bother to reply. Or maybe he was ill. A few months later, I saw in the *Public* a news-note of his death, in very small type. None of the Eastern papers printed it, I think. And, of course, the *Public* said nothing of either Pitz or Palin.

I did not write any "soul-portrait" of Jupp — for obvious reasons. I never shall write one now, I suppose — unless this is it.



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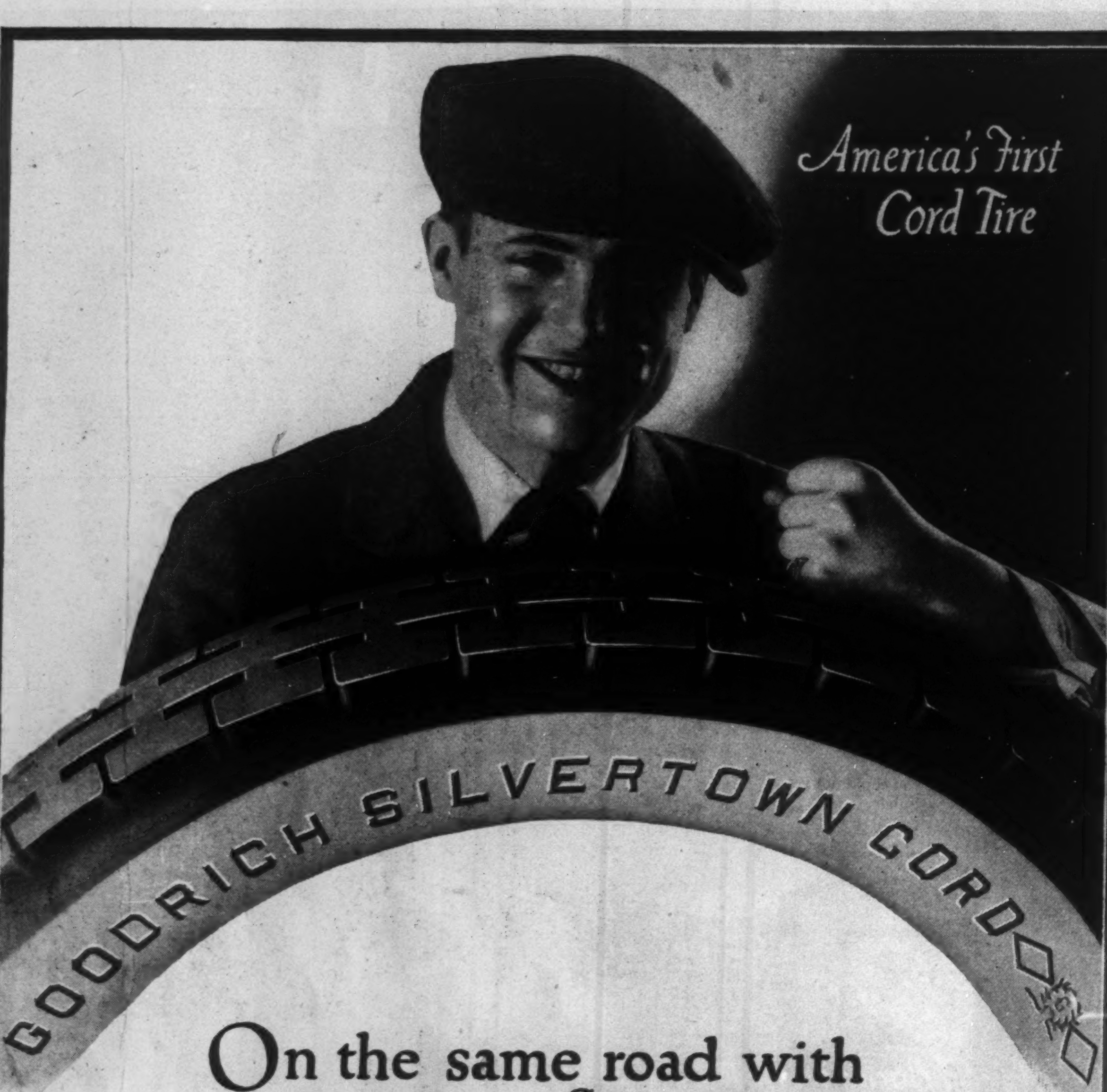

On the same road with your new *Silvertown Cord Tires*, you will find a lot of the *Silvertown Cords* of last year, and the year before, still delivering the miles.

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The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio · *Adjustment Basis: Silvertown Cords, 8000 Miles; Fabric Tires, 6000 Miles*

Money or Us

[*Continued from page 34*]

people, who spend it in their daily purchases of necessaries and complain of high prices.

Money is the cheapest thing in the world. Everything else is dear accordingly.

Finance views this problem in terms of finance only. It says:

> The war-time currency must be drastically reduced.
> Credit must be restricted.
> Prices must come down.
> Money must be made dear again.

Why?

Not that people will be happier with less money, not that there will be greater prosperity with less credit, not that there is any blessedness in low prices and dear money, *per se*, but that the currency of the world may be restored to a gold basis!

It is proposed to reproduce throughout the whole world on a colossal scale all that phenomena described by the British Committee as resulting from a rise in the Bank of England's discount rate — namely, the postponement of new enterprise, the falling off in the demand for construction materials, the slackening of employment, the diminished demand for consumable goods, the fall in prices, and, lastly, the triumph of the gold standard for its own sake.

Finance is generally agreed as to the necessity and likewise the means. It prays that the consequences may not be too disastrous. But by prayer alone it will never learn that the consequences of inflation and deflation are no longer to be treated as financial and economic purely. There are, besides, political effects of the gravest importance.

Professor Irving Fisher of Yale comprehensively says:

> "Ignorant radicalism is using high prices as a lever for attacking our economic system. . . . This all points to the need for reaching a scientific solution of the problem before reckless radicalism has any further excuse for sweeping the country with some hastily conceived remedy. . . .
>
> "When we were suffering from the opposite aberration of our unruly dollar, i.e., when we went through the drastic fall of prices beginning with the close of the Civil War and ending in 1896 (with the accompanying evils of depression in trade, bankruptcies, and unemployment), the country in an almost desperate attempt to escape these evils nearly adopted Mr. Bryan's remedy, which would have been worse than the disease.
>
> "The radicalism of those days, expressed in Populism, died out soon after prices stopped falling. The present radicalism will die out soon after prices stop rising.
>
> "If only we could put a stop once for all to these great swings of prices in either direction we would escape a vast amount of social discontent which price movements always breed.
>
> "To secure this result we need a stable price level and to secure a stable price level we must stabilize the dollar, the aberrations of which disturb the price level."

So long as the conventional money unit, be it the American dollar, the English pound sterling, the French franc, or what not, is related to a gold supply, which gold supply is subject to miner's luck, to hoarding, to unexpected accretions and losses, to accidents of discovery and trade reprisals, and not to the productive power of people, just so long will prices continue to rise and fall in a manner both irrational and politically perilous.

Any money unit based upon gold, silver or other precious metal so-called is bound to be a fluctuating measure of value, fluctuating because the amount of it is arbitrary, suddenly increasing by reason of discoveries and inventions, suddenly failing in supply for want of more discoveries and inventions, and never bearing a constant relation to something more precious than the rarest metal, namely, the human labor by which the actual wealth of the world is produced.

The supply of commodities which we eat and wear and consume in the satisfaction of our daily wants is not arbitrary. It is governed by the patience of our toil, the strength of our desires and the power of our imagination. Therefore, to value the whole product of volitional human labor in terms of a metal which nature has capriciously concealed in certain rocks seems perhaps the weirdest absurdity surviving in modern economic civilization.

That is not all.

Founded as it is upon a fluctuating money unit, the solemn science we call finance is like the hypochondriac sitting all day long with his fingers on his pulse, filled with superstitious dreads and forebodings, so preoccupied with thoughts of his own state of being that he cannot act freely upon his environment.

As you have seen, finance will deliberately interrupt the production of wealth and cause unemployment of people merely in order to restore a despotic and fictitious relation between the amount of gold hoarded in bank vaults and the amount of paper money and check book currency in circulation.

Finance now is where medicine was when the patient was bled to restore his vitality.

The alternative is a money unit that shall bear a constant relation to the productive power of people — a non-fluctuating measure of value which shall at all times represent the quantity of those goods which people produce by labor and buy from each other.

Such a measure of value we have named a wealth dollar.

What is a wealth dollar?

You might suppose it to be a very difficult thing to comprehend. It is not. In its principle it is simple. To illustrate it in the first place will be easier than to define it.

There is — or until recently there was — in Boston a very long lease in which it was stipulated that the lessee should pay his rent not in money but in grain — so many bushels each year. That is probably the only rent income in the world that has not fluctuated in relative value, or in purchasing power, in the last fifty years. Grain may rise or grain may fall, but the owner of that building each year receives the same number of bushels, and the purchasing power of his rental is always the same, because as grain rises so do other things, and as grain falls so also do other commodities fall.

In a wide sense commodities of every kind rise and fall together. When we complain of the high cost of living and how it has risen in the last five years we do not refer to a few things only; we mean everything nearly — clothes, food, rent, servants, railroad fares, taxes, tombstones and theatre tickets.

Six years ago wheat was a dollar a bushel. Now suppose at that time you had had business premises to let and that $5,000 a year seemed a fair rental to charge — enough to pay taxes, insurance, the cost of repairs and yield you a decent rate of interest on your investment. Suppose you had closed the bargain with a tenant at that money figure. Where now would you stand? Prices have doubled meanwhile. Your income from its rental has been halved in value. What else could you have done? Obviously you could not have stipulated $6,000 for the second year, $7,000 for the third, and so on up to $10,000, merely on the opinion that prices would double. No tenant would rent from you on those terms. Prices might not rise. They might remain stationary, or they might even fall, on account of something that happened to the gold supply. But suppose you had said, as the Boston owner did, "I will have my rent in wheat. The rental will be 5,000 bushels of wheat a year, or the equivalent in money." In that case where now would you stand? You would stand exactly as well as in the first year of the lease. Wheat has more than doubled in money value; so also has nearly everything else. Therefore, the value of wheat in terms of other commodities is unchanged. Money having depreciated in value, 5,000 bushels of wheat now brings $10,000; but because money has depreciated in value, $10,000 will buy only as much as $5,000 bought six years ago. Suppose wheat had fallen to 50 cents a bushel. Then the money value of 5,000 bushels would be only $2,500, but other commodities having fallen as wheat fell, $2,500 in money would buy as much as $5,000 bought before.

What you see in this illustration is that the actual value of wheat is constant. It is the value of money that fluctuates — and the fluctuations of money cause wheat to rise or fall not in actual value but in price only.

Now go one step further and eliminate the fluctuating money unit altogether. Suppose a dollar represented basic commodities instead of gold. Suppose it represented grain and pig iron and wool and leather in scientifically determined proportions instead of 23.222 grains of fine gold. Is it not clear that a dollar of that kind would be truly and constantly a token of actual wealth?

As commodities increased dollars would increase; as commodities decreased in supply dollars would decrease in number. Prices would remain the same.

Or suppose again that one's wages were paid not in money but in commodities; that for a week's work one got stipulated quantities of food and fuel, a house of so many rooms to live in, so many items of wearing apparel, so many pairs of shoes and so many units of recreation, all of which in our sense are commodities. It is clear that one who got wages in this form would have no cause to complain of a rise in the cost of living. The cost of his living could not rise because the things which enter into the uses of living would be constant in quantity in payment for labor. You have only to suppose further that one received wages neither in gold nor in actual commodities, but in a money unit which represented those basic materials which we convert into food and clothes and shoes and houses and all the utilities of modern existence.

There is the principle of a wealth dollar.

The idea is not new. For nearly a century the great economists of the world have discussed ways and means to rationalize money. Primarily the difficulty is with people. They are easily persuaded that money is mysterious for both good and evil, and only once in a generation are they enough exasperated by its tyrannies to put their minds upon it.

More than fifty years ago the late Professor Jevons proposed a tabular standard of value. That means a standard of value based upon statistical tables in the form of an index number representing the average price of a certain number of commodities — therefore, a standard of value based upon commodities. This is the same as a wealth dollar. His thought was appreciated by other economists theoretically. It was said, however, to have no practical value. You could not get people to follow an index number.

Professor Irving Fisher of Yale has dedicated himself to the plan of a stabilized dollar, springing from gold, yet non-fluctuating in its exchange value by reason of variations in its gold content. Briefly, the plan is to impound all the actual gold and issue, for purposes of money, gold certificates. Then the amount of actual gold underlying the certificates might be increased or decreased by official declaration as the need was for more or less money.

Thus, each dollar of gold certificates might represent as now it does 23.222 grains of fine gold. But if commodities began to rise in price the amount of gold represented by each dollar of gold certificates might be increased to 25.222 grains. The effect of this would be to decrease the number of gold certificates in circulation, and that would tend to check the rise in prices; or, if commodities began to fall in price, the amount of gold represented by each dollar of gold certificates would be reduced, say to 21.222 grains, which would increase the number of dollars in circulation and tend to restore prices.

It is a feasible and admirable plan. It would make dollars constant in value. The ratio of gold to the amount of money in circulation would be determined not by fiat or custom or distrust but by a statistical demonstration of the amount of wealth produced by human labor.

The following compensating rhythm would become automatic: As the production of commodities increased prices would tend to fall. As this tendency appeared the gold content of the dollar would be decreased. As the gold content of the dollar decreased the number of dollars upon a given base of gold would increase. This increase of dollars would tend to uphold prices. Thus, the tendency of increased production to depress prices would be compensated by the tendency of an increase in the number of dollars to uphold prices. There is equilibrium.

After a long time, the production of commodities having enormously increased, the gold content of the dollar would be negligible and would perhaps come at last to be entirely disregarded, so that we should have arrived by long means at precisely the tabular standard of value proposed by Professor Jevons — that is, a standard of value reckoned in goods. And that is the wealth dollar.

All that remains to be comprehended is the statistical performance called an index number. Most people think this is a very complex thing. However, it is far less difficult to understand than the procedures whereby the gold standard is protected, as when the Bank of England and the Federal Reserve Banks in this country advance the rate of discount.

We shall explore the index number in the next article, which will appear in the September McCLURE'S.

INSURANCE
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Dual Protectors Of the American Home

WHAT home would be without the beneficent insurance policy which restores and repairs after loss and damage?

Without insurance those catastrophes, beyond the power of individuals to prevent, would be complete. And we companion this insurance with the protection of a COLT to thwart harmful and evil influences which, unless prevented, lead to catastrophe.

Thus — the stealthy shadow of the auto thief, seen from your bedroom window at your garage door, vanishes into the night when you challenge him with a COLT.

The sneaking figure of the fire-bug who, with vengeance in his heart for a fancied wrong, means to make a ruin of your home or factory when surprised, surrenders when confronted with a COLT.

The night prowler caught upon your veranda has no other thought but flight, instead of the savage rush he premeditated, when he comes face to face with a COLT.

Instead of battling the futile resistance of empty hands, the bold hold-up man who has stopped your car on the lonely highway becomes a shrinking coward when he finds you argue with a COLT!

And so we have the dual protectors of American homes, the insurance policy which provides a recompense for those losses which could not be helped, and a COLT Automatic Pistol or COLT Revolver which reduces to a minimum the unpreventable danger.

When you buy a COLT remember that you are getting "The Best that Money can Buy." Nothing else should satisfy.

Drop in and talk it over with your dealer.

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Manufacturers of
Colt's Revolvers — Colt's Automatic Pistols
Colt's (Browning) Automatic Machine Guns — Colt's (Browning) Automatic Machine Rifles

COLT'S
FIRE ARMS
"The Best that Money Can Buy"

George W. Lederer's Reminiscences—

Continued from page 31

In order, therefore, to palm her off as a true beauty it was initially necessary to do something about her ankles. I went about it this way: I decided that the best way to get the public to forget her ankles was, paradoxically, to call attention to them. That is, convince the public that they were beautiful ankles. I therefore got the girl a pair of black silk stockings with very fine perpendicular white lines and got her to have photographs taken of her ankles in them. She did; the fine perpendicular white lines made her ankles look beautifully slender; the photographs were 'landed' with the newspapers — they were a novelty in their day; and the propaganda thus set in motion was responsible for the gradual acceptance of Geraldine Fair as a perfect Venus. It was no great effort to get the newspapers to print the photographs: newspaper editors are as human as you or I: and a lovely ankle is a lovely ankle. Even the New York *World*, a tough nut for press-agents to crack in those days, printed a large picture of the ankles — you'll find it in the issue of April 29, 1900, its eloquence still undimmed by the yellowing years."

"Yes, sir," I said. "Go on."

"Take example No. 2," our shepherd proceeded. "Take the case of Mabelle Gilman. I realized when I got hold of her that I had a good theatrical property in her. I wanted to develop her and make a public favorite out of her. She had ability, and she had a fair share of looks. Since she was a hard and sincere worker, I knew the ability would take care of itself — I knew that she'd do her share in that direction — but since she had only a fair measure of looks, I knew that it was up to *me* to get busy in *that* direction and do what I could to cast about her the reputation of being a bewildering, heaven-kissed beauty. Now, it is an old secret of the theatre that an actress should never have her photograph taken with a hat or a husband. Fashions and times change too quickly. But it is also dangerous for an actress with a future to have any sort of photograph taken at all. Nothing can be more embarrassing to an actress than a photograph taken of her ten years before. Such a photograph provides a testimony that is damaging and not to be shaken. I therefore determined not to run too many chances with Mabelle Gilman and her beauty reputation. So I got her to stop having photographs taken and employed Sewell Collins, the artist, to paint a small idealized poster of her. This poster, with a large nondescript hat to hide any future dead-give-away changes in the style of coiffures and with a fanciful frock to hide the sartorial date of the picture, I spread broadcast and kept in use for years. It was Mabelle Gilman's own private Fountain of Youth: as long as it was in the public prints she could never grow old. Somehow, I confess, it fooled even me. I still always think of Mabelle Gilman as she looked in that pretty poster. My other girls, alas, I too often think of in terms of their photographs of twenty and thirty years ago: now grotesquely literal reminders."

"*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis,*" I sighed.

"I don't understand German," said our friend, "but anyway I'll tell you another story. To begin with, the public, all said to the contrary notwithstanding, believes everything that it reads, provided only that it reads it often enough. It has read for the last twenty years that it is always foggy in London, that whenever a man goes to a sale of unclaimed express packages, buys one and takes it home and opens it, he finds that it contains either an old pink chemise or a set of burglar tools, that Maeterlinck is a mystic and a recluse, that the French steamship lines serve excellent wine gratis, that —"

"Yes, sir," I said. "Go on."

"That you," continued our Lederer, a sassy glimmer in his eye, "are a great dramatic critic — and it believes it."

"You convince me, Oswald," I interjected. "But what are you driving at?"

"At this. Let any press-agent yarn be printed once, and the public may be a bit sceptical of it. But let it be printed twice, and the public will accept it as the gospel truth. Here's an illustration. As long ago as twenty-five years, the story about the actress's lost diamonds had already sprouted whiskers. But, crack all the jokes they may about it, it is still good publicity stuff if it is rightly handled. When Madge Lessing was under my management in the old Casino days, I used to work the lost-diamonds story for her to excellent advantage. Indeed, it worked so well that, in her day, she soon came to be regarded by the public as the possessor and wearer of the finest collection of jewels on the American stage. Here is the manner in which the thing was set going. First, I got my press-agent to land a story with the newspapers to the effect that Madge had lost a $20,000 diamond bracelet, and that $5,000 was offered as a reward for its return, with no questions asked. The press-agent contrived to get the story printed in four out of five papers (he had taken the precaution to insert, the day before, a small advertisement in the several 'lost and found' departments: this gave color to the story). Thus was the seed planted. The very next day after the story of the loss of the $20,000 diamond bracelet was printed, I had Madge notify the police that a $15,000 pearl necklace had been stolen from her apartments. So quickly did this second story follow on the heels of the first that any scepticism the newspapers might have had as to its authenticity, had it stood alone, was dispelled. Certainly, they thought, no press-agent would be such an idiot as to try to put over *two* lost-jewelry stories in *two* days. The second story, which the reporters got from the police, not from the press-agent, was therefore duly put into type. So far, so good.

NOW came the real test. On Friday of the same week — the second story had appeared in the Tuesday papers — Miss Lessing (through an adroit press-agent) was again caused to report to the police that her apartment had once more been entered and three valuable ruby and diamond bar-pins stolen. Surely, everyone believed, there could be no hornswoggling here. Not even the most brazen and most impudent of press-agents could be so raw. So, again, the story was printed; all air of a press-agent 'plant' was summarily sent packing; and thus began the legend that Madge Lessing had a superlatively beautiful and valuable collection of gems. The public read once, and doubted. It read twice, and believed. It read three times, and was convinced for all time."

"Well, well, well," I ejaculated.

Thus convinced that I was enormously impressed and hanging breathless to his amazing disclosures, our Lederer continued:

"Take Vashti Earle —"

"But," I protested, "my wife and seven children!"

"As a comique — " and our Lederer bestowed upon me an iceful glare — "you are, my friend, a lemon. Consider Vashti Earle —"

"Oh, very well," I agreed. "It is Spring and —"

"Shut up!" yelled our Lederer, glancing at his watch, noting that it was already midnight, and observing that he had only nine hours left until train time. "Consider the case of Vashti Earle, pretty, pretty Vashti Earle. What do you recall as the loveliest, most alluring feature about the lovely Vashti?"

"The look that I described in the first article of this series," I replied, handing our friend a luscious stogie (which I had bought me for mine own delectation at an outlay of some five *sous*) by way of regaining his favor. "The look she had of always seeming just to have been insulted."

"Right!" exclaimed our Lederer. "That was the thing about her — that look as if she had always just had her feelings hurt — that made her so attractive. But it is one thing for a girl on the stage to have an attractive look of that sort, and it is another thing to capitalize the look and get men to talk about it. Men are peculiar. You've got to tell them what they already know or they won't know it. Men in a theatre audience, I mean. It was up to me to make Vashti Earle's appealing look town-talk. This is the way I did it. And, if I hadn't done it, you yourself would undoubtedly never have remembered that look — or even have noticed it in the first place."

I was properly indignant.

"It is, sir, conceivable that I might have failed to notice the great virtues of Ibsen when first I sat before him," I protested. "It is even conceivable that I might, the first time I set eyes upon her, have failed to detect the great genius of Sarah Bernhardt. But, sir, it is not conceivable that — "

"Shut up!" said our Lederer. Some people have no gratitude whatsoever. And the fellow was even now puffing at my handsome gift to him. "Don't interrupt me. I was saying that Vashti Earle's look had to be capitalized to make it a paying theatrical property and I am about to tell you how I drew it to the public's attention. The first time I clapped eyes on the girl when she came to my office looking for a job I realized that that sad look of hers would make her."

"Genius," muttered Foxy Quiller *sotto voce*, with a *soupçon* of trenchant sarcasm.

"So," continued our oblivious friend, "I decided to 'point' that sad look as a skilful modiste 'points' the best attributes of a woman's figure. I took the girl into the show I was then rehearsing and placed her, first, in a line of girls who — like most chorus girls — had set grins; and, secondly, in the background with two constantly smiling girls, during the comedian's scenes. The contrast impressed itself upon the audiences at once. Vashti's wonderful sad look stood out like a delicate pearl in a string of loud rhinestones. It began to be talked about. The critics fell for it. The automatic press-agency worked like a charm. And no press-agent in the world is so valuable as such automatic press-agency, believe me. The sad look of Vashti Earle, thus maneuvered and thus capitalized, was worth all the Tody Hamiltons who ever lived."

"Well, well, well," I breathed.

"Then," went on our professor, "take the other side of it. Take a girl like Elaine Selover, whom I had with me in 'The Belle of New York.' She was a so-so pretty girl, but not an especially pretty one. She hadn't any one thing about her that stood out — there was no one thing about her that could be capitalized as in the case of the Earle girl. It was therefore necessary for me to try another publicity tack with her. I had to make the public look on her as a beauty, but how to go about it? That was the problem. This Selover girl had talent and was, I felt, good theatrical property. But mere talent without beauty wouldn't go far, I realized, in the beautiful-girl shows I was then putting on and having such success with. Yet I wanted the Selover talent in my troupe so, as I have said, it was my job to foster in the public's mind the notion of the Selover beauty. I pondered the problem for some time, and finally hit upon a plan. I ordered the girl not to have a single photograph of herself taken, and not to give out a single one that she may have had taken in the past, until I gave her permission. This done, I instructed the press-agent of the company to 'lay off' the other girls temporarily and devote his talents entirely to spreading the news that Elaine Selover was a great beauty. Presently, by shrewdly maneuvered press-agency, the agent contrived to get numerous interviews with the girl printed in the newspapers (always without photographs), interviews in which beauty was regularly the sole topic of conversation. In addition to this, the agent got the girl to endorse any number of cosmetics, powders and beauty preparations, which endorsements were presently advertised throughout the country, but also always without photographs of Miss Selover. By such hocus-pocus duly multiplied, the impression was soon spread broadcast that the girl was a beauty; and audiences believed it before they ever laid eyes on her. When, finally, they did see her, the preliminary insistence upon her beauty got in its fine Italian hand. They saw a beauty in her that wasn't really there. Once in this way get so far with the public that you persuade it to ask itself whether a girl is or isn't a beauty and — whatever or however it replies to its own question — the *notion* of beauty is already imbedded and established in its mind. Thus, although four out of every five Americans agreed with themselves that Duse was not a beauty, the legend of the beauty of Duse persists to this day."

"Yes, sir," I said. "Go on."

"Press-agency has always seemed to me to be one of the most interesting phases of the theatrical business," proceeded our pastor. "It calls perhaps for a higher invention and ingenuity than any other branch of the business. It often literally takes a failure and turns it into an enormous success — as witness the case of the play called 'Experience' a few years ago. 'A lie well told,' said Benedict Arnold, the first really talented press-agent, 'is as good as the truth.' To my way of looking at it, press-agency is as legitimate a profession as the theatre itself. If it often exaggerates, so does the theatre itself often exaggerate. If it colors the truth, so does the theatre color the truth. A musical comedy is a public's light diversion, so why shouldn't the press-agent of that musical comedy also lightly divert the public — and with the same libretto methods? 'I amuse' is the motto of the girl-show. 'I amuse' is also the motto of the girl-show's press-agent. Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would rather read an interesting fake story than a dull true story. I myself am one of the ninety-nine. And you are another."

"Thank you," said I. "If ever you get tired of the theatre and want to go into the clairvoyant business, I know where I can get you, very cheaply, an almost new black velvet robe with silver stars and moons on it, to say nothing of a — "

"MY dear fellow," interrupted our Lederer. "Are you interviewing *me*, or am I interviewing *you*? Shut up, and listen. One of the best-known of the musical shows I produced at the Casino was 'The Princess Chic.' You remember it. Who wrote the music? Do you remember? You do not. Who played the principal singing and comedy rôles? Do you remember? You do not. What was the plot of the show? Do you remember? You do not. Do you remember a single tune or joke in the show? You do not. Well, what *do* you remember about it?"

I reflected.

"I remember," I answered presently, "that there was a good-looking girl in it named Mathilde Preville, and that there was another named Louise Hepner — I well recall the many pictures of them that used to appear regularly in the newspapers."

"I thought so — and you prove my point for me. It was Mathilde Preville and Louise Hepner that I centered the press-agent campaign for 'The Princess Chic' on. And you remember them to this day! If I had centered the press-agency on Julian Edwards, who wrote the music, or on Kirke La Shelle, who wrote the libretto, or on Richard Golden, the comedian, you'd have remembered *them*. But I didn't. It's the story all over again of the heavily press-agented six pretty girls who made 'Florodora.' Say 'Florodora' and the connotation is the Sextette. Say 'The Black Crook,' and the connotation is the press-agented chorus in tights. Say 'The Merry Widow', and the connotation is not Franz Lehar or Donald Brian, but the press-agented waltz. It's always that way."

Our Lederer paused. He glanced again at his watch.

"It is three o'clock," he said, "I still have six hours till train time. Shall I go on?"

"No," I replied. "I fear that I look as if you ought to get a little sleep."

In the September McClure's

"The Broadway of Yesterday" — another of the

"George W. Lederer Reminiscences"

by George Jean Nathan

Do you brag about your morning shave?

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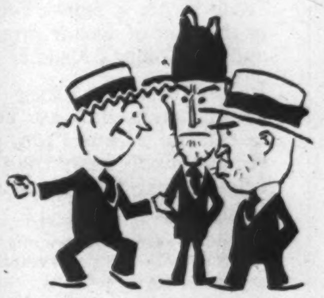

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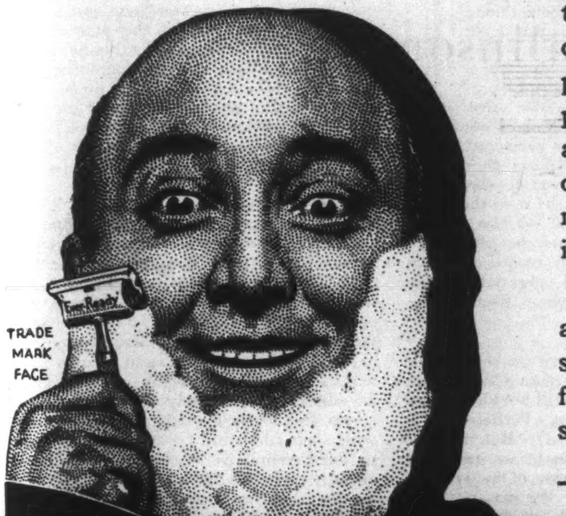

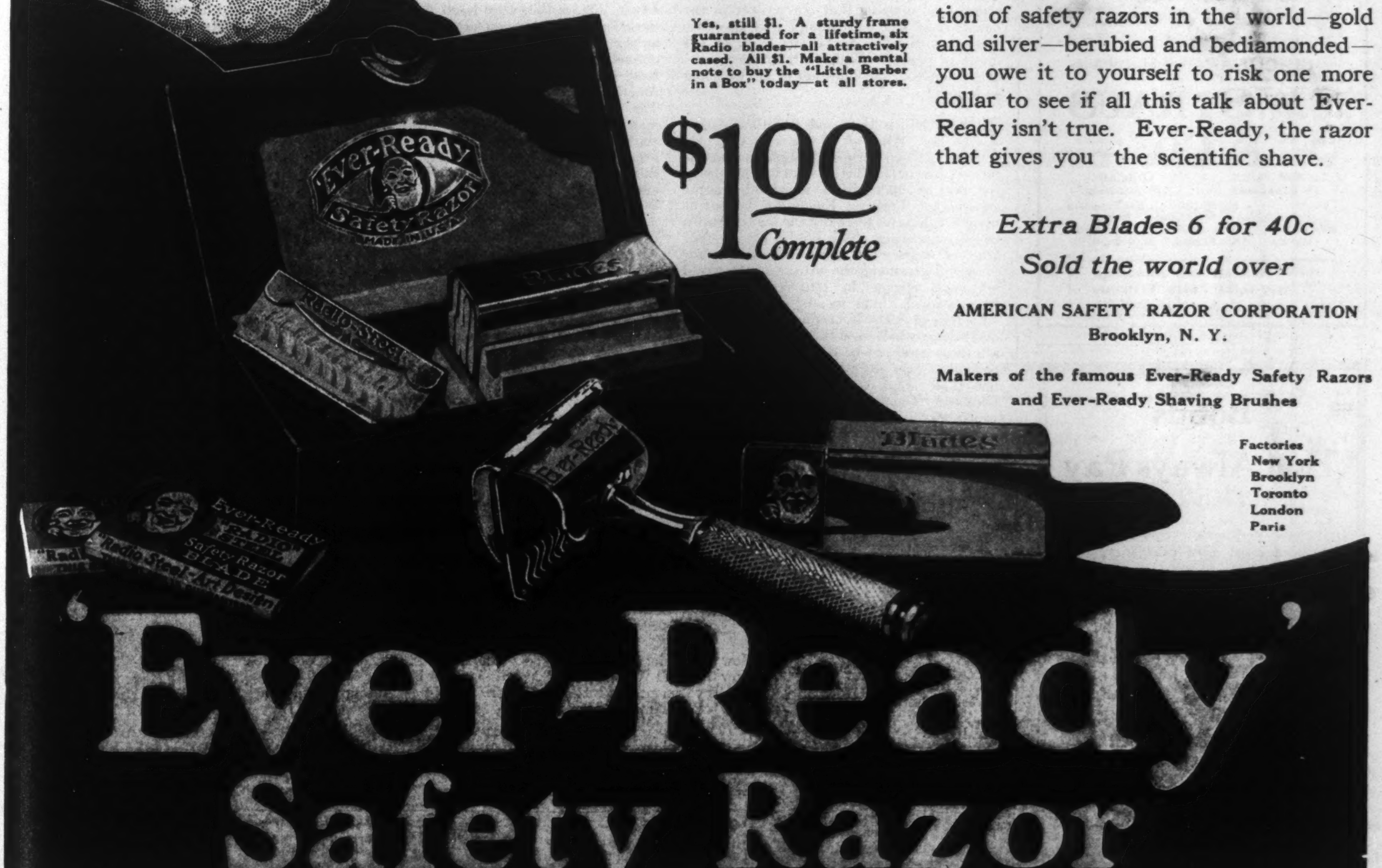

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Investments *and* Our Merchant Marine

by Paul Tomlinson

WHEN the United States entered the War in April, 1917, there were in this country slightly more than sixty shipyards with 254 ways on which ships of 3500 deadweight tons could be built. Nineteen months later at the time of the signing of the armistice our shipyards had increased in number to two hundred and twenty-three and the ways to 1099. In 1918 we launched 812 ships, 706 more than in the previous year, with a deadweight tonnage of 4,244,126 as against 708,970. During 1919 over six million deadweight tons were launched, and in all, the United States Shipping Board has launched over 2,000 ships with a deadweight tonnage of nearly twelve million tons.

We thrill with pride at these accomplishments. We needed ships and the Emergency Fleet Corporation, and the United States Shipping Board, gave them to us. More than nine hundred thousand American fighting men were carried across the seas to the battle fronts in American ships. American ships supplied our fighting men with over seven million tons of supplies, about 95 per cent. of their requirements. Pretty good, you say, for a nation that was no longer supposed to possess a merchant marine, and there is no denying that our answer to the demands of war was prompt and effective. But what is going to be our reply to the needs of peace? We have built up a merchant marine. The question is, are we going to keep it?

ENGLAND is the great maritime nation to-day. What of it, you may say. On account of her overseas possessions and the limited area of the British Isles it is necessary for her to maintain a merchant marine superior to all others; England is dependent upon her ships for food, but the United States is self-supporting This is to a large extent true, of course, but if we are to take our proper place among the nations of the world we must engage in international trade. International trade means doing business with foreign countries, selling goods to them and buying goods from them in return. How are these goods to be got from one country to another except in ships? And why should not these ships be American owned and manned? There is profit in shipping, profit which might just as well go to American investors as to any one else. Which naturally means that our merchant fleet should be owned and operated by private capital; and ever since the armistice was signed the United States Shipping Board has been working with this end in view. The great desire of the Board is to make our new-found and re-created merchant marine permanent, and to quote from *Current Affairs* the words of Rear Admiral W. S. Benson, its chairman, it is "convinced that to make it so the ships now owned and controlled by the United States Shipping Board must be ultimately absorbed by private capital, owned and controlled by Americans, and operated in open competition with the merchant fleets of the world"

THERE are some Americans who think the United States can remain aloof from the rest of the world, and still hold her proud position among the nations. Perhaps this is so politically. Time will tell. But it is not true commercially. No doubt we are practically independent of the rest of the world as far as food is concerned. We can feed ourselves, but on the other hand we can raise more food than we can eat, and it means money to us if we sell this surplus food abroad. It means still more money if this food is sent abroad in ships manned by American crews, owned by American capital. The same thing applies to our surplus of manufactured goods. The day was when the stars and stripes were a frequent sight in every port of the world, when the old clipper ships sailed the seven seas, carried goods to and from every country on the globe, and earned fortunes for their owners back in America. Until the exigencies of war forced us to it, however, the American Merchant Marine had for some years existed practically in name only; our flag at the stern of a ship was a sight rare enough to excite comment in the foreign ports where it was seen. Nearly all our foreign commerce was carried on through the medium of foreign-owned ships, British, Italian, German, French, Norwegian, or Japanese. Foreign capital invested in shipping was earning large dividends as a result of the American business it got. The War has handed us a merchant marine,—ships, at least,—almost over-night. What are we going to do with them? What can we do with them?

The first thing we should do is to keep them flying the American flag, and we should man them with American citizens. In this connection it is interesting to note that in 1917 only about ten per cent. of the men on our ships below the officers' grade were Americans, but that at the present time the average is quite considerably more than one-half. When one considers the large part a merchant marine plays in any war the necessity of having it manned and operated by American citizens is only too apparent. This is one good reason for an all-American merchant marine.

IN order to make it truly effective, however, it should have the full support of Congress and of the country as a whole. Service on our ships should be made attractive to our young men, and every opportunity for advancement given to those who prove themselves qualified. What is more, young men serving in our merchant marine have actual experience and acquaintance with the citizens of foreign countries and get an education immensely valuable to themselves and to their country. We need men with such education to carry on our international commerce. Laws should be passed encouraging the formation of American marine insurance companies, which is a most profitable field for endeavor, almost entirely neglected by Americans, but a natural outgrowth of a merchant marine.

To make a great undertaking successful it must have the support of the public. No strike, for instance, has any great chance of success unless public sympathy is with the strikers. The railroads must have the confidence and encouragement of the public if they are to regain their former high state of efficiency. And confidence and encouragement is best shown by the willingness of the public to invest its money in railroad securities. So it is with marine securities. The United States Shipping Board is anxious that our merchant fleet be owned and operated by private capital, and is convinced that only under such conditions can it be made truly effective. The foremost service therefore that the American people can render the cause of American shipping is to invest its money in the securities of American ship-building corporations and corporations operating American ships.

Marine securities are extremely hazardous you may say. Are they more hazardous as a class than any other kind of securities? Steel, railroad, public utility, any kind of investment is hazardous unless you choose the right one. But it is doubtful if marine securities in themselves involve any greater

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risk than a dozen others which are favored nowadays. The trouble probably is that we are not a sea-faring nation any longer. It is a question, however, if in times of peace ocean travel involves any more risks than travel by rail. It should follow then that marine property,—and it is property which secures investments,—should be just as good security as railroad property. The objection may be made here that railroad investments are not secured by equipment alone, but by real estate, buildings and machinery. True enough, but the same thing is also true of many marine investments. For instance, I have before me a circular describing a 7% first mortgage marine bond issued to an amount of only slightly more than fifty per cent. of the market and insurable value of the boat which secures it; in addition the bonds are secured by a first mortgage lien on a ship-building plant which itself has a depreciated value nearly twenty per cent in excess of the total amount of bonds. These bonds, therefore, constitute a loan amounting to only 37% of the value of the plant and cost of the boat. The boat has a market and insurable value of $170 a ton; the bonds issued are at the rate of $96 a ton.

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4—Kauffman-Smith-Emert Company, Security Building, St. Louis, Mo., will be glad to send upon request a new booklet dealing with some high grade issues of municipal bonds, yielding as high as 5½%. Send for Booklet MC, "Bonds That Always Pay."

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Ain't Nature Wonderful!

[*Continued from page 14*]

methodical. He had the same breakfast every week-day morning at Childs'; half a grapefruit, one three-minute egg, coffee, rolls. On Sunday morning he had bacon and eggs. It was almost automatic. Speaking of automatics, he never took his meals at one of those modern mechanical feeders. Though at Childs' he never really beheld the waitress with his seeing eye he liked to have her slap his dishes down before him with a genial crash. A gentleman has his little foibles, and being waited on at meal-time was one of his. Occasionally, to prove to himself that he wasn't one of those fogies who get in a rut, he ordered wheat cakes with maple syrup for breakfast. They always disagreed with him.

She was a wise young woman, Myra.

Perhaps Florian, as he sat by his window that Sunday night of Myra's outburst, thought on these things. But he would not admit to himself whither his thinking led. And presently he turned back the spread, neatly, and turned out the light, and opened the window a little wider, and felt of his chin, as men do, though the next shave is eight hours distant, and slept, and did not dream of white throats as he had secretly hoped he would.

And next morning, at eleven, a very wonderful thing began to happen. Next morning, at eleven, Miss Jessie Heath loped (well, it can't be helped. That describes it, exactly) into the broad aisles of the fifth floor. She had been coming in a great deal, lately. The western trip, no doubt.

Descriptions of people are clumsy things, at best, and stop one's story. But Jessie Heath must have her paragraph. A half-dozen lines ought to do it. Well—she was the kind of girl who always goes around with a couple of Airedales, and in woolen stockings, low shoes and mannish shirts, and shell-rimmed glasses, and you felt she wore Ferris waists. Her hair was that ashen blonde with no glint of gold in it. You knew it would become gray in middle age with no definite period of transition. She never buttoned her heavy welted gloves but wore them back over her hand, like a cuff, very English. You felt there must be a riding crop concealed about her somewhere. Perhaps up her spine.

As has been said, there was always a little flurry when she came into the big store that had made millions for her father. It would be nonsense to suppose that Jessie Heath ever deliberately set out to attract a man who was an employee in that store. But it is pleasant and soothing to be admired, and to have a fine pair of eyes look fine things into one's own (shell-rimmed) ones. And, after all, the Jessie Heaths of this world are walked with, and golfed with, and ridden with, and tennised with, and told that they're wonderful pals. But it's the Myras that are made love to. So now, when Florian Sykes looked at her, and flushed a little, and said, "I suppose there are a lot of lucky ones going along with you on this trip, Miss —Jessie," she flushed, too, and flicked her boot with her riding crop — No, no! I forgot. She didn't have a riding crop. Well, anyway she gave the effect of flicking her boot with her riding crop, and said:

"Would you like to go?"

"Would I like to g—!" He choked over it. Then he sighed, and smiled rather wistfully. "That's needlessly cruel of you, Miss Jessie."

"Maybe it's not so cruel as you think," Jessie Heath answered. "Did you make out that list?"

"I spent practically all of yesterday on it." Which we know was a lie because, look, wasn't he with Myra?

They went over the list together. Fishing tackle, tents, pocket-flashes, puttees, ponchos, chocolate, quirts, slickers, matches, medicine-case, sweaters, cooking utensils, blankets. It grew longer, and longer. Their heads came close together over it. And they trailed from department to department, laughing and talking together. And the two Maine ex-guides and the clerk who boasted he knew the Rockies like the palm of his hand, said to one another, "Get on to Nature's Rival trying to make a hit with Jessie."

Meanwhile Jessie was saying, "Of course you know the Rockies, being a western man, and all."

Florian smiled rather deprecatingly. "Queer part of it is I don't know the Rockies so well—" with an emphasis on the word Rockies that led one to think his more noteworthy feats of altitude had been accomplished about the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Andes, and the lesser Appalachians.

"But you've climbed them, haven't you?"

He burned his bridges behind him. "Only the—ah—eastern slopes."

"Oh, that's all right, then. We're going to do the west. It'll be wonderful having you ——"

"Me!"

"Nothing. Let's go on with the list. M-m-m—where were we? Oh, yes. Now trout flies. Which do you honestly think best for mountain trout? The Silver Doctor or the Gray Hackle or the Yellow Professor? U'm?"

Inspiration comes to us at such times. It could have been nothing less that prompted him to say, "Well—doesn't that depend a lot on the weather and the depth of the —ahem!—water?"

"Yes, of course. How silly of me. We'll take a lot of all kinds, and then we'll be safe."

He breathed again and smiled. He had a winning smile, Florian. Jessie Heath smiled in return and they stood there, the two of them, lips parted, eyes holding eyes.

"My God!" said the man who boasted he knew the Rockies like the palm of his own hand, "it look's if he'd landed her, the stiff!"

Certainly it looked as if he had. For next morning old Heath, red-faced, genial-looking (and not so genial as he looked) approached the head of the fifth floor and said, "How long you been with us, Sykes?"

"Well, I came here as errand boy at thirteen. That's ten—twelve—fifteen—just about sixteen years next June. Yes, sir."

"How'd Jessie—how'd my daughter get the idea you were from the west, and a regular mountain goat, and a peak-climber and all that?"

He did look a little uncomfortable then, but it was too late for withdrawal. "I am from the west, you know."

"Have you had any long vacation since you've been with us?"

"No, sir. You see, in the summer, of course—our busy season. I never can get away then. So I've taken my two weeks in the fall."

Old Heath's eyes narrowed musingly. "Well, you couldn't have done all this mountain climbing before you were thirteen. And Jessie says —" He paused, rather blankly. "You say you do know the Rockies, though, eh?"

Florian drew himself up a little. "As well as I know any mountain."

"Oh, well, then, that's all right. Seems Jessie thinks you'd be a fine fellow to have along on this trip. I can't go myself. I hate this mountain climbing, anyway. Too darned hard work. But it's all right for young folks. Well, now, what do you say? Want to go? You've earned a vacation, after sixteen years. There's about eight in Jessie's crowd. Not counting guides. What do you say? Like to go?"

For a dazed moment Florian stared at him. "Why, yessir. Yes, sir, I'd—I'd like to go—very much." And he coughed to hide his joy and terror.

And two weeks later he went.

The thing swept the store like flame. In an hour everyone knew it from the shipping-room to the roof-restaurant. Myra saw him the day he left. She was game, that girl.

"I hope you're going to have a beautiful time, Mr. Sykes."

"Thanks, Myra." He could afford to be lenient with her, poor little girl.

She ventured a final wretched word or two. "It's—it's wonderful of Mr. Heath and—Miss Heath—isn't it?" She was rubbing salt into her own wound and taking a fierce sort of joy in it.

"Wonderful! Say, they're a couple of God's green footstools, that's what they are!" He was a little mixed, but very much in earnest. "A couple of God's green footstools." And he went.

He went, and Myra watched him go, and except for a little swelling gulp in her white throat you'd never have known she'd been hit. He was going with Jessie Heath. Now, Myra had no illusions about those things. Old man Heath's wife, now dead, had been a girl with no money and no looks, and yet he had married her. If Jessie Heath happened to take a fancy to Florian, why——

Myra's little world stood still, and in it were small voices, far away, asking for 6½-B; and have you it in brown, and other unimportant things like that.

Ten minutes after the train had started Florian Sykes knew he shouldn't have come. He had suspected it before. He kept saying to himself, over and over, "You've always wanted a mountain trip, and now you're going to have it. You're a lucky guy, that's what you are. A lucky guy." But in his heart he knew he was lying.

In the first place, they were all so glib with their altitudes, and their packs, and their trails, and their horses, and their camps. It was a rather mixed and raggle-taggle group that Miss Jessie Heath had gathered about her for this expedition to the west. They ranged all the way from a little fluffy witless golden-haired girl they all called Mud, for some obscure reason, and who had been Miss Heath's room-mate at college, surprisingly enough, to a lady of stern and rock-bound countenance who looked like a stage chaperon made up for the part. She was Miss Heath's companion in lieu of Mrs. Heath, deceased. In between there were a couple of men of Florian's age; two youngsters of twenty-one or two who talked of Harvard and asked Florian what his university had been; an old girl whose name Florian never did learn; and two others of Jessie Heath's age and general style. Florian found himself as bewildered by their talk and views as though they had been jabbering a foreign language. Every now and then, though, one of them would turn to him for a bit of technical advice. If it happened to concern equipment Florian could answer it readily enough. Ten years on the fifth floor had taught him many things. But if the knowledge sought happened to be of things geographical or of nature, he floundered, struggled, sank. And it took them just about half a day, to learn this. The trip out takes four, from New York.

At first they asked him things to see him suffer. But they tired of that, after a bit. It was too easy. Queerly enough, Jessie Heath, mountain-wise though she was, believed in him almost to the end. But that only made the next three weeks the bitterer for Florian Sykes. For when it came to leaping from peak to peak Jessie turned out to be the young gazelle. And she liked to have Florian with her. On the trail she was a mosquito afoot, a jockey ahorseback. A thousand times, in those three weeks of torture, he would fix his eye on a tree ten feet away, up the steep trail. And to himself he would say, "I'll struggle, somehow, as far as that tree, and then die under it." And he would stagger another ten feet, his heart pounding in the unaccustomed altitude, his lungs bursting, his lips parted, his breath coming sobbingly, his eyes starting from his head. Leaping lightly ahead of him, around the bend, was Jessie, always. She had a way of calling to the laggard—hallooing, I believe it's supposed to be. And she expected an answer. An answer! When your lungs were bursting through your chest and your heart was crowding your tonsils. When he reached her it was always to find her perched on a seemingly inaccessible rock, demanding that he join her to admire the view. Before three days had gone by the sound of that halloo with its breeziness and breath-control and power, made him sick all over. Sometimes she sang, going up the trail. He could not have croaked a note if failure to do it had meant instant death. The Harvard hellions (it is his own term) were indefatigable, simian, pitiless. At nine thousand feet they aimed at ten. At ten they would have nothing less than twelve. At twelve thousand they were all for making another drive for it and having lunch at an altitude of thirteen thousand five hundred. As he toiled painfully along hundreds of feet behind them, Florian used to take a hideous pleasure in fancying how, on reaching the ever-distant top, the Harvard hellions would be missing. And after searching and hallooing he would peer over the edge (1350 feet, at the very least, surely) and there, at the bottom, would discern their mangled forms, distorted, crushed, and quite, quite dead.

"Yoo-o-o—hoo-oo-oo-oo!" Jessie, up the trail. His rosy dream would vanish.

HE learned why seasoned mountain climbers make nothing of the ascent. He learned, in bitterness and unshed tears, that it is the descent that breaks the heart and shatters the already broken frame. That down-climb with your toes crashing through your boots at every step; with your knee-brakes refusing to work, your thighs creaking, your joints spavined. The views were wonderful. But, oh, the price he paid! The air was intoxicating. But what, he asked himself, was wine to a dead man! Miserable little cockney that he was he told himself a hundred times a day that if he ever survived this he'd never look at another view again, unless from the Woolworth Tower, on a calm day. He thought of New York as a traveler, dying of thirst in the desert, thinks of the lush green oasis. New York in July! Dear New York in July, its furs in storage, its collar unstarched, its coat unbuttoned; even its doormen and chauffeurs almost human. Would he ever see it again? And then, as if in answer to his question, there befell an incident so harrowing, so nerve-shattering, as almost to make a negative answer seem inevitable.

Florian got lost.

It was the third week of the trip. Florian had answered Jessie's eleven thousandth question about things of which he was quite, quite ignorant. His brain felt queer, and tight, as though something were about to snap.

They were to climb the Peak next day. All that day they had been approaching it. Florian looked at it. And he hated it. It was like a colossal forbidding finger pointing upward, upward, taunting him, menacing him. He wished that some huge cataclysm of nature would occur, swallowing up this hideous mass of pitiless rock.

Jessie Heath's none too classic nose had peeled long ere this and her neck was like a choice cut of underdone beefsteak. Florian told himself that there was something almost indecent about a girl who cared so little about her skin, and hair, and eyes, and hands. He actually hated her sturdy legs in their boots or puttees—those tireless, pitiless legs, always twinkling ahead of him, up the trail.

On the fateful day he was tired. He had often been tired to the point of desperation during the past three weeks. But this was different. Every step was torture. Every breath was pain. Jessie was a few hundred feet up the trail, as always, and hallooing to him every dozen paces. The Harvard hellions were doing the chamois ahead of her. The rest of the party were toiling along behind. One guide was just ahead. Another, leading two horses, bringing up the rear. Suddenly, desperately, Florian knew he must rest. He would fling himself on a bed of moss by the side of the trail, in the shade, near a stunted, wind-tortured timber-line pine, and let the whole procession pass him, and then catch up with them before they disappeared.

He stepped to the side of the narrow trail, almost indiscernible at this height, flung himself down with a little groan of relief, and shut his sun-seared eyes. The voices of the others came to him. There was little conversation. He heard Jessie's accursed halloo. Then the soft thud of the pack-horses' hoofs, the creak of the saddles. He must get up and follow them now. In a minute. In a minute. In a m——

He must have slept there for two hours. When he awoke the light had changed and the air was chill. He sat up, bewildered. He rose. He looked about, called, hallooed, shouted, did all the futile frenzied things that a city man does who is lost in the mountains, and, knowing he is lost, is panic-stricken. The trail, of course! He looked for it, and there was no trail, to his town-wise eyes. He ran hither and thither, and back to hither again. He went forward, seemingly, and found himself back whence he started. He looked for cairns, for tree-blazes, for any one of the signs of which he had learned in the last three weeks. He found none. He called again, shrilly. A terror seized him. Terror of those grim, menacing, towering mountain masses. He ran round and round and round; darted backward and forward; called; stumbled; fell, and subsided, beaten.

He had a tiny box of matches with him, but little else. He had found the trail difficult enough without being pack-burdened. Food? He bethought himself of a little blue tin box in his coat pocket. He took it out and looked at it. Its very name struck terror to his heart.

U. S. Emergency Ration. It was printed on the box. Just below that he made out:

Powdered sugar
Chocolate
Cocoa butter
Malted milk
Egg Albumin
Casein.

Not to be opened except on command of officer.

My God! He had come to this! He looked at it, wide-eyed. He was very hungry. The ration, in its blue tin, like a box of shaving talcum, had been handed to each of the party in a chorus of shouting and laughter. And now it was to save his life. He managed to pry open the box, and ate some of its contents, slowly. It was not agreeable.

Dusk was coming on. There were mountain lions, he knew that. Those rocks and crevices were peopled with all sorts of stealthy, snarling, slinking, four-footed creatures. He would build a fire. They were afraid of the flames, he had read somewhere, and would not come near. Perhaps the others would see the light, and come back to find him. Curse them! Why hadn't they come before now!

It was dusk by the time he had his fire built. He had crouched over it for a half-hour, blowing it, coaxing it, wheedling it. There were few twigs or sticks at this height. He was very cold. His heavy sweater was in the pack on the horse's back. Finally he was rewarded with a feeble flicker, a tiny tongue of flame. He rose from his knees and passed his hand over his forehead with a gesture of utter weariness and despair. And then he stared, transfixed. For on the plateau above him rose a great shaft of fire. The kind of fire that only Pete, the most expert among the guides, could build. And as he stared there burst out at him from behind trees, rocks, crevices, a whole horde of imps shrieking with fiendish laughter.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Jessie.

And "Ha, ha!" howled the Harvard hellions.

"Thought you were lost, didn'tcha?"

"Gosh, you looked funny!"

"Your face!——"

Florian stared at them. He did not smile. He went quietly over to his tiny camp-fire and stamped it out, neatly, as he had been taught to do. He took his can of emergency ration (not to be opened except on com-

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mand of officer) and hurled it far, far down the mountainside. Jessie Heath laughed, contemptuously. And Florian, looking at her, didn't care. Didn't care. Didn't care.

The nightmare was over in August. Over, that is, for Florian. The rest were to do another four weeks of it, farther into the interior. Florian sickened at the thought of it. When he bade them farewell he was so glad to be free of them that he almost loved them. When he found himself actually on the little jerkwater train that was to connect him with the main line he patted the dusty red plush seat, gratefully, as one would stroke a faithful beast. When he came into the Grand Central station he would have stooped and kissed the steps of the marble staircase if his porter had not been on the point of vanishing with his bags. That night on reaching home he stayed in the bathtub for an hour, just lying there in the warm, soothing liquid, only moving to dapple his fingers now and then as a lazy fish moves a languid fin. God's country! This was it.

"My, it's nice to have you back again, Mr. Sykes," said Mrs. Pet.

"Is your big two-room suite on the next floor vacant?" said Florian, cryptically.

Mrs. Pet stared a little, wonderingly. "Yes, that's vacant since the Ostranders left, in July. Why do you ask, Mr. Sykes?"

"Nothing," Florian answered, airily. "Not a thing. Just asked."

His train had come in at nine. It was eleven now, but he was restless, and a little hungry, and very much exhilarated. "You certainly look grand," Mrs. Pet had exclaimed, admiringly. "And my, how you're sunburned!"

He left the Lexington Avenue house, now, and strolled over to the near-by white-tiled restaurant. There, in the window, was the white-capped one, flapping pancakes. Florian could have kissed him. He sat down. A waitress approached him.

"I don't know," mused Florian. "I'm sort of hungry, but I don't just —"

"The pork and beans are elegant to-night," suggested the girl.

And "Pork and beans! NO!" thundered Florian.

The girl drew herself up icily. "I ain't deef. You don't need to yell."

Florian looked up at her contritely, and smiled his winning smile. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean — I — I never want to see beans again as long as I live!"

He was down at the store early, early next morning. His practised eye swept the department for possible slackness, for changes, for needed adjustments. The two Maine ex-guides and the chap who knew the Rockies like the palm of his hand welcomed him with Judas-like slaps on the shoulder. "Like it?" they asked him. And, "God's country — the west," he answered mechanically. After that he ignored them. At nine he ran down the two flights of stairs to the third floor. He did not wait for the elevator.

For a moment he could not find her and his heart sank. She might be away on a vacation. Then he spied her in a corner half-hidden by a rack of covert coats. She was hanging them up. The floor was empty of customers thus early. He strode over to her. She turned. Into her eyes there leaped a look which she quickly veiled as had been taught her by the experience of a thousand thousand female ancestors.

"I got your postals," she said.

Florian said nothing.

"My, you're brown!"

Florian said nothing.

"Did you — have a good time?"

Florian said nothing.

"What — what —" Her hand went to her throat, where his eyes were fastened.

Then Florian spoke. "How white your throat is!" he said. "How white your throat is!"

Myra stepped out, then, from among the covert coats on the rack. Her head was lifted high on the creamy column that supported it. She had her pride, had Myra.

"It's no whiter than it was a month ago, that I can see."

"I know it." His tone was humble, with a little pleading note in it. "I know a lot of things that I didn't know a month ago, Myra."

Has the Direct Primary Made Good?

[*Continued from page 16*]

whom is making as extensive a campaign as he can manage. It is difficult for a poor man to be successful, unless he accepts financial assistance which may influence his official action if he is elected.

It is not necessary to accept the charges of vast expenditures in South Dakota, made by rival presidential aspirants against each other. One need only casually look over the newspapers of the state for the three months before the primary. Almost every issue of every paper, even the smallest, is filled with political advertisements, advocating the claims of candidates for different political offices, from President to State Auditor. No circus ever spent a tenth as much money in the State in the same time. Not only do two or three column photographs of the rivals glare at each other and smile appealingly at the voter in big display advertisements, but one finds in the editorial columns chapter after chapter of fulsome biography, which is certainly not printed for its news interest.

If South Dakota be taken as a standard, it is no exaggeration to say that the direct popular primary has multiplied by four or five the former cost of selecting our public servants. Primary critics point out that Senator Borah, one of the prominent friends of the system, has recognized the existence of this growing evil by introducing a bill in Congress limiting the expenditure of candidates at presidential primaries to $10,000 in each state. That is, doubtless, little enough to reach from 150,000 to several million voters. But as there are forty-eight states, even this modest estimate would allow the spending of half a million dollars by each candidate.

Who but a very rich man can run for President unless he is willing to accept large contributions of money, which must carry with them certain reciprocal obligations.

THE direct popular primary also necessarily multiplies the cost to the public treasury. The rent of polling places, the pay of judges and clerks is the same in a primary as in a regular election, and the cost of printing and distributing the ballots is at least as great. This enormous item of expense is thus at once doubled. A direct primary in Baltimore, which polled exactly twelve per cent. of the registered vote, cost the city $40,000, an average of $3.50 a vote. And there are many other new charges against the public. All the primary candidates who travel about South Dakota, for instance, to hold joint political debates, are entitled to draw ten cents a mile for the total distance traveled. In some states pamphlets containing pictures and biographies of the candidates are printed and distributed to the voters, practically all the cost being borne by the public treasury. The mayoralty primary in Chicago, at which William Hale Thompson was first nominated, is said to have cost the public treasury, the candidates and the party organizations a total of $700,000.

Nor is the increase in the expenditure of time any less alarming, say our critics. Cabinet members, United States senators, governors, public officials of all kinds spend many months traveling over the country and campaigning for primary nominations, to the certain neglect of their official duties. Meanwhile their salaries go on, so that the public treasury is really financing their political ambitions. Members of the lower house of Congress say they are now obliged to start their primary campaigns for renomination the day after each term begins — which may account for much of the delay and inefficiency in the transaction of public business.

Under the direct primary system, critics say, it is impossible for the office to seek the man. The laws of many states provide that each aspirant must personally or by authorized agent file notice of his candidacy months before the primary is held. The filing cannot be done by friends. If one fails or declines to file, the nomination goes by default to those who are less modest.

In 1892, for instance, Grover Cleveland refused to make any effort to win the Democratic nomination for President. He even declined to write a single letter soliciting the support of his friends. Yet by a movement organized almost entirely without the support of machine politicians he was triumphantly nominated and elected. Under the direct primary system such a result would be impossible.

A direct primary campaign, therefore, becomes, say those who assail the system, a competition in personal boasting and political promises among a number of ambitious and self-seeking individuals. Nobody knows on what platform the successful candidate will run — for no platform has been written, or even outlined. The only issue is the comparative personal qualifications of the rivals to carry out a policy which is, as yet, entirely unsettled so far as action by the party is concerned.

It is charged, also, that the direct popular primary makes impossible demands on the time and intelligence of the voter. At an important primary election in Chicago, for instance, the primary ballot measured three feet by two and listed the names of four hundred and forty candidates for forty-seven different nominations. How shall a voter, who has to earn a living, find time to so inform himself that he may intelligently select the forty-seven best candidates from this slightly abridged telephone directory? The political editor of a Chicago newspaper, whose business it is to keep track of all candidates, spent eight minutes, on a test, in marking his ballot as he desired to vote. The maximum time usually allowed the voter at the primary polling place is five minutes. Nor do such conditions exist in large cities alone. At state wide primaries in the granger states hundreds of names are often listed and the voters are asked to select candidates for from thirty to forty offices.

In actual practise a man whose name begins with "A" or "B" — one of the first letters of the alphabet — and who may for that reason head the list of candidates for a given office on the ballot, will often, if not usually, win, though he may be altogether unknown and actually not qualified. The puzzled voter, facing an impossible task, simply puts his cross opposite the first name his eye catches.

Some years ago one Burnes was a candidate for a state office in Oklahoma. After a short preliminary canvass Burnes concluded that his chances for the nomination were hopeless. He gave up the fight and removed to Central America to make a new start in life. But his name went on the ballot and — lucky man! — it began with "B." Therefore it was printed first on the list of candidates for State Insurance Commissioner. And the voters of Oklahoma, than whom none are more intelligent, triumphantly nominated him. It was hard to find him in his tropical retreat but he was finally brought back by the party managers to make the election race. The voters of Wisconsin were less fortunate. They nominated at the primaries, as candidate for Attorney General, a man who was dead.

THE constant recurrence of such ridiculous results has led to the passage of a law in many states which provides that the names of candidates for each office shall be rotated at the head of the list on the primary ballot, so that each shall stand first on an equal number.

For the first few years after the general adoption of the direct popular primary, its critics admit, the old political machines were thrown badly out of gear. But men who make politics their business will always have an advantage over the layman voter. More and more, with each year, the machine leaders, the old bosses, have learned how to control and manipulate the primaries. To-day they almost always name a complete slate of candidates and, with increasing frequency, the slate goes through.

The bosses know that not more than fifty per cent. of the voters will probably go to the primary polls. They split this vote by seeing that a number of aspirants are named and they concentrate their own vote on the candidate of their choice. In a state like New York or Illinois, where the vote is somewhat evenly divided between a big city and "down" or "up" state, it is easy to put four or five country candidates in the field and thus insure the nomination of their own man from the city or vice versa. They have developed a score of new tricks. Also they are able to control much money.

"Only," as a United States senator recently wrote to a constituent, "under the direct primary the machine retains the power, while avoiding the responsibility."

When an administration, whose members were nominated at a party convention, proved grossly inefficient, the reaction was almost certain to defeat the candidates of that party at the next election. Knowledge of this had its influence in making conventions more careful to put good men on their tickets.

Under the direct primary system, while the voters actually name the candidates, the machine really picks them in advance. If any or all of them go wrong, it is the people who are to blame. How shall one find fault with the machine?

These are some of the faults and weaknesses of the direct popular primary system, as seen by its candid critics. What do the friends of the primary have to say in answer?

They declare that with all its faults it still stands as the most potent weapon of the people in the endless struggle against the "invisible government."

"He who opposes the direct primaries denies that the people are fitted for self-government. He does not breathe the spirit of our Declaration of Independence. He is false to our theory of government. He does not believe in Republican institutions. He is no better than a monarchist."

That statement is sweeping and emotional, but it probably does not exaggerate the feeling of many sincere Democrats toward those who question the wisdom of the direct popular primary or who even propose a fair and scientific inquiry as to the efficiency with which it ascertains and registers the will of the people.

There is no doubt that in emergencies, where great issues have deeply stirred the voters, the direct primary is a weapon of tremendous power.

One afternoon in the spring of 1912 two political reporters for a Chicago newspaper were discussing the coming presidential convention. One of them had just returned from a tour of the state.

"The folks are all yelling for Roosevelt," he said, "but the federal crowd and the old state machine are going to send a solid Taft delegation to the Chicago convention."

"Isn't there any way to stop them?"

"Well, if we had presidential primaries in Illinois — say, wait a minute. I've got an idea."

The two men put their heads together in a whispered conversation. Then they hurried across the street to the office and one of them called the Executive Mansion at Springfield, the state capital, on the long distance telephone.

"Governor Deneen, will you call a special session of the state legislature to pass a presidential primary act?"

"There isn't time. The act would have to carry an emergency clause putting it into effect at once. That would take a three-quarters vote of the legislature."

"Will you issue the call if we will guarantee that three-quarters of the members will vote for the act?"

The Governor figured for a moment. "Yes, I'll call the special session if you can make the guarantee certain. But can you do it?"

"We'll poll the members by wire, print the returns daily in the paper and get the thing done in a week. You needn't act until more than three-quarters are on record."

Within a few days the poll was successfully completed. The legislature was called in special session and promptly passed the presidential primary act, with the emergency clause attached. At the primary Roosevelt swept the state like a prairie fire.

The voice of Illinois was a rallying cry to Roosevelt men all over the country. They had been sullen, disheartened, almost hopeless of making headway against the entrenched machine of the national administration. The bugle blast from Illinois gave them new courage and fighting spirit. The Roosevelt sentiment grew daily stronger and more threatening. In states which had presidential primaries it found potent expression. It took a relentless and desperate hand to drive the wheezing Taft steam-roller over the increasing obstacles in its path.

What happened at the Chicago convention is political history. It is, perhaps, not straining the facts to say that this Illinois primary, called as an afterthought and almost over-night, was chiefly responsible for defeating and temporarily disrupting a great political party and for putting Woodrow Wilson in the White House — a minority resident, with a majority of 2,450,000 votes against him.

But in times of similar emergency, even under the old convention system, the people possessed—and used—the same power. When the Democratic national convention met in Chicago in 1892, practically every party boss was opposed to the nomination of Grover Cleveland. The delegation of his own state of New York, with David B. Hill at its head, was bitter and relentless in its opposition. The head of almost every big machine in the country was openly out for the political blood of the ex-president. With every weapon, open and secret, they fought to the literal limit of physical exhaustion to defeat him. Yet all the time there was a silent and irresistible ground swell of popular pressure in his favor. Against it the power of the bosses was nothing. They were swept away by an invisible force which they could feel, but could not measure or control. At three o'clock in the morning, in the midst of a cyclonic thunder storm, the rain pouring in floods through the leaky roof of the old Wigwam, Cleveland was triumphantly nominated.

The strongest argument in favor of the direct popular primary is that all of the old time political bosses bitterly oppose it. Only the cynic or the demagogue, however, will refuse to consider and weigh the objections which even the boss presents. And there are many men of the new order, both in public office and outside, scientific students of political methods and machinery, who have become convinced that under present conditions the direct primary is not a success.

After all the primary is merely a piece of political machinery with which we have been experimenting. May it not be the fact that we are on the right track and have not yet perfected our mechanism? Is it not possible that we have made its operation so complicated and onerous that the voter has become discouraged and stays away from the polls?

Though the table of direct primary votes printed elsewhere in this article was not compiled with that object in view, it seems to indicate that the majority of voters, for some reason, do not vote. It would be possible, with further research, to compile similar tables showing both larger and much smaller primary votes.

But it is surely time that we took stock—high time for us to make up our minds whether the charges made against the operation of the direct popular primary are justified.

The recent absurd presidential primaries taught us that, if nothing else. With these primaries fresh in mind we should be able to decide whether we are going to discard the direct primary or revamp it — make it over into workable form.

(*In the foregoing article an attempt is made to give the reader an idea of the effect of the direct primary in our politics, up to the time of the recent presidential primaries. An analysis of these primaries will be published in* McCLURE'S *for September, together with an outline of suggested reforms and amendments in the primary laws.*)

The Wanderer of the Wasteland

[*Continued from page 19*]

his weakness. Facing directly away from the west he climbed to the top of a ridge. From there, he again saw far below the winding white road. His relief was immense. But this hope soon faded.

The descent here appeared to be a long even slant of broken rocks, close together like cobblestones in a street, and of a dark bronze hue. They shone as if they had been varnished.

His misgivings were soon verified. He had to descend here, for the afternoon was far gone, and whatever the labor and pain, he must reach the road before dark. At the very outset Adam slipped, and falling with both hands forward he thrust them into a cactus. The pain stung, and when he had to pull hard to free himself from the thorns, it was as if his hands had been nailed. When at last he got all the cruel spikes out of his quivering flesh he understood why prospectors hated cactus. Thereafter he proceeded with extreme caution. His hands throbbed and swelled, as if they had been stung by wasps, and at length they became numb. Once he ran a cactus spike into his knee-cap, clear to the bone, and his leg became as if paralyzed. That thorn he extracted with his teeth. Then he limped on, down the black slope.

The white road below grew closer and closer. It seemed like a shore to a shipwrecked mariner. Nothing beyond that road had significance for Adam's mind now. It was a goal.

When Adam at last reached the road, there to fall exhausted and wet and burning upon a flat rock, it seemed that he had been delivered from an inferno.

Presently he sat up to look around him. A wonderful light showed upon the world — the afterglow of sunset. Picacho bore a crown of gold. All the lower tips of ranges were purpling in shadow. Desolate, lifeless, silent — the gateway to the desert — Adam felt steal over him a sense of awe.

All at once, in a flash, he remembered his passion, his crimes, his terror, his flight. He lifted his face in the cool darkening twilight.

"Oh! — Oh!" he moaned. "What will become of me? . . . No family — no friends — no home — no hope! . . . Oh, Guerd — my brother! — His blood on my hands! . . . He ruined my life! He's killed my soul! . . . Oh, damn him, damn him,— he's made me a murderer!"

Adam fell face down on the rock with breaking heart. The deepening of twilight to darkness, the cold black grandeur of the great peak, the pure pale evening star that pierced the purple sky, the stupendous loneliness and silence of that solitude — all these facts seemed nature's pitiless proof of her indifference to man and his despair.

Despair and pride and fear of death, and this strange breath of life, dragged Adam up and for a mile he staggered and plodded along, half blinded by tears and choked by sobs, abject in his misery; yet even so, the something in him that was strongest of all — the instinct to survive — made him keep to the hard gravelly side of the road that his tracks might not show in the dust.

And that action of blood and muscle, because it came first in the order of energy, gradually assumed dominance of him, until again he was an escaping fugitive. The direction took care of itself, being merely a matter of keeping along the edge of the road that gleamed pale in front of him. Objects near at hand, however, had to be carefully avoided.

Some time in the night he reached a place where the road descended off the plateau. Far ahead he believed he discerned pin-points of light. Time and distance appeared not to be significant to him. When the gloom paled in the east and the sky lightened he realized the fearful dawn of another day.

Morning broke swiftly and relentlessly, a gray desert dawning. Dim columns of smoke scarce a mile away showed him that Yuma was close. Fields and cattle along the road, and then an Indian hut, warned him that he was approaching the habitations of men, and that sooner or later he would be seen. He must hide by day and travel by night. Bordering the road to his left was a dense thicket of arrow-weed, indicating that he had reached the bottomlands of the river. Into this Adam crawled like a wounded and stealthy deer. Both mind and body longed for the oblivion that came at once in sleep.

His heavy slumbers were punctuated by periods when he half awakened, drowsily aware of extreme heat, of discomfort and sluggish pain, and of vague sounds.

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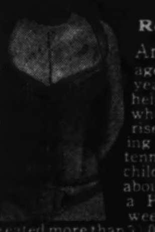

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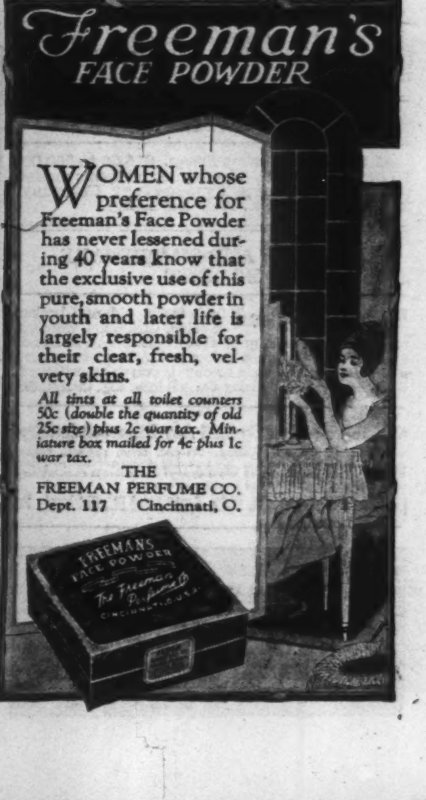

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Twilight had fallen when he fully awakened, stiff and sore, with a gnawing at his stomach and a parching of mouth and throat from thirst. The long hours of sleep in the dense thicket, hot under the sun, had augmented his physical needs in one way, and revived his strength in another. Sitting upright he pondered a moment. The result of his cogitation was that he had only one plan of procedure. He must avoid being seen by any one who might notice him particularly; he must quench his thirst and satisfy his hunger; he must buy a few necessities for travel and hurry away from Yuma into the wilderness of the desert.

He crawled out of the copse of arrow-weed, and stealthily proceeding to the road, he peered out and listened. No man in sight — no sound to alarm! Consciousness of relief brought bitterly home to him the fact that he was a fugitive. Taking to the road he walked rapidly in the direction of the lights.

Quite a number of dimly-lighted huts and adobe houses appeared to cluster on the long slope of the side of the river Adam was descending. He met both Mexicans and Indians who took no apparent notice of him, and this encouraged Adam to go on, at slower pace and unconcernedly. Presently he fell in with a jabbering crowd of Mexicans who were proceeding toward the river. Adam walked on just behind them, and soon ascertained that they were going to a ferry. In the darkness he made out a long boat, like a barge, black against the gleam of the water. The Mexicans walked aboard, and Adam, following them, sat down on a gunwale to be less conspicuous for his height. A ferry-man approached, and by his garb, and the jargon with which he hailed his passengers, proclaimed himself a Mexican. He did not appear to see Adam.

The boat was shoved off. Adam saw that it was fastened to a cable overhead by ropes and pulleys. The current worked it across the river. Adam got out with the rest of the passengers, and leaving them, walked down the bank a few rods. He found a little dock with a skiff moored to it, and here he lay flat and drank his fill. Then he washed his face and hands.

Next in order for him was to find a place to eat. Going back to the path which the Mexicans had taken he followed it, climbing a steep bank, to find himself in a street of Yuma. As good luck would have it he came at once upon an eating-house, or rather tent, where several rough-looking white men and some Mexicans were being served by a Chinaman. Adam took a seat on one of the benches. He learned with grim certainty that a man could eat with great relish, even if he was a victim of dread and misery.

Before he ended this meal, he had determined upon a course to take. Adam calculated that there was as much chance of Collishaw guessing he was hidden out in the mountains behind Picacho as there was that he had gotten to Yuma. He needed a gun, ammunition, canteen, burro and outfit. He set out to look for them, meaning to take the risk and get them if possible, and then under cover of night hurry out of Yuma.

A short walk brought Adam to a wide street, dimly lighted by the flare of lamps from open doors of saloons and stores. He halted in a shadow on the corner. A stream of men was passing — rugged, unshaven, dusty-booted white men, and Mexicans with their peaked sombreros and embroidered jackets and tight braided trousers. The ring of hob-nailed boots and jingling spurs and deep voices struck strangely upon Adam's ears. He liked the music, the motion, the near presence of men; and the strange quality of this pleasure rose from the thought that he could not stay there. Like a hunted fox he must take to lonely coverts. He saw Yuma Indians, exceedingly tall, wiry yet muscular men. Dusty riders were coming into town on dusty horses.

Presently Adam ventured forth and walked up the street. The town resembled Picacho in its noisiest hours, magnified many times. He felt a wildness he could not see or hear. It dragged at him. It somehow made him a part of the frontier life. He longed to escape from himself.

A glimpse of a tall man in black frock coat startled Adam. That coat reminded him of Collishaw. His common sense told him to make sure whether or not it was the sheriff, but his instinctive tendency was too violent for him to control. He sheered down a side street into the gloom. It would be better to wait till early morning, before the movements of men had begun, and then hurriedly buy what he needed and depart. At the end of this side street was a fence with a gate open. He saw wagons and heard the munch of horses in stalls. Evidently this place was a barnyard and might afford him a safe retreat for the night. He went in. The first wagon he examined contained straw. Climbing into it he lay down, and at length he fell asleep.

When he awoke the sun was rising in red splendor and the day promised to be hot. As it was early but few people were to be encountered, and this fact lent Adam more courage. He had no difficulty in finding the place where he had eaten the night before. Adam ate as heartily as he could.

That done, he sallied forth to find a store where he could purchase the outfit he needed; and he approached the business section by a street that climbed to what was apparently the highest point in Yuma. Here he had a panoramic view of the surrounding country. To the east and south, across the muddy Colorado, wide green flats led to the foothills, and these in turn led to the red mountain ranges, so clear and sharp in the distance. Northward, beyond bottomlands of willow and cottonwood, lifted ridges and slopes of bare gray and yellow earth, the glaring steps of the desert where he must lose himself. Beyond this heave of the desert floor rose a bold black knob of a mountain, standing alone, a landmark that must have been familiar to all who knew the country.

Adam entered a store, and almost forgot himself in the interest of the purchases he wanted to make. One good thing about his situation, at least, was the fact that he had money. But it turned out that he never got as far as paying for the outfit he had selected. One of his needs was a small burro, to pack his outfit, and while the storekeeper went out to get one for Adam several Mexicans entered. One of them cried out: "Santa Maria!" and ran out, followed by his amazed comrades. It took Adam a moment to place the man. Felix! the Mexican that had drawn a knife on Arallanes!

"He was only scared," soliloquized Adam. "He'd left Picacho. He'd hardly know what happened there. . . . But I can't be sure."

Therefore Adam pondered. He must take risks to get away with this necessary outfit. The storekeeper could furnish a good burro ready to be packed at once. Adam made a deal with him for the whole outfit, and began to count out the money. The storekeeper did not wait, and gathering up an armful of Adam's purchases he carried them out through the back door. This gave Adam opportunity to have a look from the front door into the street. To the right strode Felix, gesticulating wildly — two white men Adam had seen before — and lastly, the black-coated tall form of Collishaw, significant and grim with a white bandage over his face.

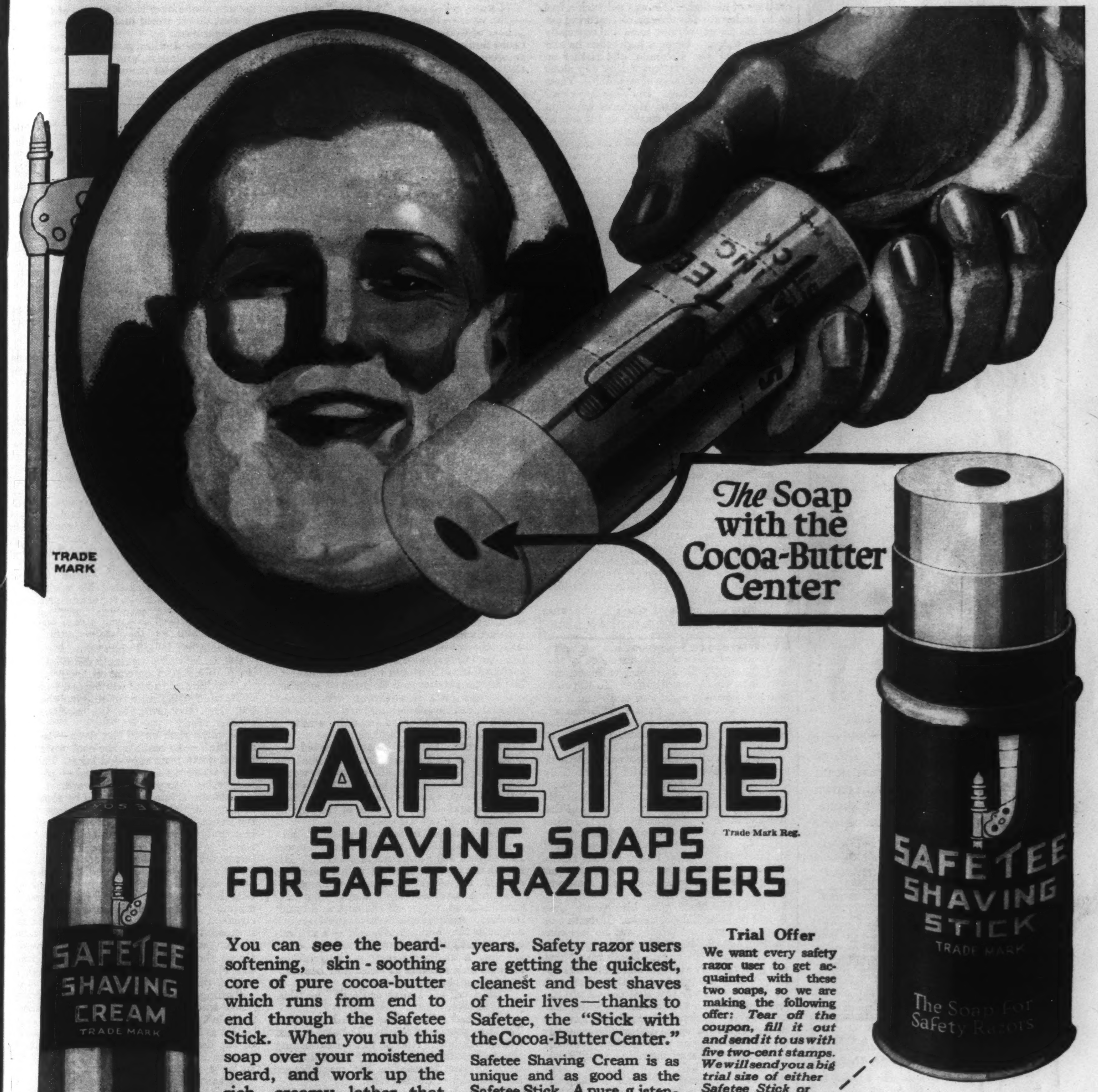
A shock pierced Adam's heart, and it was followed by a terrible icy compression, and then a bursting gush of blood, a flood of fire over all his body. Leaping like a deer he bounded back through the store, and out of the door. He did not see the storekeeper. One vault took him over a high board fence into an alley, and through this he ran into a street. He headed for the river, running fleetly. Plunging down the bank he flew toward the dock, intending to cross if a boat was available, otherwise to take to the thickets of the bottomlands. Not a man was in sight. Upon reaching the dock Adam espied a skiff, with oars in place, with bow pulled up on the sand. One powerful shove sent it, with him aboard, out into the stream, and it took him only a few moments to cross. Not yet had any men appeared in pursuit. As he jumped out on the California shore of the river, and began to run north he found that he faced the lone black mountain peak which dominated the rise of the desert.

Presently he caught up with a Mexican boy riding a horse. Adam halted him, pulled him out of the saddle, threw money at him, and leaping astride, beat the horse into a gallop. The moment he realized that he had made his flight significant in this direction he deplored it. But too late! He goaded the horse into a run, soon getting out of sight of the town. Clouds of dust arose. These too would betray his flight. But now he cared only to place distance between him and Yuma. The horse was neither fast nor enduring. Within five miles he gave out. Adam left him, and took to the road on foot.

The dust was ankle-deep. It stifled him, choked him, and caked on his sweaty face and hands. He could not see far ahead or far behind.

By and by he climbed and passed out of the zone of brush. He was on the open gravel ridges.

Assured now that escape was in his grasp he began to put his mind upon other consid-



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erations of his flight. He was not such a fool as to underrate the danger of venturing out upon the desert without food, and especially without water. From a high ridge he saw the sweep of the Colorado, and farther on the green line where it wended its way along a chocolate-colored range of mountains. These mountains looked close. But were they close? Perhaps from Indians or Mexicans he might buy the necessities of travel; and if not, he knew he could manage to live in the bottomlands. These thoughts pressed hard upon him until he surmounted the long slope to the top of the desert *mesa*. Here he looked back.

First he saw clouds of dust puffing up from the brush-covered lowlands, and then in an open space, where the road crossed, he espied horsemen coming at a gallop. Again, and just as fiercely, did his veins seem to freeze, his blood to halt, and then to burst into flame.

"Collishaw — and his men!" gasped Adam, his jaw dropping. "They've trailed me! . . . They're after me — on horses!"

The apparent fact was terrific in its stunning force. Adam reeled; his sight blurred. It was a full moment before he could rally his forces. Then, gazing keenly, he saw that his pursuers were still miles away. They could trail him swiftly in the dust of the road, but upon the gravel ridges they must slow down. He remembered Collishaw's reputation as a trailer. A one-time Texas cowboy and ranger who prided himself on his keen eye for tracks! Adam turned north, facing a glaring and endless open, and began to run.

At first he ran fleetly, with endurance apparently unimpaired, but he meant to slow down and husband his strength as soon as he dared. Before him stretched a desert floor of fine shining gravel, for what seemed hundreds of yards; and then began to appear short bunches of low meagre brush called greasewood. These multiplied and enlarged in the distance until they looked as if they would afford cover enough to hide Adam from his pursuers. But the hundreds of yards devoid of vegetation were a delusion. He ran a mile and then did not reach the first scraggy bushes.

Reaching the zone of plant life he soon placed a thin but effective barrier of greasewood and ocatilla behind him. None of his pursuers had yet appeared above the rim of the desert. Before him extended a vast hazy expanse, growing darker with accumulated growths in the distance. To the right rose the chocolate mountain range and it ran on to fade in the dim horizon. To the left rose a low faint wavering line of white, like billows of a sea. This puzzled him until at length he realized it was sand.

Adam also made the discovery that as he looked back over his shoulder he was really looking down a long gradual slope. A rather stiff wind was blowing straight at him. It retarded his progress, and little puffs of fine invisible sand irritated his eyes. The wind weighed upon him, the white sun weighed upon him. How hot the top of his head, and his face! He swallowed hard and his throat tightened. A couple of pebbles that he put into his mouth mitigated these last sensations.

INTELLIGENCE gave him pause then and he halted in his tracks. If death was relentlessly pursuing him it was no less confronting him there to the fore, if he passed on out of reach of the river. Death from thirst was preferable to capture, but Adam was not ready to die. He who had loved life clung to it all the more fiercely now that the sin of Cain branded his soul. But the sun was hotter than he had ever experienced it, and it was having a strange effect upon him. He saw the bare gray desert with its green growths slope gradually to the rugged base of the range. Somewhere between him and there ran the river. How strangely and clearly the lines of one ridge merged into the lines of another! There must be distance between them. But it could not be seen.

"Look here," panted Adam, as he halted once more. "I've been told about the desert. But I didn't pay particular attention and now I can't remember. . . . I only know it's hot — and this won't do."

It was just then that Adam, gazing back, down the gray desert, saw puffs of dust and horses.

Panic seized him. He ran directly away from his pursuers, bending low, violent, furious, heedless, like an animal in flight. And with no sense of direction, with no use of reason, he ran on till he dropped.

Then his breast seemed to split, and his heart lift with terrific pressure, agonizing and suffocating. He lay on the ground gasping. Gradually the paroxysm subsided.

He arose to go on, hot, dry, aching, dizzy, but still strong in his stride.

"I've — got — away," he said, "and now — the river — the river!"

Fear of Collishaw had been dulled. Adam could think of little besides the heat and his growing thirst, and this thing — the desert — that was so strange, so big, so menacing.

The wind was blowing sand in his face, obstructing his sight. Suddenly his feet dragged in sand. Dimly then he made out low sand dunes with hollows between, and farther on larger dunes waving and billowing on to rise to what seemed mountains of sand. Turning away he plodded on half-blinded, fighting the blast of wind that was growing stronger. The air cleared somewhat. Sand dunes were all around him, and to his right, in the direction he thought was wrong, loomed the chocolate range. He went that way and again the flying sand hid a clear view. Unwittingly he had wandered into the region of the dunes, and the strong gusty wind swept up the fine sand in sheets and clouds. He must get out. He plodded on, and the way he chose, with its intermittent views of the mountains, at last appeared to be the wrong one. So he turned again.

After a while Adam discovered that when he trudged down into the hollows between dunes he became enveloped in flying sand that forced him to cover mouth and eyes with his scarf, and go choking on; but when he climbed up over a dune the air became clearer and he could breathe easier.

Adam climbed on, growing weaker. As the heat had wrought strangely upon his blood, so the sand had dragged strength from his legs. His situation was grave, but though he felt the dread and pity of it, he feared more the instinctive reaction — the physical resistance that was growing in him. He realized that unless he somehow changed the present condition, sun and sand would overwhelm him. So when from a high knoll of sand he saw down into a large depression, miles across, where clumps of mesquites showed black against the silver, he descended toward them, and eventually reached them.

Here under a thick-foliaged mesquite he covered his face with a handkerchief, his head with his coat, and settled himself to rest and wait. It was a wise move. At once he felt by contrast what the fierce sun had been. Gradually the splitting headache subsided to a sensation that seemed to Adam like a gentle boiling of blood in his brain. He could hear it. His dry skin became a little moist; the intolerable burn left it; his heart and pulse ceased such labored throbbing; and after a time his condition was limited to less pain, and to a difficulty in breathing, and thirst.

From time to time Adam removed the coverings to look about him. The sun was westering. When it sank the wind would cease to blow and then he could find a way out of this wilderness of sand dunes. Leaning back against a low branch of the tree he stretched out, and fell asleep.

When he awoke he felt better, though half-smothered. He had rested. His body was full of dull aches but no more pain. His mouth did not appear so dry or his tongue so swollen; nevertheless the thirst remained.

Then Adam, suddenly realizing what covered his head, threw off the coat and handkerchief. And his eyes were startled by such a sight as they had never beheld — a marvelous unreality of silver sheen and black shadow, a starry tracery of labyrinthine streams on a medium as weird and beautiful and intangible as a dream.

"Oh, God! am I alive or dead?" he whispered in awe.

Night had fallen. The moon had arisen. The stars shone lustrously. The sky burned a deep rich blue. And all this unreal beauty that had mocked him was only the sculptured world of sand translating the magnificence and splendor of the heavens.

His first steps were painful, a staggering halting gait, that exercise at length worked into some semblance of his old stride.

A sense of direction prompted him to face east. He obeyed it. And he walked for what seemed hours over a moon-blanched sea of sand, to climb at last a high dune from which he saw the dark level floor of the desert, and far across the shadowy space, a black range of mountains. He thought he recognized the rugged contour, and when, sweeping his gaze southward, he saw the lone mountain looming like a dark sentinel over the desert gateway, then he was sure of his direction. Over there to the east lay the river. And he had long hours of the cool night in which to travel.

Gray dawn found him many miles closer to the mountain range. Yet it was still far and his former dread returned.

A deepening rose color over the eastern horizon appeared to be reflected upon the mountain peaks. When the blazing disk of the sun shone over the ramparts of the east all that desert world underwent a wondrous transfiguration.

One moment Adam gave to the marvel and glory of the sunrise, and then he looked no more. That brief moment ended in a consciousness of the gravity of his flight.

"Got to reach — river soon," he muttered, thickly, "or never will!"

He was perfectly conscious of a subtle changing of his spirit. Courage diminished as fear augmented. More and more he felt the urge to hurry, and though reason warned against the folly of this, it was not strong enough to compel him to resist. Like the breath of a furnace the heat rose from the rocky, sandy soil.

His skin became as dry as dust and began to shrivel. It did not blister. The pain now came from the burn of the flesh underneath. He felt that his blood was drying up.

At last he reached the base of a low rocky ridge. It obstructed sight of the slope to the mountain range. Surely between that ridge and the slope ran the river. Surely he would soon reach the bottomlands, and the water that he must have or perish.

AS he climbed he gazed up into the coppery sky, but his hot and tired eyes could not endure the great white blaze that was the sun. Half-way up he halted to rest, and from here he had a measureless view of the desert. Then his dull brain revived to a final shock. For he seemed to see a thousand miles of green-gray barrenness, of lifting heat-veils like transparent smoke, of wastes of waved sand and ranges of upheaved rock. How terribly it confronted him! A sun-blasted world not meant for man!

Then Adam ascended to the summit of the ridge. His chocolate-hued mountain range was not far away. From his height he could see all the gray-green level of desert between him and the range. He stared. There was no river.

"Where — oh! where's — the river?" gasped Adam, mistrusting his eyesight.

But the Rio Colorado, the strange red river beloved of desert wanderers, did not flow before him — or to either side — or behind.

"God has — forsaken me!" cried Adam, in despair, and he fell upon the rocks.

But these rocks, hot as red-hot plates of iron, permitted of no contact, even in a moment of horror. Adam was burned to stagger up, to plunge and run and fall down the slope, out upon the level, to the madness that awaited him.

He must rush on to the river — to drink and drink — to bathe in the cool water that flowed down from snow-fed lakes. Thoughts about water possessed his mind — pleasant, comforting, hurrying him onward.

Suddenly Adam was startled by something blue and bright that danced low down along the desert floor. A lake! He halted with an inarticulate cry. There was a lake of blue water, glistening, exquisitely clear, with borders of green. He could not help but rush forward. The lake shimmered, thinned, shadowed, and vanished. Adam halted, and rubbing his eyes, peered hard ahead, and all around. Behind him shone a strip of blue, streaked up and down by desert plants, and it seemed to be another lake, larger, bluer, clearer, with a delicate vibrating quiver. Green shores were marvelously reflected in the blue. Adam gaped at this. Had he waded through a lake?

"Mirage!" whispered Adam, hoarsely. "Blue water! — Ha! Ha! . . . damned lie — it sha'n't fool me!"

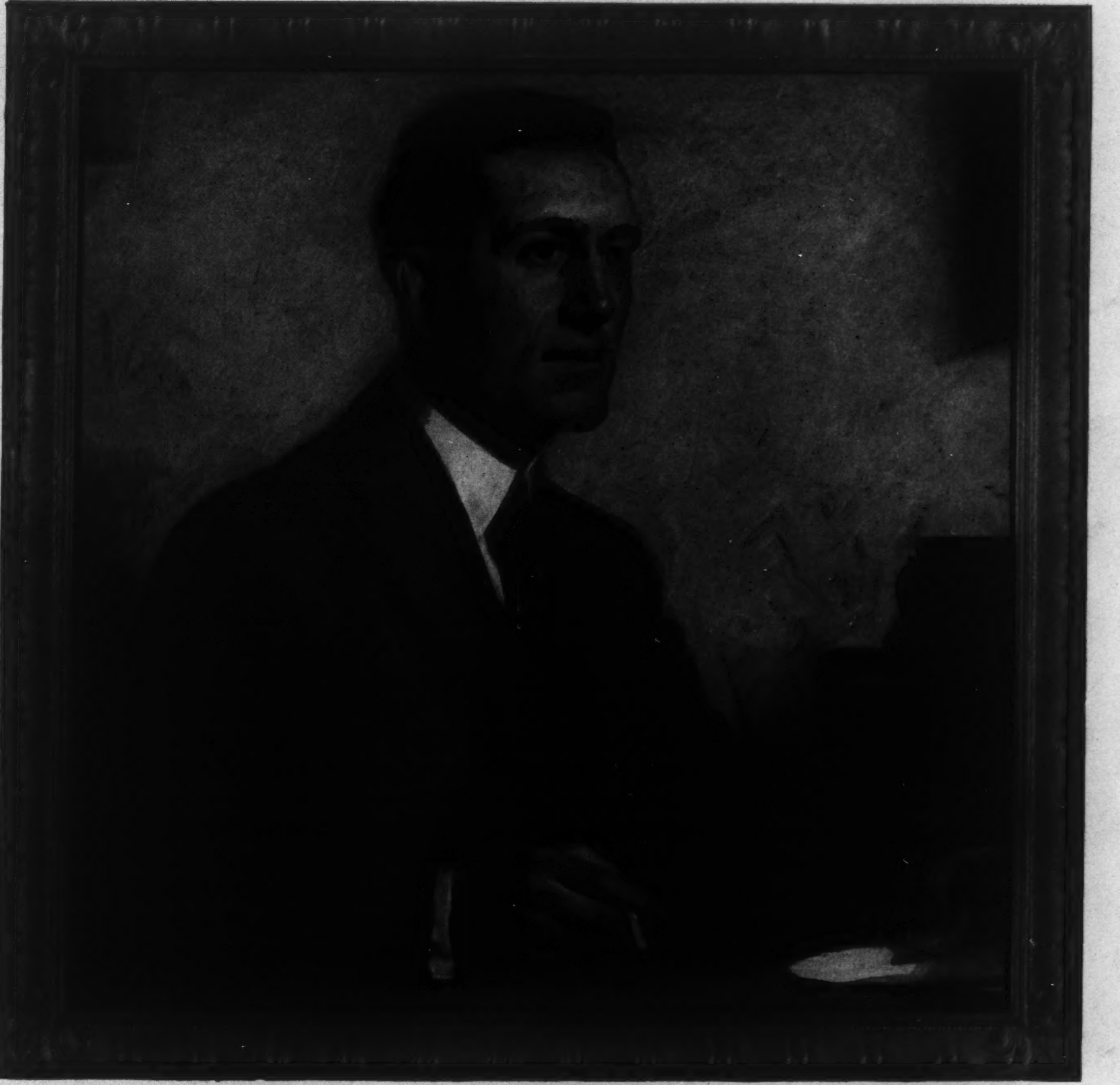
But as clear perception failed these mirages of the desert did deceive him. All objects took on a hazy hue, tinged by the red of blood in his eyes, and they danced in the heat-veiled air. Shadows, glares, cactus and brush stood as immovable as the rocks of ages. Only the illusive and ethereal mirages gleamed as if by magic and shimmered and moved in that midday trance of the sun-blasted desert.

The time came when Adam plunged toward every mirage that floated so blue and serene and mystical in the deceiving atmosphere, until hope and despair and magnified sight finally brought on a mental state bordering on the madness sure to come.

Then as he staggered toward this green-bordered pond and that crystal-blue lake, he began to hear the beautiful sounds of falling rain, of gurgling brooks, of lapping waves, of roaring rapids, of gentle river currents, of water — water — water sweetly tinkling and babbling, of the wind-laden murmur of a mountain stream.

Lastly, as sight failed him, and these haunting lies of moving water deadened in his ears, he began to wander in a circle.

(*To be continued*)



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